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SONGS.

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LINNET and ROBIN

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MDCCXLIX.

THE
HISTORICAL

AND
ANTIQUARIAN

RECORDS
OF THE
CITY OF LONDON



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S O N G 1.

HAD I the World at my Command,
And own'd the Wealth of Sea and Land,
To Flora I'd present it all,
And at her Feet lay down the Ball.

Or was my Life by Scraps sustain'd,
From Door to Door by Begging gain'd,
Would she be mine, I'd bless my Fate,
Nor with a more exalted State.

Possessing her, or rich, or poor,
What is there to desire more?
There's nothing precious but her Charms,
And Pleasure dwells but in her Arms.

Oh grant, ye Pow'rs! the Fair I love,
May to my Vows propitious prove;
And from your Altars shall arise,
The Smoke of daily Sacrifice.

Among the Blessings you bestow
On craving Mortals here below,
Make but the lovely Maiden mine,
I'll all the rest with Joy resign.

S O N G 2.

HAD Neptune, when first he took Charge of the Sea,
Been as wise, or at least as merry, as we.

He'd have thought better on't, and, instead of his Brine,
Would have fill'd the vast Ocean with gen'rous Wine.

Would have fill'd, &c.

What Trafficking then would have been on the Main,
For the Sake of good Liquor as well as for Gain.

No Fear then of Tempest, or Danger of Sinking,
The Fishes ne'er drown, they are always a-drinking.

The Fishes, &c.

Had this been the Case, what had we enjoy'd,
Our Spirits still rising, our Fancy ne'er cloy'd.

A Pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his Power
To slip, like a Fool, such a fortunate Hour.

To slip, &c.

S O N G

HA I L Burgundy, thou Juice divine,
 Inspirer of my Song ;

The Praises giv'n to other Wine
 To thee alone belong.

Of manly Wit and female Charms
 Thou can'st the Pow'r improve :
 Care of its Sting thy Balm disarms,
 Thou noblest Gift of Jove.

Bright Phœbus on the Parent Vines,
 From whence thy Current streams,
 Smiling amidst the Tendrils shines,
 And lavish darts his Beams.

The pregnant Grapes receive his Fire,
 And all his Pow'r retain ;
 With the same Warmth our Brains inspire,
 And lead the sprightly Strain.

From thee, fair Chloe's potent Eye
 New sparkling Beams receives ;
 Her Cheeks imbibe a rosier Dye,
 New Fires her Bosom heaves.

Summon'd to Love, by thy Alarms,
 Oh ! with what nervous Heat,
 Worthy the Maid we fill her Arm ;
 How oft that Love repeat !

The Stoic, prone to Thought intense,
 Thy Softness can unbend ;
 A cheerful Gaiety dispense,
 And make him taste a Friend.

His Brow grows clear, he feels Content,
 Forgets his pensive Strife,
 And well concludes our Span well spent
 In honest, social Life.

Ev'n Fops - - those doubtful-gender Things,
 Wrapt up in Selves and Dress,
 Quite lost to the Delight that springs
 From Sense - - thy Pow'r confess.

Each foolish, puling, maudlin Face,
 That dares but deeply drink,
 Forgets his Cue, and stiff Grimace,
 Grows free, and seems to think,

(3)

S O N G 4.

HAIL, Janus! who shut'st out the sliding Year,
And usher'st in the New, a glorious Scene!
Ye Chiefs of Harmony the Lyre prepare,
And Notes attun'd to mighty Lines begin.
Illustrious George! Great Britain's genial Soul,
Bids shut thy Brazen-Gates, while heav'nly Peace
Leads on the Golden Hours, that gaily roll
Like Billows o'er his Tributary Seas.
Under thy Smile the Gallic Lillies bloom;
Proud-Spain retires from thy avenging Rod;
Thy Thunder shakes the Turrets of Old Rome;
Tyrants submit to thy superior Nod.
Th' Imperial Bird bends either Neck to thee;
The Belgic Lyon cowers; Sardinia's King
Receives another Crown, thy Gift; we see
Both Oceans to thy Feet their Trophies bring.
Thy Labour's like the Sun's Eternal Carr,
Unweary'd, and beneficent to all;
Thy gen'rous Rays dispel the Clouds of War,
And Sciences, and Arts of Peace recall.
Sing out his mighty Fame, ye tuneful Choir,
In chosen Numbers and just Melody;
Immortal Deeds immortal Songs require,
Soft as his Smiles, Great as his Majesty.

S O N G 5.

HAIL Masonry, thou Craft divine!
Glory of Earth, from Heav'n reveal'd;
Which doth with Jewels precious shine,
From all but Masons Eyes conceal'd.
Chor. Thy Praises due who can rehearse,
In nervous Prose, or flowing Verse?
As Men from Brutes distinguish'd are,
A Mason other Men excels;
For what's in Knowledge choice and rare,
But in his Breast securely dwells?
Chor. His silent Breast, and faithful Heart,
Preserve the Secrets of the Art.

* B 2

From

From scorching Heat and piercing Cold,
From Beasts whose Roar the Forest rends :

From the Assaults of Warriors bold,
The Masons Art Mankind defends.

Chor. Be to this Art due Honour paid,
From which Mankind receive such Aid.

Ensigns of State, that feed our Pride,
Distinctions troublesome and vain !

By Masons true are laid aside,
Art's free-born Sons such Toys disdain.

Chor. Ennobled by the Name they bear,
Distinguish'd by the Badge they wear.

Sweet Fellowship, from Envy free,
Friendly Converse of Brotherhood,

The Lodge's lasting Cement be,
Which has for Ages firmly stood.

Chor. A Lodge thus built, for Ages past,
Has lasted, and will ever last.

Then in our Songs be Justice done
To those who have enrich'd the Art,

From Jabel down to Burlington;
And let each Brother bear a Part.

Chor. Let noble Masons Healths go round,
Their Praise in lofty Lodge resound.

S O N G 6.

HA I L, sacred Muse, and vocal Shell,
That wont the Joys of Love to tell ;
Now turn your Song to mournful Strains,
My Joys are fled, my Love remains !

Wanton-Cupid, idle Toyer,
Pleasing Tyrant, soft Destroyer,
Do not thus my Heart controul.

Phaon flies me far away,
Reason does renounce thy Sway,
Yet contented I obey.

Ever raging,
Past asswaging,

Love possesses all my Soul.

Beneath this sad and silent Gloom,
I waste my Beauty, Youth and Bloom :

But

But not the Shades that banish Day
 Drive Phaon's brighter Form away;
 A Youth so shap'd, with such a Mien,
 A Front like that of Love's serene,
 With sparkling Eyes and flowing Hair,
 And Wit that ever charms the fair,
 The spiteful Gods contriv'd for Ruin,
 And deck'd him thus for my undoing.

Oh! the soft transporting Pleasure!

When we yield our Virgin Treasure!

When we meet the joyous Lover,
 And an equal Flame discover;

Nothing now to Love denying,

Both with guiltless Rapture dying!

Oh! the soft transporting Bliss!

What is Life or Fame to this!

I rave, I rave, unhappy Maid!

That Name my Folly does upbraid;

To Shame, Remorse and Death betray'd!

What Power, what God can send Relief!

Sicilian Virgins shun the Arts

Whence my Misfortunes rise,

With ease my Phaon conquers Hearts

With Ease neglects the Prize.

I dream, or in some Rival's Arms

Forgetful of my rifled Charms,

I behold the perjur'd Boy!

Anguish waste,

Lightning blast,

Heaven forsake her,

Hell o'ertake her,

E'er she tastes the rising Joy!

No—let her triumph, let her prize

The faithless Wretch, whom I despise;

By his Ingratitude set free,

I'll reap the Sweets of Liberty.

Mighty Hero, could you leave me?

Did my Charmer hope to grieve me?

* B 3

Thus

Thus be all thy Wishes blasted,
 For no longer I adore thee ;
 Had thy Love one Moment lasted
 Haply I had chang'd before thee.

Wander, Phaon, so will I,
 Roving, ranging,
 Ever changing
 Gay and airy,
 Form'd to vary,
 I to pain you
 Will disdain you,
 And to nobler Conquests fly.

Resentment, Pride and glowing Shame,
 Once Guardians of my spotless Fame,
 By conqu'ring Love tho' banish'd hence,
 Again vouchsafe me your Defence ;
 Assert an Empire late your own,
 And shake the Tyrant on his Throne :
 Support me! aid me! for I feel
 My fainting Resolution reel.
 Doubt, thou certain State of Sorrow,
 We lose to Day to wait to morrow.
 He may return, my Phaon may —
 I cheat my self, why does he stay ?

Shall Sappho, like a helpless Maid,
 Pine to Death, of Death afraid ?
 I've try'd all Female Arts in vain,
 Dissembled Scorn, and false Disdain ;
 For, oh! with real Grief oppress'd,
 I burn, and Tempests shake my Breast.
 Oh! what Torments wound my Heart!
 Gentle Death, in pity, take me,
 And perform thy grateful Duty,
 Since my Phaon does forsake me,
 To thy Arms I yield my Beauty,
 Kinder thine than Cupid's Dart.

S O N G 7.

HAIL to the Myrtle Shade,
 All hail to the Nymphs of the Field:
 Kings will not here invade,
 Tho' Virtue all Freedom yield,

Beauty

(7)

Beauty here opens her Arms,

To soften the languishing Mind ;

And Phillis unlocks her Charms :

Ah Phillis! ah! why so kind ?

Phillis, the Soul of Love,

The Joy of Neighb'ring Swains :

Phillis that crowns the Grove,

And Phillis that gilds the Plains :

Phillis that ne'er had the Skill

To paint, or to patch, or be fine ;

Yet Phillis, whose Eyes can kill,

Whom Nature has made divine.

Phillis, whose charming Tongue

Makes Labour and Pain a Delight ;

Phillis that makes the Day young,

And shortens the live-long Night :

Phillis, whose Lips, like May,

Still laugh at the Sweets they bring,

Where Love never knew Decay,

But sets with eternal Spring.

S O N G 8.

HANG this whining Way of Wooing,

Loving was design'd a Sport :

Sighing; Talking, without Doing,

Makes a silly, idle Court.

Don't believe that Words can move her,

If she be not well inclin'd :

She herself must be the Lover,

To persuade her to be kind.

If, at last, she grants the Favour,

And consents to be undone :

Never think your Passion gave her

To your Wishes, but her own.

S O N G 9.

HAPPY Hours all Hours excelling,

When retir'd from Crowds and Noise ;

Happy is that silent Dwelling,

Fill'd with self-possessing Joys ;

Happy's

Happy's that contented Creature,
 Who with fewest Things is pleas'd,
 And consults the Voice of Nature,
 When of roving Fancy eas'd.

Every Passion wisely moving,
 Just as Reason turns the Scale,
 Ev'ry State of Life improving,
 That no anxious Thought prevail;
 Happy Man who thus possesses
 Life with some Companion dear,
 Joy imparted still increases,
 Grievs when told soon disappear.

S O N G 10.

Happy Insect! what can be
 In Happiness compar'd to thee?
 Fed with Nourishment Divine,
 The dewy Morning's gentle Wine!

Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant Cup does fill;
 'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread:
 For Nature's Self's thy Ganymede!

Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
 Happier than the happiest King!
 All the Fields which thou dost see,
 All the Plants belong to thee.

All the Summer Hours producee,
 Fertile made with early Juice;
 Man for thee does sow and plough,
 Farmer he, and Landlord thou.

Thou innocently dost enjoy,
 Nor does thy Luxury destroy;
 With Joy the Shepherd heareth thee
 Far more harmonious sing than he!

Thee Country Hinds with Gladness hear,
 The Prophet of the ripen'd Year!
 Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
 Bright Phœbus is himself thy Sire!

To thee, of all Things upon Earth,
 Life is no longer than thy Mirth.

Happy Insect ! thrice happy thou !
Dost neither Age nor Winter know !

But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy Fill, thy flow'ry Leaves among,
Sated with thy Summer Feast,
Thou retir'st to endless Rest.

S O N G II.

Happy is a Country Life,
Blest with Content, good Health and Ease ;
Free from Faction, Noise, and Strife,
We only plot ourselves to please ;
Peace of Mind our Days delight,
And Love our welcome Dreams at Night.

Hail green Fields, and shady Woods !
Hail Springs and Streams, that still run pure !
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Virtue only dwells secure :
Free from Vice, and free from Care,
Age has no Pain, nor Youth a Snare.

S O N G 12.

Happy's the Love which meets Return,
When in soft Flames Souls equal burn ;
But Words are wanting to discover
The Torments of a hopeless Lover.
Ye Registers of Heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate,
Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot, the Flower of Yarrow ?

Ah no ! her Form's too heavenly fair,
Her Love the Gods above must share ;
While Mortals with Despair explore her,
And at a Distance due adore her.
O lovely Maid ! my Doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a Smile :
Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar-a
Sighing Swain the Banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye Fears, I'll not despair,
My Mary's tender as she's fair ;
Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguish,
She is too good to let me languish :

With

With Success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The Folks who dwell above the Sky;
 When Mary Scot's become my Marrow,
 We'll make a Paradise on Yarrow.

S O N G 13.

H Appy the Man whose With and Care,
 A few paternal Acres bound;
 Content to breathe his native Air
 In his own Ground.

Whose Herds with Milk, whose Fields with Bread,
 Whose Flocks supply him with Attire;
 Those Trees in Summer yield him Shade,
 In Winter Fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, Days, and Years, slide soft away;
 In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
 Quiet by Day,

Sound Sleep by Night, Study and Ease
 Together mixt, sweet Recreation
 And Innocence, which most does please,
 With Meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
 Thus unlamented let me die:
 Steal from the World, and not a Stone
 Tell where I lye.

S O N G 14.

H Appy the Time when free from Love,
 I rang'd the Woods and ev'ry Grove;
 I minded not the Great One's Fall,
 Nor whom Ambition did enthral,
 I minded not, &c.

My only Care was how to keep
 From cruel Wolves my harmless Sheep:
 But tho' from Wolves my Sheep I kept,
 None could my Heart from Love protect.
 But tho', &c.

There is not one upon these Plains,
 That loves like me, of all the Swains;
 But I have learnt now, to my Cost,
 That who love's best must suffer most.
 But I have, &c.

S O N G

(II)

S O N G 15.

Happy the World in that blest Age,
 When Beauty was not bought and sold,
 When the fair Mind was uninflam'd
 With the mean Thirst of baneful Gold.
 With the mean Thirst, &c.

Then the kind Shepherd when he sigh'd,
 The Swain, whose Dog was all his Wealth,
 Was not by cruel Parents forc'd
 To breathe the am'rous Vow by stealth.
 To breathe, &c.

Now the first Question Fathers ask,
 When for their Girls fond Lovers sue,
 Is,—What's the Settlement you'll make?
 You're poor!—he flings the Door at you.
 You're poor! &c.

S O N G 16.

Happy the youthful Swain,
 That feels no Love-sick Smart;
 But without Grief or Pain,
 Can win a Virgin's Heart;
 Happy beyond expressing
 Is he who can obtain
 That most transporting Blessing,
 Which others seek in vain,
 Love, and the Graces, smiling,
 In all his Actions meet;
 Cupid, the Fair beguiling,
 Still makes his Conquest sweet:
 Love is his only Treasure,
 Beauty's his only Gain;
 Ever he finds the Pleasure,
 But never feels the Pain.

S O N G 17.

Happy we, who free from Love,
 Have no Cares to break our Sleep;
 Who thro' pleasant Meadows rove,
 Watching of our harmless Sheep.

When

When we feel the Ev'ning's Air,
 And the Night invites us home ;
 To our Cottage we repair,
 Where Content delights to come.

S O N G 18.

HARD by the Hall, our Master's House,
 Where M'urly flows to meet the Main ;
 Where Woods, and Winds, and Waves dispose
 A Lover to complain :

With Arms a-cross, along the Strand
 Poor Lycon walk'd, and hung his Head,
 Viewing the Footsteps in the Sand
 Which a bright Nymph had made.

The Tide, says he, will soon erase
 The Marks so lightly here impress'd ;
 But Time or Tide will ne'er deface
 Her Image in my Breast.

Am I some Savage Beast of Prey ?

Am I some horrid Monster grown ?

That thus she flies so swift away,

Or meets me with a Frown !

That Bosom soft, that Lilly Skin

(Trust not the fairest outward Show)

Contains a Marble Heart within,

A Rock hid under Snow.

Ah me ! the Flints and Pebbles wound

Her tender Feet, from whence there fell

Those crimson Drops, which stain the Ground,

And beautify each Shell.

Ah ! Fair one, moderate thy Flight,

I will no more in vain pursue ;

But take my leave for a long Night,

Adieu, lov'd Maid, adieu.

With that he took a running Leap,

He took a Lover's Leap indeed,

And plung'd into the sounding Deep,

Where hungry Fishes feed.

The

The melancholy Hern stalks by,
 Around the squalling Sea-Gulls yell;
 Aloft the croaking Ravens fly,
 And toll his Fun'ral Bell.
 The Waters roll above his Head,
 The Billows toss it o'er and o'er;
 His Ivory Bones lye scattered,
 And whiten all the Shore.

S O N G 19.

HARD Fate to fight, to fight in vain,
 Despairing Sylvia cries;
 Debarr'd the Freedom to complain,
 But through a Lover's Eyes.
 And those unguarded ever speak,
 Betrayers of my Heart;
 For ah! our Wiles are all too weak,
 These to disguise by Art.
 Thus hopeless must I e'er remain,
 Like Ghost about their Treasure;
 Till spoke to first ne'er speak again,
 Still waiting Strephon's Leisure.
 Dear thoughtless Man, a Stranger to
 The Secrets of this Breast;
 That's his from Inclination true,
 More constant than 'tis blest.
 There could he see, and conscious know
 The Torments of Neglect;
 They soon would teach him how to shew
 More Love, and less Respect.

S O N G 20.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry-ton'd Horn
 Calls the Hunters all up in the Morn;
 To the Hills and the Wood-lands they steer,
 To unharbour the out-lying Deer.

C H O R U S of Huntsmen.

And all the Day long
 This, this is our Song;
 Still hollowing,
 And following,

So frolick and free ;
 Our Joys know no Bounds,
 While we're after the Hounds,
 No Mortals on Earth are so jolly as we.

Round the Woods when we beat, how we glow,
 While the Hills they all echo Hillo !
 With a Bounce from his Cover when he flies,
 Then our Shouts they resound to the Skies ;
 And all the Day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the Vallies, or climb
 Up the Health-breathing Mountain sublime,
 What a Joy from our Labours we feel,
 Which alone they who taste can reveal ?
 And all the Day long, &c.

S O N G 21.

HARK ! hark from far,
 The Voice of War

To Glory calls around ;
 Rise ! Britons rise !
 With chearful Cries,
 And join the Martial Sound,

See ! how your Foes
 Their Dread disclose,
 And dwindle to Disgrace,
 Lead on, lead on,

'Till Victory's won,
 And give their Squadrons Chase !

With trembling Fleets at Cales,
 Let haughty Spain
 Behold the Main

Spread with your sweeping Sails,

Now Vengeance low'rs,
 Those faithless Pow'rs,
 Who late her Cause espous'd,
 In Silence lye,
 Or distant fly

Before the Lion rous'd,

Brave Vernon comes,
 With batt'ring Bombs,

See India look dismay'd!
 And Europe wait
 The Will of Fate,
 In British Fleets convey'd.

S O N G 22.

HARK! hark! the Cock crows, 'tis Day all abroad;
 And looks like a jolly, fair Morning:
 Up Roger and James, and drive out your Teams,
 Up quickly to carry the Corn in.
 Davy the Drowsy, and Barnaby Bowsy,
 At Breakfast we'll flout and we'll jeer, Boys:
 Sluggards shall chatter with Small-Beer and Water,
 While you shall tope off the March-Beer, Boys.
 Lassies that snore, for shame give it o'er;
 Mouth open, the Flies will be blowing:
 To get us stout Hum 'gainst Christmas does come,
 Away, where the Barley is mowing.
 In your Smock-Sleeves go bind up the Sheaves too,
 With nimble young Rowland and Harry,
 Then when Work's over, at Night give each Lover
 A Hug and a Buss in the Dairy.
 There's two for the Maw, and two for the Plough,
 Is then the next Labour comes after;
 I'm sure I hir'd four, but if you want more,
 I'll send you my Wife and my Daughter.
 Roger the lusty tell Rachel the trusty,
 The Barn's a rare Place to steal Garters;
 Twixt her and you then, contrive up the Mowthen,
 And take it at Night for your Quarters.

S O N G 23.

HARK, hark, the Huntsman sounds his Horn,
 A Call so musical chides the Drone,
 Ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton,
 The Clangor wakes the drowsy Morn,
 The Woods re-echo the sprightly Tone,
 Ton, ton, &c.

The loud-tongu'd Cries the Concert fill,
 Our Steeds with Neighing salute the Dawn,
 Ton, ton, &c.
 We

We mount, and now we climb the Hill,
Then swift descending we sweep the Lawn,

Ton, ton, &c.

The distant Stag our Accent hears,
Our Accents fatal to him alone,

Ton, ton, &c.

He rousing starts, and wing'd with Fears,
Forfakes the Thicket to seek the Down,

Ton, ton, &c.

Altho' Diana claims the Field,
The Woods and Forests tho' all her own,

Ton, ton, &c.

The Groves to Venus let her yield,
Where we may follow her sportive Son,

Ton, ton, &c.

What Joy to trace the blooming Lads
Thro' darksome Grotto's with Moss o'ergrown,

Ton, ton, &c.

What Harmony can ours surpass,
When joining Chorus with Dove-like Moan?

Ton, ton, &c.

In various Sports the Day thus spent,
Fatigu'd with Pleasures when Night comes on,

Ton, ton, &c.

Our Limbs tho' tir'd, our Hearts content,
With Wine regaling, all Cares we drown,

Ton, ton, &c.

S O N G 24.

HARK, hark! methinks I hear the Seamen call,
The boisterous Seamen say,

Bright Castabella, come away!

The Winds sit fair, the Vessel's stout and tall;

Bright Castabella come away!

For Time and Tide can never stay.

Our mighty Master, Neptune, calls aloud,

The Zephyrs gently blow,

The Tritons cry, You are too slow,

For ev'ry Sea-Nymph of the glittering Crowd

Has Garlands ready to throw down,

When you ascend your wat'ry Throne.

See,

See, see! she comes, she comes; and now adieu!

Let's bid adieu to Shore,
And to whate'er we fear'd before;
O Castabella! we depend on you,
On you our better Fortunes lay,
Whom both the Winds and Seas obey.

S O N G 25.

HARK, hark on ev'ry Spray
The warbling Throng,
In grateful Song,
Salute and hail the new-born Day.

Why sit we so mute, when early Linnets sing,
And warbling Philomel salutes the Spring?
Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple Year?

Revive, revive, like Birds be gay,
To-morrow's Light
May prove our Night,
Then let's enjoy the present Day.

S O N G 26.

HARK how the Drums beat up again,
For all true Soldiers Gentlemen,
Then let us list, and march, I say,
Over the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, and o'er the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain:
Queen Anne commands, and we'll obey,
Over the Hills and far away.

All Gentlemen that have a Mind
To serve the Queen that's good and kind,
Come list and enter into Pay,
Then o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

Here's Forty Shillings on the Drum,
For those that Volunteers do come,
With Shirts, and Clothes, and present Pay,
When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

Hear that, brave Boys, and let us go,
Or else we shall be prest, you know;
Then

Then list and enter into Pay,
And o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

The Constables they search about,
To find such brisk young Fellows out;
Then let's be Volunteers, I say,
Over the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

Since now the French so low are brought,
And Wealth and Honour's to be got,
Who then behind wou'd sneaking stay?
When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

No more from Sound of Drum retreat,
While Marlborough and Gallway beat
The French and Spaniards every Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

He that is forc'd to go to fight,
Will never get true Honour by't,
While Volunteers shall win the Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

What tho' our Friends our Absence mourn,
We all with Honour shall return;
And then we'll sing both Night and Day,
Over the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

The 'Prentice Tom he may refuse
To wipe his angry Master's Shoes:
For then he's free to sing and play,
Over the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

Over Rivers, Bogs and Springs,
We all shall live as great as Kings,
And Plunder get both Night and Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

We then shall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of Brats and Wives,

That

That scold and cry both Night and Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away :
Over the Hills, &c.

Come on then, Boys, and you shall see,
We every one shall Captains be,
To whore and rant as well as they,
When o'er the Hills and far away :
Over the Hills, &c.

For if we go, 'tis One to Ten,
But we return all Gentlemen;
All Gentlemen as well as they,
When o'er the Hills and far away :
Over the Hills, &c.

S O N G 27.

HARK ! how the Trumpet sounds to Battle ?
Hark ! how the thund'ring Cannons rattle !
Cruel Ambition now calls me away,
While I have ten thousand soft kind Things to say :
While Honour alarms me,
Young Cupid disarms me,
And Cælia so charms me,
I cannot away.

Hark again, Honour calls me to Arms !
Hark ! how the Trumpet sweetly charms !
Cælia no more then must be obey'd,
Cannons are roaring, and Ensigns display'd ;
The Thoughts of Promotion
Inspire such a Notion,
Of Cælia's Devotion
I'm no more afraid.

Guard her for me, celestial Powers ;
Ye Gods, blest the Nymph with happy Hours ;
Oh ! may she ever to love me incline !
Such lovely Perfections I cannot resign.
Firm Constancy grant her,
My true Love shall haunt her,
My Soul cannot want her,
She's all so divine.

S O N G

S O N G 28.

HARK, Lucinda, to the Wooing,
 Murm'ring Turtles am'rous Cooing;
 Shelly Grotts their Love rebound:
 Streams along the Pebble trilling,
 Hearts with trembling Pleasure filling,
 Sweetly answer to the Sound.

Twisted Boughs above combining,
 Loving Joy around them twining,
 Guard thee with a mingled Shade:
 Purple Violets, blushing Roses,
 Od'rous Flow'rs in various Posies,
 Dress thy Bosom and thy Head.

See! their tender Beings flying,
 Quickly fading, quickly dying!
 Beauty ne'er was fram'd to last:
 Let the Lover once advise thee,
 To improve the Good that flies thee;
 Soon, ah! soon, the Season's past.

Air, with hollow Tempests swelling,
 Gath'ring Clouds a Storm foretelling,
 Shroud in Night the fairest Day:
 Springing Beauty, gaily blooming,
 Sees not lowry Winter's coming,
 To December changing her May.

S O N G 29.

HARK! the bonny Christ-Church Bells,
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

They sound so woundy great,
 So wond'rous sweet,
 And they troul so merrily merrily.

Hark the first and second Bell,
 That every Day at Four and Ten
 Cries come to Pray'rs,
 And the Virger troops before the Dean.

Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small Bell at Nine,
 To call the Beerers home;
 But the Dev'l a Man
 Will leave his Cann,
 Till he hears the mighty Tom.

S O N G 30.

HARK the thundering Cannons' roar,
 Echoing from the German Shore,
 And the joyful News comes o'er;
 The Turks are all confounded?
 Lorrain comes, they run, they run!
 Charge your Horse thro' the grand half Moon,
 We'll Quarter give to none,
 Since Staremburg is wounded.

Close your Rank, and each brave Soul
 Take a lusty flowing Bowl,
 A grand Carouse to the Royal Pole,
 The Empire's brave Defender;
 No Man leave his Post by Stealth,
 To plunder the Grand Visir's Wealth,
 But drink a Helmet full to th' Health
 Of the second Alexander,

Mahomet was a sober Dog,
 A Small-beer, drowzy, fenceless Rogue,
 The Juice of the Grape, so much in vogue,
 To forbid to those adore him;
 Had he but allow'd the Vine,
 Giv'n 'em leave to carouse in Wine,
 The Turk had safely past the Rhine,
 And conquer'd all before him.

With dull Tea they fought in vain
 Hopeless Vict'ry to obtain;
 Where sprightly Wine fills ev'ry Vein,
 Success must needs attend him;
 Our Brains (like our Cannons) warm,
 With often firing feel no Harm,
 While the sober Sot flies the Alarm,
 No Laurel can befriend him.

Christians thus with Conquest crown'd;
 Conquest with the Glass goes round,
 Weak Coffee cannot keep its Ground.

Against the Force of Claret:
 Whilst we give them thus the Foil,
 And the Pagan Troops recoil,
 The valiant Poles divide the Spoil,
 And in brisk Nectar share it.

Infidels

Infidels are now o'ercome,
But the most Christian Turk's at home,
Watching the Fate of Christendom :

But all his Hopes are shallow ;
Since the Poles have led the Dance,
Let English Cæsar now advance,
And if he sends a Fleet to France,
He's a Whig that will not follow.

S O N G 31.

She. **H**ARK ! the Trumpet sounds to Arms ;
O fatal Noise !

Hark ! the Trumpet sounds to Arms ;
Adieu my Joys !

Ah ! the thousand Fears I prove,
For thy Life, and for my Love.

He. Cease thy Complaints, and dry thy Tears,
My charming Maid !

Cease thy Complaints, and dry thy Tears,
Nor Fate upbraid.

Heaven, that makes Mankind its Care,
Guards the Brave, to serve the Fair.

S O N G 32.

HArken and I will tell you how,
Young Muirland Willie came here to woo,

Tho' he could neither say nor do ;
The Truth I tell to you.

But ay he cries, Whate'er betide,
Maggy, I'll ha'e her to be my Bride,

With a fal dal, &c.

On his Gray Yod as he did ride,
With Durk and Pistol by his Side,

He prick'd her on wi' mickle Pride,
Wi' mickle Mirth and Glee.

Out o'er yon Moss, out o'er yon Muir,
Till he came to her Daddie's Door,

With a fal, &c.

Goodman quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,

I care no for making meikle Din ;
What Answer gi'ye me ?

Now,

Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gie ye my Doghter's Love to won,
With a fal, &c.

Now, Woer, fin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what Town?
I think my Doghter winna gloom
On sik a Lad as ye.

The Woer he stepp'd up the Houfe,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse?
With a fal, &c.

I have three Owsen in a Plough,
'Twa good ga'en Yads, and Gear enough,
The Place they ca' it Cad enough;
I scorn to tell a Lie:

Besides, I had frae the great Laird
A Peat-pat and a Lang-Kail Yard,
With a fal, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the Town;
I wat on him she did no gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.

The Lover he stended up in Haste,
And gript her hard about the Waist,
With a fal, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear;
And for my self ye need nae fear,
Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his Bonnet, and spat in his Chew,
He dighted his Gab, and pri'd her Mou',
With a fal, &c.

The Maiden blusht, and bing'd fu law,
She had nae Will to say him na,
But to her Dadie she left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.

The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kifs,
Syne ran to her Daddie, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, &c.

Your

Your Daughter wad no say me na,
But to your sell she has left it a',
As we cou'd agree between us twa ;

Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her ?
Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,
But sik's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle,
With a fal, &c.

A Kinfu' of Corn I'll gie to thee,
Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky ;
Ye's ha'e the Wadding Dinner free ;

Truth, I dow do na mair.
Content, quoth he, a Bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, mak haste, let's dee't,
With a fal, &c.

The Bridal Day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythsome Lad and Laff ;
But fiken a Day there never was,
Sic Mirth was never seen.

This winsome Couple straked Hands,
Mese John ty'd up the Marriage Bando,
With a fal, &c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,
Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots, a' in blue,
Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,
And blinkit bonnilie.

Their Toys and Mutches were sae clean,
They glanced in our Ladies Een,
With a fal, &c.

Sic Hirdum Dirdum, and sic Din,
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him ;
The Minstrels they did never blin,
Wi' mickle Mirth and Glee.

And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their Wames together met,
With a fal, &c.

S O N G 35.

HA S T E, haste, dear Youth, and tell the Fair
My Love-sick Soul is all Despair :

Sigh to her Pity, that she may
Accept the Offering I'll her pay :

For oh ! 'tis better not to be,
Than thus to live in Misery.

If she frowns, then shalt thou be
Banish'd from Love for wounding me ;
But if she smiles, then I will raise
Arches triumphant to your Praise :
And all my future Days shall be
Like an eternal Extasy.

S O N G 34.

HA S T E my Rain-deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous Journey thro' this dreary Waste :
Haste, my Rain-deer, still, still thou art too slow,
Impetuous Love demands the Lightning's Haste.

Around us far the rushy Moors are spread :
Soon will the Sun withdraw its cheerful Ray,
Darkling and tir'd we shall the Marshes tread,
No Lay unsung to cheat the tedious Way.

The wat'ry Length of these unjoyous Moors
Does all the flow'ry Meadows Pride excel ;
Thro' these I fly to her my Soul adores ;
Ye flow'ry Meadows, empty Pride ! farewell.

Each Moment from the Charmer I'm confin'd,
My Breast is tortur'd with impatient Fires :
Fly, my Rain-deer, fly swifter than the Wind,
Thy tardy Feet wing with my fierce Desires.

Our pleasing Toil will then be soon o'er-paid,
And thou, in Wonder lost, shalt view the Fair,
Admire each Feature of the lovely Maid,
Her artless Charms, her Bloom, her sprightly Air.
But lo ! with graceful Motion there she swims,
Gently removing each ambitious Wave ;

The crouding Waves transported clasp her Limbs :
When, when, oh when shall I such Freedom have
In vain, you envious Streams, so fast ye flow,
To hide her from a Lover's ardent Gaze :
From ev'ry Touch you more transparent grow,
And all reveal'd theauteous Wanton plays.

S O N G 35.

HA V E you any Pots or Pans,
 Or any broken Chandlers ?
 I am a Tinkler to my Trade,
 And newly come frae Flanders
 As scant of Siller as of Grace,
 Disbanded, we've a bad Run ;
 Gar tell the Lady of the Place,
 I'm come to clout her Caldron.
 Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.
 Madam, if you have Wark for me,
 I'll do't to your Contentment,
 And dinna care a single Flie
 For any Man's Resentment ;
 For Lady fair, tho' I appear
 To every ane a Tinker,
 Yet to your sell I'm bauld to tell,
 I am a gentle Jinker.
 Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.
 Love Jupiter into a Swan
 Turn'd, for his lovely Leda ;
 He like a Bull o'er Meadows ran,
 To carry aff Europa,
 Then may not I, as well as he,
 To cheat your Argos Blinker,
 And win your Love, like mighty Jove,
 Thus hide me in a Tinkler.
 Fa adrie, didle, &c.
 Sir, ye appear a cunning Man,
 But this fine Plot you'll fail in,
 For there is neither Pot nor Pan
 Of mine you'll drive a Nail in.
 Then bind your Budget on your Back,
 And Nails up in your Apron ;
 For I've a Tinkler under Tack
 That's us'd to clout my Caldron.
 Fa adrie, didle, &c.

S O N G 36.

HA V E you e'er seen the Morning Sun
 From fair Aurora's Bosom run ?

Or have you seen on Flora's Bed
The Essences of white and red?
Then you may boast, for you have seen
My fairer Chloris, Beauty's Queen.

Have you e'er pleas'd your skilful Ears
With the sweet Musick of the Spheres?
Have you e'er heard the Syrens sing,
Or Orpheus play to Hell's black King?
If so, be happy, and rejoice,
For thou hast heard my Chloris Voice.

Have you e'er smelt what Chymic Skill
From Rose or Amber doth distill?
Have you been near that Sacrifice
The Phœnix makes before she dies?
Then you can tell, (I do presume)
My Chloris is the World's Perfume.

Have you e'er tasted what the Bee
Steals from each fragrant Flow'r or Tree?
Or did you ever taste that Meat,
Which Poets say the Gods did eat?
O then I will no longer doubt
But you have found my Chloris out.

S O N G 37.

HAVE you seen Battledore Play,
Where the Shuttlecocks fly to and fro one?
Or, have you noted an April Day, now raining,
Now shining, now warming, now storming?

Ah! just, just such as these is a Woman.
Love and true Merit do seldom prevail,

For always we hold a wet Eel by the Tail;
Their Tongues ne'er are idle, their Humour's a Riddle;
They prick with their Needle, and ogle and wheedle;

And if they have Charms,
'Tis rarely that Beauty is true't'ye,

For few or none you are sure are your own,
But in your Arms.

S O N G 38.

HAVING spent all my Time
Upon Women and Wine,
I went to the Church out of spite;

But what the Priest said
Is quite out of my Head,
I resolv'd not to edify by't.

All the Women I view'd,
Both religious and lewd,
From the sable Top-knot to the Scarlets;
An even Wager I'd lay,
That at a foul Play
The House ne'er swarm'd so with Harlots.

Madam Lovely I saw
With her Daughters-in-law,
Who she offers to sale ev'ry Sunday;
In the midst of her Prayers
She negotiates Affairs,
And signs Assignations for Monday.

Next, a Baron Knight's Daughter,
Whose own Mother taught her,
By Precept and practical Notions,
To wear gaudy Clothes,
And ogle the Beaux,
Was at Church, to shew Signs of Devotion.

Next, a Lady of Fame,
Whom we shall not name,
She'll give you no Trouble in teaching;
She has a very fine Book,
But ne'er on it does look,
And regards neither praying nor preaching.

Madam Fair there she sits,
Almost out of her Wits,
Betwixt Vice and Devotion debating;
She's as vicious as fair,
And has no Business there,
To hear Master Tickle-text prating.

From the Corner of the Square
Comes a hopeful young Pair,
As religious as they see Occasion;
But if Patches or Paint
Be true Signs of a Saint,
We've no Reason to fear their Damnation.

When

When thus he had done,
 He blest every one,
 With his Benediction the People :
 So I run to the Crown,
 Lest the Church shou'd fall down,
 And beat out my Brains with the Steeple.

S O N G 39.

HE himself courts his own Ruin,
 That with too great Passion sues 'em ;
 When Men whine too much in Wooing,
 Women will like Coquets use 'em ;
 Some by this Way of addressing
 Have the Sex so far transported,
 That they'll fool away the Blessing
 For the Pride of being courted :
 Jilt and smile when we adore 'em,
 While some Blockhead buys the Favour,
 Presents have more Power o'er 'em
 Than all our soft Love and Labour.
 Thus like Zealots, with screw'd Faces,
 We our Fooling make the greater ;
 While we cant long-winded Graces,
 Others they fall to the Creature.

S O N G 40.

HE that has the best Wife,
 She's the Plague of his Life ;
 But for her that will scold and will quarrel,
 Let him cut her off short
 Of her Meat and her Sport,
 And ten Times a Day hoop her Barrel, brave Boys,
 And ten Times a Day hoop her Barrel,

S O N G 41.

HE that in Love would still prevail,
 Or not be troubled if he fail,
 Let him my Way be a Lover ;
 At first I seem to die for Love ;
 If that her Pity will not move,
 Without it I recover !
 But if the Lady's kind and true,
 I always strive to be so too,

Thus to Pity I invite her ;
 But if a Tyrant she will prove,
 And deny that for which I love,
 I Tyrant turn and slight her.

Thus when I do a Beauty see,
 I like her just as she likes me,
 Who vexes if I don't take her :
 But yet the Consequence is bad ;
 For if she's fair, must I be mad ?

I'll rather straight forsake her.
 The best Rule which in Love I find,
 Is to think none fair but the kind :
 Women thus are pretty Trifles :
 Tho' Water thrown upon a Fire,
 Or Ice on Love, makes some burn higher,
 Yet mine it forthwith stifles.

Who begs a Lady's Heart, must still
 Be pleas'd with whatsoe'er she will ;

The Beggar must not be Chooser :
 But I so wisely Things design,
 That always in Amours of mine,
 I'm a Winner, or no Loser.

For when a coy Nymph Love inspires,
 In Wine I quench my hopeless Fires ;

Thus one Heat expels the other :
 Women I therefore will decline,
 All my Affections are on Wine,
 When they kill, this will recover.

S O N G 42.

HE that is clear
 Cavalier,
 Will not repine,
 Although
 His Substance grow
 So very low,
 That he cannot drink Wine,
 Fortune is a Lase
 Will embrace,
 And soon destroy ;

Free-born,
 In Liberty,
 We'll ever be,
 Singing Vive le Roi.
 Virtue is its own Reward, Sir,
 And Fortune is a Whore;
 There's none but Fools and Knaves regard her,
 Or her Power implore.

He that is a trusty Roger,
 And hath serv'd his King;
 Altho' he be a tatter'd Soldier,
 Yet he will skip and sing
 Whilst he that fights for Love,
 May in the Way of Honour prove,
 And they that make Sport of us,
 May come short of us;
 Fate will flatter them,
 And will scatter them,
 Whilst the Royalty
 Looks upon Loyalty,
 We that live peaceably,
 May be successfully
 Crown'd with a Crown at last.

But a real honest Man
 May be utterly undone,
 To show his Allegiance,
 His Love and Obedience;
 But that will raise him up,
 Virtue weighs him up,
 Honour stays him up,
 And we'll praise him;
 Whilst the sly Courtier dines,
 With his full Bowls of Wine,
 Honour will make him fast.
 Freely let's be then

 Honest Men,
 And kick at Fate,
 We
 May live to see,

 Our Loyalty
 Valued at a higher Rate.

He

He that bears a Word,
 Or a Sword,
 'Gainst the Throne;
 Or doth prophanely prate,
 To wrong the State,
 Hath but little of his own.

C H O R U S.

What tho' Plummers, Painters, and Players,
 Be the prosperous Men;
 Yet we'll attend our own Affairs,
 When we come to't agen:
 Treachery may be fac'd with Light,
 And Leachery lin'd with Furr;
 A Cuckold may be made a Knight;
 'Tis Fortune de la Guerre:

But what is that to us Boys,
 That now are honest Men?

We'll conquer and come agen,
 Beat up the Drum agen:

Hey for Cavaliers,

Joy for Cavaliers,

Pray for Cavaliers;

Dub, a dub, dub,

Have at old Belzebub,

Oliver stinks for fear.

Fifth-Monarchy must down, Bulhies,

And every Sect in Town:

We'll rally, and to't agen;

Give 'em the rout agen,

Charge 'em home agen,

Face to the right about, tantar-ar-ar-a:

This is the Life of an honest Cavalier.

S O N G 43.

HE that is resolv'd to wed,

And be by the Nose by Woman led,

Let him consider't well e'er he be sped;

For that lewd Instrument, a Wife,

If that she be inclin'd to Strife,

Will find a Man shrill Musick all his Life,

Will find a Man, &c.

If he approach her when ~~his~~ ^{her} ~~vest~~,
 Nearer than the Parson ~~does~~ ^{to} his Text,
 He's sure to have enough of what comes next;
 And by our Grammar Rules we see,
 Two different Genders can't agree,
 Nor without Solecisms connected be,
 Nor without, &c.

Yet this by none can be deny'd,
 That Wedlock, or 'tis much bely'd,
 Is a good School, in which Man's Virtue's try'd:
 And this Convenience Woman brings,
 That when her angry Mood begins,
 The Husband never wants a Sight of's Sins,
 The Husband never, &c.

If he by chance offend the least,
 His Penance shall be well encreast,
 She'll make him keep a Vigil without Feast;
 And when's Confession he is framing,
 She will not fail to make's ~~Business~~ ^{Business},
 He has nothing else to do but say Amen,
 He has nothing, &c.

S O N G 44.

HE that weds a Beauty
 Soon will find her cloy;
 When Pleasure grows a Duty,
 Farewel Love and Joy.

He that weds for Treasure,
 Tho' he hath a Wife,
 Hath chose one lasting Pleasure
 In a marry'd Life.

S O N G 45.

HE that will not merry, merry be
 With a gen'rous Bowl and a Toast,
 May he in Bridewell be shut up,
 And fast bound to a Post,
 Let him be merry, merry there,
 And we'll be merry, merry here:
 For who can know where we shall go,
 To be merry another Year?

He that will not merry, merry be,
 And take his Glass in Course,
 May he be oblig'd to drink small Beer,
 With ne'er a Penny in's Purse:
 Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
 With a Comp'ny of jolly Boys,
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding Wife,
 To confound him with her Noise:
 Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be
 With his Mistress in his Bed;
 Let him be bury'd in the Church-yard,
 And me put in his Stead:
 Let him be merry, &c.

S O N G 46.

HE, who for ever,
 Wou'd hope for Favour,
 He must endeavour
 To charm the Fair:
 He dances, he dances,
 He da-a-a-a-nces,
 He sighs, and glances,
 He makes Advances,
 He sings, and dances,
 And mends his Air.

S O N G 47.

HE's a Man, ev'ry Inch, I assure you,
 Stout, vigorous, active, and tall;
 There's none can from Danger secure you,
 Like brave, gallant Moor of Moor-hall.
 No Giant or Knight ever quell'd him,
 He fills all their Hearts with Alarms:
 No Virgin yet ever beheld him,
 But wish'd herself clasp'd in his Arms:
 But wish'd, &c.

S O N G

HEAR all you Friends to Knighthood,
A Tale will raise your Wonder;

How Caitiff vile,

By basest Wile,

An hardy Knight did plunder,

How from this Pritish Worthy

This Knave, a Pox light on hur!

Did once purloin

The only Sign

And Badge he had of Honour.

Oh! had you seen our Hero!

No Knight could e'er look bigger,

Unless his Size

My Song belies,

Than M-----n of Tredegar.

A Ribbon grac'd his Shoulder,

A Star shone on his Breast, Sir;

With smart Toupee,

Fort bien pudré,

And Cockade on his Crest, Sir.

This Ribbon held a Bauble,

Which his kind Stars decree him;

With which he'd play,

Both Night and Day,

'Twould do you good to see him,

Tho' I a Bauble call it,

It must not thus be slighted;

'Twas one of the Toys,

Bob gave to his Boys,

When first the Chits were knighted.

Hur was the Flow'r of Knighthood,

You ne'er saw such a gay Thing;

But English Rogue,

Confound the Dog,

Was rob hur of hur Play-thing.

Rouze up, ye brave Knights Errant,

Ne'er give this Caitif Quarter,

Ye Knights of the Toast,

Or Knights of the Post,

Or Thistle, Bath, or Garter.

Learn

Learn hence ye courtly Lordlings,
 Who hear this fatal Story;
 On how slight Strings
 Depend those Things,
 Whereon ye hang your Glory.

S O N G 49.

HEAR, Chloe, hear,
 And do not turn away
 From my Desire, but quench my Fire,
 And my Love's Flames allay:
 And let my Song go along,
 Unto Compassion move,
 And make you kind,
 And bend your Mind,
 And melt you into Love.
 If Chloe loves, and constant proves,
 Oh happy, happy, then am I;
 But if that she unconstant be,
 And does delight to rove,
 As sure as Gun,
 I am undone,
 And shan't have Power to move.

S O N G 50.

HEAR me, ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.
 My Vows and Sighs, like silent Air,
 Unheeded never move her;
 At the bonny Bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.
 That Day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No Maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought my self the luckiest Lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame,
 In Words that I thought tender;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now the scornful flees the Plain,
The Fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shews Disdain;
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny Bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its Sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her Frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural Pow'rs, who hear my Strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,
Then let her Smiles relieve me.
If not, my Love will turn Despair,
My Passion no more tender;
I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

S O N G.

Heav'n's Offspring! Beauty rare!
Venus her peculiar Care:
Cupid rises ev'ry Grace,
To adorn thy fairer Face.
Earliest Bud was ever seen,
Thus to blossom at Fifteen!
Thro' whose Actions sweetly flows
All experienc'd Woman knows.

On Thee sits with decent Pride,
Wisdom, best and surest Guide;
Then, how strong the Influence
Of thy charming Wit and Sense!
When to Harmony you move,
Each Spectator's tun'd to Love;
Ev'ry Step is Cupid's Dart,
Softly stealing to my Heart.

Strange! that lively Sounds thou'd cure;
Yet give Pains which I endure!
Music, that can others free
From Infection, poisons me.

Guardian Sylphs! that flit in Air,
Tell my Sorrows to the Fair;
Let your murm'ring Whispers prove,
How I groan, and how I love.

• E

But

But if deaf to all my Woe,
The green Forest to her show,
How the Trees of ev'ry kind
Clasp, and kiss, in Marriage join'd.

Show the Fair, how curling Vines
Fold their Elms in am'rous Twines:
Touch'd by such Examples, She
May incline to Love and Me.

S O N G 52.

H EAVY Reasoner, talk no more;
Give me Celia o'er and o'er,
Give me Raptures, give me Pleasures,
Beyond Reason, without Measure;
My youthful Ardour shall be fed with gay Desire,
And every circling Year add Fuel to the Fire.

The sleepy Image of thy Brain
Shall only o'er its Dreamer reign;
The Impious apprehend no Joys above,
Nor canst thou justly think of Love:
Besides themselves, the Gods alone can know
The Joys that from consenting Lovers flow.

S O N G 53.

H ELP me, each harmonious Grove,
Gently whisper, all ye Trees,
Tune each warbling Throat to Love,
And cool each Mead with softest Breeze;
Breathe sweet Odours, ev'ry Flow'r,
All your various Painting show;
Pleasing Verdure grace each Bow'r,
Around let ev'ry Blessing flow.
Glide, ye limpid Brooks, along;
Phœbus, glance thy mildest Ray;
Murm'ring Floods, repeat my Song,
And tell what Colin dare not say.
Celia comes! whose charming Air
Fires with Love the rural Swains;
Tell, ah! tell the blooming Fair,
That Colin dies, if she disdains.

S O N G 54.

HENCE, hence, thou vain fantastic Fear,
 Of Ill to come, we know not where;
 Stand not with thy infernal Face,
 To fright my Love from my Embrace;
 To what a Height should we love on,
 Wert thou and all thy Shadows gone?
 Sigh, sigh no more; nor cry, Forbear;
 'Tis Sin: I neither must nor dare.
 If Sin can in these Pleasures dwell,
 If this can be the Gate of Hell,
 No Flesh can hold from entering in;
 Heav'n must forgive so sweet a Sin.
 Down, down she does begin to fall,
 And now the Shadows vanish all;
 And now the Gate is open to Bliss,
 And now I'm enter'd Paradise;
 Whilst envying Angels flock to view,
 And wonder what it is we do.

S O N G 55.

She. **HENCE**, thou Deceiver,
 Never, ah! never
 Wilt thou return to thy Chloe again,
 Grown, in your Leisure,
 Fond of new Pleasure,
 Some fairer Rival will laugh at my Pain.
 He. Dry up those Showers,
 Sweeter than Flowers;
 Look in the Fountain and see thyself there,
 Where is the Creature,
 Throughout all Nature,
 Half so engaging, so sweet, and so fair?
 She. Go—you'll deceive me—
 No—I'll believe thee—
 Lean on my Breast and thy Constancy swear;
 Should you deceive me,
 Or ever leave me,
 Chloe would languish and die with Despair.

He. My sweetest Treasure,

Every Pleasure,

Every Charm in my Chloe I find ;

And all the Graces,

Of newer Faces,

Call but my Chloe back into my Mind.

S O N G 56.

Henceforth, vain Youth, your Arts forbear,

Nor thus torment my Heart ;

My Virtue is my only Care,

Nor from it will I part.

What tho' your Gold appears so bright,

Your glitt'ring Diamonds shine,

They're mortal all nor please my Sight,

But Virtue is divine.

Tho' I in State might Kings excel,

And strut in guilty Pride,

In virtuous Poverty I'll dwell,

Content by Harry's Side :

No higher Love I e'er shall crave,

In vain is all your Art,

None shall my Person ever have,

Without my constant Heart.

Your Wit nor Gold's of no Import,

Nor Love in me create :

To gay Coquets go make your Court,

And leave me to my Fate.

Tho' you in Love appear so gay,

And Harry's meanly dress'd,

Yet you are false and will betray,

But Harry's poor and just.

S O N G 57.

H E R Eyes are like the Morning bright,

Her Eyes are like the Morning bright,

Her Cheeks like Roses fair ;

Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,

Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,

Like Silk her flowing Hair :

Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,

Her Breasts like water'd Lillies white,

Like Silk her flowing Hair.

Her

Her Breath's as sweet as Odours blown
 By Zephyrs o'er the Vales;
 Her Skin's as fine and soft as Down,
 Her Voice like Nightingale's,
 Where'er she breathes, where'er she sings,
 How happy are the Groves!
 How blest! how much more blest than Kings,
 The Shepherd that she loves?
 With gentle Steps let's beat the Ground,
 In gladsome Couples join'd;
 For Joy that your Dorinda's found,
 And ev'ry Lover kind.

S O N G 58.

HERE are People and Sports,
 Of all Sizes and Sorts,
 Coach'd Damsel and 'Squire,
 And Mob in the Mire,
 Tarpaulins, Trugmallions,
 Lords, Ladies, Sows Babies,
 And Loobies in Scores;
 Some hawling, some bawling,
 Some leering, some sneering,
 Some loving, some shoving,
 With Legions of furbelow'd Whores.
 To the Tavern some go,
 And some to the Show;
 See Poppets and Moppets,
 Jack-Puddens for Cuddens,
 Rope-dancing, Mares prancing,
 Boats flying, Quacks lying,
 Pick-Pockets, Pick-Plackets,
 Beasts, Butchers and Beans:
 Fops prattling, Dice rattling,
 Rooks shamming, Puts damming,
 Whores painted, Masks tinted,
 In Tally-mens furbelow'd Clothes.
 The Mob's Joys wou'd you know,
 To yon Musick-House go,
 See Taylors and Sailors,
 Whores, Molly and Dolly,
 Hear Musick makes you sick;

Some skipping, some tripping,
 Some smoking, some joking,
 Like Spigget and Tap,
 Short Measure, strange Pleasure,
 Thus swilling and billing,
 Some yearly get fairly
 For Fairings, Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

S O N G 59.

HERE are the best Horses
 That ever ran Courses,
 Here is the best Pad for your Wife, Sir,
 Who rides one a Day
 If Luck's in his Way,
 May ride in a Coach all his Life, Sir.
 The Sportsman esteems
 The Horse more than Gems,
 That leaps o'er a pitiful Gate, Sir;
 But here is the Hack,
 If you sit but his Back,
 Will leap you into an Estate, Sir.

S O N G 60.

HERE end my Chains, and Thralldom cease;
 If not in Joy, I'll live in Peace;
 Since for the Pleasures of an Hour
 We must endure an Age of Pain,
 I'll be this abject Thing no more;
 Love, give me back my Heart again.
 Despair tormented first my Breast,
 Now Falshood, a more cruel Guest.
 O, for the Peace of human Kind,
 Make Women longer true, or sooner kind!
 With Justice or with Mercy reign,
 O Love! or give me back my Heart again.

S O N G 61.

HERE lies old Hare, worn out with Care,
 Who oft times toll'd the Bell;
 Cou'd dig a Grave, and set a Stake,
 And say Amen full well.

For sacred Song, he'd Hopkins' Tongue,
 And Sternhold's Eke also;
 With Cough and Hem he'd stand by them,
 As far as Lungs wou'd go.
 Full many a Feast for Worms he drest,
 Himself still wanting Bread;
 But ah! he's gone, with Skin and Bone,
 To starve them, now he's dead.
 Here take his Spade, follow his Trade,
 Now he is out of Breath;
 Cover the Bones of one who once
 Wrought Journeywork for Death.

S O N G 62.

HERE the Deities approve
 (The Gods of Musick and of Love)
 All the Talents they have lent you,
 All the Blessings they have sent you;
 Pleas'd to see what they bestow
 Live and thrive so well below.

S O N G 63.

HERE's a Health to the Lads with a rowling Eye,
 That won't any Gentleman twice deny,
 But on reasonable Terms will soon comply,
 And a Fig for the coy dissembling Punk.

Here's a Health to the Lad that loves a brisk Lass,
 And scorns in his Turn to refuse his Glas,
 Or by his stiff Aire show the World he's an Ass,
 But will with an honest good Friend be drunk.

For when in his Head the Wine is got,
 No Emperor can be so great as he;
 'Tis the Dunce that won't drink shall be counted a Sot,
 And we'll ne'er think him fit for good Company.

Then up to the Brim each fill his Glas,
 And drink to the Healths that I nam'd before,
 For the Prig that loves not both his Bottle and Lass,
 May he die in a Ditch, a Son of a Whore.

S O N G 64.

HERE's a Health to the Tackers, my Boys,
 But mine A--so for the Tackers about;
 May the brave English Spirits come in,
 And the Knaves and Fanaticks turn out:

Since

Since the Magpies of late are confounding the State,
 And would pull our Establishments down,
 Let us make 'em a Jest, for they sit in their Nest,
 And be true to the Church and the Crown.
 Let us chuse such Parliament-Men,
 As have stuck to their Principles tight;
 And would not their Country betray
 In the Story of Ashby and White:
 Who care not a T--d for a Whig, or a Lord,
 That won't see our Accounts fairly stated;
 For C--ll ne'er fears the Address of those Peers,
 Who the Nation of Millions have cheated.

The next Thing adviseable is,
 Since Schism so strangely abounds,
 To oppose ev'ry Man that's set up
 By Dissenters, in Corporate Towns:
 For High-Church, and Low-Church, that brought us to
 And Conscience so bubbld the Nation; [No-Church,
 For who is not still for Conformity Bill,
 Will be surely a R--gue on Occasion.

S O N G 65.

HERE's a Health to the King, and a lasting Peace;
 May Faction be dumb, and Discord cease:
 Come, let us drink it while we've Breath,
 For there's no drinking after Death;
 And he that won't with this comply,
 Down among the dead Men,
 Down among the dead Men,
 Down, down, down, down,
 Down among the dead Men let him lie.
 Now a Health to the Queen, and may she long,
 B'our first fair Toast to grace our Song;
 Off w'your Hats, w'your Knee on the Ground,
 Take off your Bumpers all around;
 And he that will not drink his dry,
 Down among, &c.

Let charming Beauty's Health go round,
 In whom celestial Joys are found;

He,
 Shall
 just

And may Confusion still pursue
The senseless Woman-hating Crew;
And he that will this Health deny,
Down among, &c.

Here's thriving to Trade, and the Common weal,
And Patriots to their Country leil;
But who for Brides gives Satan his Soul;
May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing Bowl;
And all that with such Rogues comply,
Down among, &c.

In smiling Bacchus' Joys I'll roll,
Deny no Pleasure to my Soul;
Let Bacchus' Health round swiftly move,
For Bacchus is a Friend to Love;
And he that does this Health deny,
Down among, &c.

S O N G 66.

HERE's a Health to those Men
That go with us again
To chuse Knights that can afford, Sir,
To serve without Pension,
Or other Pretension,
But just and right is the Word, Sir.

As for those that have Pay,
We have little to say;
Let the Soldier live by his Sword, Sir,
We're for them that are known
To have Lands of their own,
And just and right is the Word, Sir.

Should we chuse the Court Tools,
They will call us all Fools,
Tho' a double Saint and a Lord, Sir;
We are sure we can trust
To the Right and the Just,
For just and right is the Word, Sir.

Then take off your Glafs fair,
To do otherwise here
Unjust, against Right, and absurd, Sir;
He, that leaves but three Drops,
Shall have't thrown in's Chops,
For just and right is the Word, Sir.

HERE's a Whim-wam new come over,

And who will prick at my Lottery-Book,
'Tis spick and span new to Dover,

From France, where it lately took;

'Twill ease you of all your Troubles, ho!

By a chemical, new, chimerical Way;

But, first of all down with the Bubbles, ho!

For this is the fairest Play.

Come Jenny, the Chambermaid, trudge it;

Come Tinker, and pawn thy Budget,

And Gillian no longer amble on Foot.

For Lords shall look like Asks;

For see ye how Stock advances up to't,

And Footmen ride in their Places;

Then, Chimney-sweep, sell thy Soot;

Jump off thy Board, bungling Botcher,

And leave the Plough, trusty Roger,

And Teague, with thy Grimace sneath it away?

Trip, Cicely, trudge it with Mary,

And gued muckle Sawney Lad donna stay;

And Dorothy slight thy Dairy,

For we are as blith as May.

Come hither each pretty Fellow,

And Country 'Squire, thou Booby nob Head;

Here's Harlequin, Punchinello,

So nimbly, archly tread:

Here's Mynheer van Gundy Gutt Guzzle too,

To raise or fall as Knave's meet;

Mess John, come help us to puzzle too;

And throw thy Cloak o'er the Cheat;

Thy Canting will safely fold us,

When Air is too hot to hold us.

Then prithee now Colly, refuse me no more,

Nor vamp up a queer Revival;

For Water, Sir, never will turn into Gold,

And a Fool should have no Rival,

Till C---y's great Stock be sold.

Let every Trick be a clean one,

Fat Sorrow is better than lean one:

THE

Then frisk it about, and jerk it away,
 For here's no Sign of Sorrow;
 Unless Mr. Knight should darken the Day,
 'Twill be at twelve hundred To-morrow,
 And we understand the Lay.

S O N G 68.

HERE's to thee, my Boy,
 My Darling, my Joy,
 For a Toper I love as my Life,
 I love as my Life;
 Who ne'er baulks his Glass,
 Nor cries like an As,
 To go home to his Mistress or Wife,
 To go home to his Mistress or Wife.

But heartily quaffs,
 Sings Catches and laughs;
 All the Night he looks jovial and gay,
 Looks jovial and gay;
 When Morning appears,
 Then homeward he steers,
 To snore out the rest of the Day,
 To snore out the rest of the Day.

He feels not the Cares,
 The Griefs, nor the Fears,
 That the Sober too often attend,
 Too often attend;

Nor knows he a Loss,
 Disturbance, or Cross,
 Save the want of his Bottle and Friend,
 Save the want of his Bottle and Friend.

S O N G 69.

HERE's to thee, my Danson, let's drink and be merry,
 And drown all our Cares in full Bumpers of Sherry;
 Commit ev'ry Care to the Guardians above,
 And we'll live like Immortals in Pleasure and Love.
 Here's Phillis's Health: Lo! the Liquor flows higher;
 'Tis Phillis's Name that awakens that Fire;
 Since the Liquor is clear, let our Eloquence shine,
 And Fancy be brisk, as the sparkling Wine.

Ye Nymphs, and ye Graces, ye Cupids, ye Swains,
 Go pluck the sweet Roses, the Pride of the Plains;
 Pluck only such Roses as worthy the Fair,
 And weave her a Chaplet with diligent Care;
 While to yon cool Poplar's kind Shade we retire,
 To melt in Embraces, and mingle our Fire;
 In languishing Bliss we'll live, and we'll die,
 She'll melt in the Flames, that I catch at her Eye.

S O N G 70.

H E Y! my Kitten, a Kitten,
 Hey! my Kitten, a Deary;

Such a sweet Pett as this
 Is neither far nor neary;
 Here we go up, up, up;
 Here we go down, down, downy;
 Here we go backwards and forwards,
 And here we go round, round, roundy.

Chicky, cockow, my lilly Cock;
 See, see, sic a downy;
 Gallop a trot, trot, trot,
 And hey for Dublin Towny.
 This Pig went to the Market.
 Squeek Mousie, Mousie, Mousy;
 Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild Colt,
 And hear thy own dol dousy.

Where was a Jewel and Petty,
 Where was a Sugar and Spicy;
 Hush a baba in a Cradle,
 And we'll go abroad in a tricy.
 Did-a Papa torment it?
 Did-e vex his own Baby? did-e?
 Hush a baba in a bosie;
 Take ous own sucky: did-e?

Goodmorrow, a Pudding is broke;
 Slavers a Thread o' crystal.
 Now the Sweet Poffet comes up;
 Who said my Child was pifs'd all?
 Come water my Chickens, come clock.
 Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you;
 Come, gie me your Hand, and I'll beat him:
 Wha was it vexed my Baby? Where

Where was a laugh and a crow?
 Where was, was, was a gigling honey?
 Goody, good Child shall be fed,
 But naughty Child shall get none.
 Get ye gone Raw-head and Bloody-Bones,
 Here is a Child that won't fear ye.
 Come, piffy, piffy, my Jewel,
 And ik, ik ay, my deary.

S O N G 71.

HID from himself, now by the Dawn
 He starts as fresh as Roses blown,
 And ranges o'er the Heights and Lawn
 After his bleating Flocks.
 Healthful, and innocently gay,
 He chants, and whistles out the Day;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly Weathercocks.

Life happy, from Ambition free,
 Envy and vile Hypocrisie,
 Where Truth and Love with Joys agree,
 Unfulled with a Crime;
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the Great,
 In propping of their Pride and State,
 He lives, and unafraid of Fate,
 Contented spends his Time.

S O N G 72.

HOLD, hold thy Nose to the Pot, Tom, Tom,
 And hold thy Nose to the Pot, Tom, Tom,
 'Tis thy Pot, and my Pot,
 And my Pot, and thy Pot,
 Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot Tom, Tom.

'Tis Malt will cure the Maw, Tom,
 And heal thy Distempers in Autumn,

Felix quem facient,

I prithee be patient,

Aliena pericula cautum.

Then hold thy Nose to the Pot Tom, Tom,

Hold, hold thy Nose to the Pot Tom, Tom;

* F

There's

There's no Parson nor Vicar,
 But will toss off his Liquor,
 Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot Tom, Tom.

S O N G 73.

She. **HOLD**, John, ere you leave me, i'troth I will
 know,

Whither so smugg'd up, thus early you go?

With clean Hands and Face,

Best Band with a Lace,

Your Sunday's Apparel, when you should go plough,

So trim, none would think ye a married Man now.

But, John, ere you leave, &c.

He. Go, Joan, I won't tell you; to lead a sweet Life.

I've learnt of my Betters, to steal from my Wife.

Mayhap with my Neighbour I'll dust it away;

Mayhap play at Putt, or some other such Play.

She. I guess at what Game you'd be playing to Day.

He. Don't plague me, the Devil's in Woman. I think:

I tell thee, Joan, I'm going, I'm going to drink.

Come, prithee don't think that I've no more Grace;

Nay, go! or I'll hit thee a Dowce in the Face.

She. You! I'll find somebody then shall strike in your

Why should you deny me, I never did you? [Place.

Because I a'n't new, you won't give me my Due:

But troth if you won't another shall do.

He. If thus, if thus, if thus you e'er do,

Oh! how I'll belabour, oh! how I'll belabour
 your Booby and you.

She. Oh! how I'll belabour, oh! how I'll belabour your

Both. If thus, if thus, &c. [Trollop and you.

She. Well, John, do not go,

And I won't do so;

Do not go, do not go, my Johnny,

My Dear, my Precious, my Honey,

Oh! pray do not go,

I won't, I won't do so.

He. Adsnigs! by that Buss I'm inveigled to stay;

Come, Joan, come and spoil my Straying to Day.

She. Come, John, give's thy best-Band,

And lend me thy Hand,

He.

He. Here, Joan take my best Band,

And give me thy Hand.

Thus 'tis with you Women.

She. 'Tis just so with you Men.

He. Whene'er you fall out,

She. Whene'er you fall out,

Both. It is to fall in again;

Whene'er we fall out,

Whene'er we fall out,

It is to fall in again.

S O N G 74.

H Oneft Lover whosoever,

If in all thy Love there ever

Was one wav'ring Thought; if thy Flame

Were not still even, still the same:

Know this,

Thou lov'st amifs;

And to love true;

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when she appears i'th' Room,

Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb;

And in striving this to cover,

Dost not speak thy Words twice over:

Know this,

Thou lov'st amifs;

And to love true,

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,

And all Defects for Graces take;

Perswad'ft thyself that Jest is broken,

When she hath little or nothing spoken:

Know this,

Thou lov'st amifs;

And to love true,

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within,

Thou lett'st not Men ask and ask again;

And when thou answer'st, if it be

To what was ask'd thee properly:

Know

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy Stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not Fingers 'stead of Meat,
And with much gazing on her Face
Didst not rise hungry from the Plate:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect Lover,
And desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

S O N G 73.
Honest Man John Ochiltree,
Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
Wilt thou come o'er the Moor to me,
And dance as thou was wont to do.

Alake, alake! I want to do!
Ohon, Ohon! I want to do!

Now wont to do's away frae me,
Frae filly auld John Ochiltree.

Honest Man John Ochiltree,
Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
Come anes out o'er the Moor to me,
And do but what thou dow to do.

Alake, alake! I dow to do!
Walaways! I dow to do!

To whoft and birple o'er my Tree,
My bony Moor-powt is a' I may do.

Walaways John Ochiltree,
For mony a Time I tell'd to thee,
Thou rade sae fast by Sea and Land,
And wadna keep a 'Bridle-hand;

Thou'd

Thou'd tine the Beast, thy sell wad die,
 My filly auld John Ochiltree.
 Come to my Arms, my bony Thing,
 And chear me up to hear thee sing;
 And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
 For Thoughts maun now my Life sustain.
 Gae thy ways John Ochiltree
 Hae done! it has nae fa'r wi' me.
 I'll set the Beast in throw the Land,
 She'll may be fa' in a better Hand.
 Ev'n fit thou there, and think thy fill,
 For I'll do as I wont to do still.

S O N G 76:

HOSIER! with indignant Sorrow,
 I have heard thy mournful Tale;
 And, if Heaven permit, To-morrow
 Hence our warlike Fleet shall sail,
 O'er these hostile Waves wide roaming,
 We will urge our bold Design,
 With the Blood of Thousands foaming,
 For our Country's Wrongs and thine.
 On that Day when each brave Fellow,
 Who now triumphs here with me,
 Storm'd and plunder'd Porto Bello,
 All my Thoughts were full of thee.
 Thy disast'rous Fate alarm'd me;
 Fierce thy Image glar'd on high,
 And with gen'rous Ardour warm'd me,
 To revenge thy Fall or die.
 From their lofty Ships, descending,
 Thro' the Flood, in firm Array;
 To the destin'd City bending,
 My lov'd Sailors work'd their Way.
 Strait the Foe, with Horror trembling,
 Quits in haste his batter'd Walls;
 And in Accents undissembling,
 As he flies for Mercy calls.
 Carthage, tow'ring Wonder!
 At the daring Deed dismay'd,
 Shall e'er long, by Britain's Thunder,
 Smoaking in the Dust be laid.

Thou, and these pale Spectres sweeping
 Restless o'er this wat'ry Round,
 Whose wan Cheeks are stain'd with Weeping,
 Pleas'd shall listen to the Sound.
 Still rememb'ring thy sad Story,
 To thy injur'd Ghost I swear
 By my Hopes of future Glory,
 War shall be my constant Care:
 And I ne'er will cease pursuing
 Spain's proud Sons from Sea to Sea,
 With just Vengeance for thy Ruin,
 And for England sham'd in thee.

S O O N G 77.

HOW blest are Beggars Lasses,
 Who never toil for Treasure?
 We know no Care, but how to share
 Each Day successive Pleasure.
 Drink away, let's be gay,
 Beggars still with Bliss abound;
 Mirth and Joy ne'er can cloy,
 Whilst the sparkling Glass goes round.
 A Fig for gaudy Fashions,
 No want of Clothes oppresses us:
 We live at Ease with Rags and Fleas;
 We value not our Dresses.
 Drink away, &c.
 We scorn all Ladies Washes,
 With which they spoil each Feature:
 No Patch or Paint our Beauties taint;
 We live in simple Nature.
 Drink away, &c.
 No Cholick, Spleen, or Vapours
 At Morn or Ev'ning tease us;
 We drink not Tea, or Ratafie;
 When sick, a Dram can ease us.
 Drink away, &c.
 What Ladies act in private,
 By Nature's soft Complaisance,
 We think no Crime, when in our Prime,
 To kiss without a Licence,
 Drink away, &c.

We know no Shame or Scandal,
 The Beggars Law besfriend us ;
 We all agree in Liberty,
 And Poverty defend us.
 Drink away, &c.

Like jolly Beggar-Wenchies
 Thus, thus, we drown all Sorrow ;
 We live to-day, and ne'er delay
 Our Pleasure till to-morrow.
 Drink away, &c.

S O N G

HOW blest are Lovers in disguise,
 Like Gods they see,
 As I do thee,
 Unseen by human Eyes :
 Expos'd to View,
 I'm hid from you ;
 I'm alter'd, yet the same ;
 The Dark conceals me,
 Love reveals me,
 Love, which lights me by its Flame.
 Were you not false, you me wou'd know ;
 For tho' your Eyes
 Cou'd not devise,
 Your Heart had told you so :
 Your Heart wou'd beat
 With eager Heat,
 And me by Sympathy wou'd find :
 True Love might see
 One chang'd like me ;
 False Love is only blind.

S O N G 79.

HOW blest are Shepherds, how happy their Lasses,
 While Drums and Trumpets are sounding Alarms :
 Over our lowly Sheds all the Storm passes,
 And when we die, 'tis in each other's Arms :
 All the Day on our Herds and Flocks employing,
 All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying.
 All the Day, &c.

Bright Nymphs of Britain, with Graces attended,

Let not your Days without Pleasure expire ;

Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,

All Men will praise you, but none will desire :

Let not Youth fly away without contenting,

Age will come time enough for your repenting.

Let not Youth, &c.

S O N G 80.

HOW blest has my Time been, what Days have I
known,

Since Wedlock's soft Bondage made Jessy my own,

So joyful my Heart is, so easy my Chain,

That Freedom is tasteless, and roving a Pain.

Thro' Walks grown with Woodbines as often we stray,

Around us our Boys and Girls frolick and gay ;

How pleasing their Sport is, the wanton Ones see,

And borrow their Looks from my Jessy and me.

I try her sweet Temper, oft Times am I seen,

In Revels all Day with the Nymphs of the Green ;

Tho' painful my Absence, my Doubts she beguiles,

And meets me at Night with Compliance and Smiles.

What tho' on her Cheeks the Rose loses its Hue,

Her Ease and good Humour bloom all the Year thro' :

Time still as he flies, brings Increase to her Truth,

And gives to her Mind what he steals from her Youth.

Ye Shepherds so gay, who make Love to ensnare,

And cheat with false Vows the too credulous Fair :

In search of true Pleasure how vainly you roam,

To hold it for Life, you must find it at home.

S O N G 81.

HOW blest'd he appears

That revels and loves out his happy Years,

That fiercely spurs on till he finish his Race,

And, knowing Life's short, chuses living apace !

To Cares we were born, 'twere a Folly to doubt it ;

Then love and rejoice, there's no living without it.

Each Day we grow older,

But as Fate approaches, the Brave still are bolder ;

The Joys of Love with our Youth slide away,

But yet there are Pleasures that never decay :

When

When Beauty grows dull, and our Passions grow cold,
Wine still keeps it Charms, and we drink when we're old.

S O N G 82.

HOW blest is a Soldier when list'd to rove
From Beauty to War, and from Glory to Love,
From Beauty to Glory, from Glory to Love,
From Glory, from Glory to Love.

How blest is a Soldier when list'd to rove,
From Beauty to War, and from Glory to Love,
From Beauty to Glory, from Glory to Love,
From Glory, from Glory to Love.

In Fields, and in Quarters, inspir'd by their Charms,
He lives, and he conquers, or dies in their Arms.
He Conquers, or dies in their Arms,
He Conquers, or dies in their Arms.

S O N G 83.

HOW brimful of Nothing's the Life of a Beau :
They've Nothing to think of, they've Nothing to do ;
Nor Nothing to talk of, for Nothing they know.
Such, such is the Life of a Beau, &c.
For Nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh Air ;
Spend the Morning in Nothing, but Curling their Hair,
And do Nothing all Day, but sing, saunter, and stare ;
Such, such is, &c.

For Nothing, at Night, at the Play-house they crowd,
To mind Nothing done there, they always are proud :
But to bow, and to grin, and talk Nothing aloud :
Such, such is, &c.

For Nothing they run to the Assembly and Ball,
And for Nothing, at Cards, a fair Partner they call :
For they still must be beasted, who've Nothing at all :
Such, such is, &c.

For Nothing, on Sundays, at Church they appear ;
For they've Nothing to hope, nor they've Nothing to fear :
They can be Nothing now here, who Nothing are here ;
Such, such is, &c.

S O N G 84.

HOW blythe was I each Morn to see
My Swain come o'er the Hill ;
He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me :
I've met him with Good-will.

I neither wanted Yew nor Lamb,
 When his Flocks near me lay;
 He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,
 And chear'd me all the Day.

He tun'd his Pipe, and play'd so sweet,
 The Birds sat list'ning by;
 And the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his Melody.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
 Cou'd I but grateful be?

He won my Heart, cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?

Hard Fate! that I must banish'd be,
 Go heavily and mourn,

'Cause I oblig'd the kindest Swain
 That ever yet was born.

S O N G 85.

HOW calm, Eliza, are these Groves,
 How sweet to entertain our Loves?

Free from Sorrow, free from Care,
 Jealously and black Despair.

In these sweet Elysian Groves
 Calmly we enjoy our Loves.

S O N G 86.

HOW can I well describe the Joy,
 When first I set my Eyes

On her who only could employ
 My Thought in great Surprise!

Charming Face,
 Love exciting;

Comely Grace,
 All delighting;

Who can look on one so fair,
 And not the Force of Love declare!

But when I labour'd to address
 The Tenour of my Suit,

Fear did my fault'ring Speech oppress,
 And I continu'd mute:

But

But my Smart more abounded;
 Cupid's Dart has me wounded,
 And I longer can't conceal
 The Anguish for your Sake I feel.

Yet, if you disregard my Pain,
 I bid this World adieu:
 For all my Hopes of Life are vain,
 If not sustain'd by you.
 With Disdain do not grieve me,
 See my Pain, and relieve me;
 Sure you can't severely treat
 A Lover dying at your Feet.

Pity and Love should, in the Fair,
 Inseparably join,
 To extricate from Despair
 Such am'rous Hearts as mine.

Sweet Replies,
 Kind Behaviour,
 Pleasing Eyes,
 Gentle Favour,

Are what Lovers must implore,
 Or else they can exist no more.

S O N G 37.

HOW can you be
 So false to me,
 O cruel and deluding Swain?
 How oft have you
 Sworn to be true?
 And now turn Reprobate again!

When in the Wood
 You mournful stood,
 Complaining of my fatal Charms,
 I had too soon
 Compassion on
 Your Woes, and took you to my Arms.

But now you range,
 And quickly change,
 To the first Shepherdess you see;
 Unconstant Man,
 Thus to trapan
 Maid who loved none but thee.

S O N G

S O N G 88.

HOW can you, lovely Nancy, thus cruelly fight
 A Swain who is wretched, when banish'd your Sight;
 Who for your Sake alone thinks Life worth his Care,
 But which soon, if you frown on, must end in Despair.
 If you meant thus to torture, O why did your Eyes
 Once express so much Softness, and sweetly surprize;
 By their Lustre inflam'd, I cou'd not believe,
 As they had such mild Influence, they e'er wou'd deceive.
 But alas! like the Pilgrim bewilder'd in Night,
 Who perceives a false Splendor at Distance invite:
 Overjoy'd he hastes on, pursues it, and dies;
 A like Ruin attends me, if away Nancy flies.
 O forget not the Raptures you felt in my Arms,
 When you call'd me dear Angel, and unveil'd all your
 Charms:

When you vow'd lasting Love, and swore with a Kiss,
 That in my fond Embraces was center'd all Bliss.

Fairest, but most obdurate, consider that Woe
 Will, like Sicknefs neglected, more desperate grow:
 That your Heart may relent, I implore the kind Pow'r,
 Since ~~the~~ constant as your Sex, be not fickle as ours.

S O N G 89.

She. **H**OW can you be so teasing?

He. Love will excuse my Fault.

How can you be so pleasing?

She. I vow I'll not be naught.

He. All Maids I know at first resist;

A Master may command.

She. You're monstrous rude; I'll not be kiss'd:

Nay, fye, let go my Hand.

He. 'Tis foolish Pride—

She. 'Tis vile, 'tis base.

Poor Innocence to wrong.

He. I'll force you —

She. Guard me from Disgrace!

You find that Virtue's strong.

S O N G 90.

HOW, court Dorinda! who the Devil
Wou'd ever prove so tame a Sor?

If you're kind, then she's uncivil;

When you would love, then she will not.

To contradict is all her Pleasure,

Her utmost Virtue to deny;

Her Modesty, that boasted Treasure,

Is to give herself the Lie.

Then ne'er, mistaken Youth, stand doating

On Woman for her Beauty's Sake;

Nor for a silly Prize lie plotting,

Which she'll not give, but you must take.

Summon out all the Pow'rs within her,

Then boldly push, she can't withstand;

You'll find the sure Way to win her,

Is to engage with Sword in Hand.

S O N G 91.

HOW cruel are the Traitors,

Who lie and swear in Jest,

To cheat unguarded Creatures

Of Virtue, Fame, and Rest!

Whoever steals a Shilling,

Through Shame the Guilt conceals,

In Love the perjur'd Villain

With Boasts the Theft reveals.

S O N G 92.

HOW cruel is a Parent's Care,

Who Riches only prizes;

When finding out some Booby Heir,

He thinks he wond'rous wife is;

While the poor Maid to shun her Fate,

And not to prove a Wretch in State,

To 'scape the Blockhead she must hate,

She weds where she despises.

The harmless Dove thus trembling flies,

The rav'nous Hawk pursuing,

While her tender Pinions tries,

'Till doom'd to certain Ruin:

Afraid her worst of Foes to meet,
 No Shelter near, no kind Retreat,
 She drops beneath the Faulk'ner's Feet,
 For gentler Usage suing.

S O N G 93.

HOW dismal is Cyderia's Cell!

What Damps bedew the Place!

No Tap'stry here the ragged Walls,
 But pendent Cobwebs grace.

Instead of Sconce, and glassy Show,
 And Indian motly Forms,

We view th' Embroidery of Snails,
 And Tracks of slimy Worms.

Cold Sweats hang on the moisten'd Stones,
 Droppings the Timber waste;

Thro' unglaz'd Voids the busy Wind
 Puffs in the chilling Blast.

Poets (and only they) can tell

How Goddesses appear;

For vulgar Souls would ne'er expect

To find a Goddess here.

But Poets know, that furnish'd Rooms

Are for the mortal Fair;

None ever saw a heav'nly Nymph

At Toilet, or in Chair.

But hollow Caves, hung round with Moss,

That sigh with ev'ry Breeze,

And cool Retreats, by Nature form'd,

The lovely Naiad please.

Cyderia is of Race divine,

Or should at least be thought,

With Nymphs the gawdy Roof she shuns,

And wantons in a Grott.

S O N G 94.

HOW dismal's the Lover's Condition,

When Cruelty governs the Fair;

When the proper, the only Physician,

Insults o'er her Servant's Despair.

His Suff'rings afford her a Pleasure,
 Increasing the more he complains ;
 The more that he doats on his Treasure,
 The faster she binds him in Chains.
 The faster, &c.

Resistless, all-conquering Creature,
 Disdain not to cure what you cause :
 O prove not a Rebel to Nature ;
 Nor laugh at Love's sovereign Laws.
 Against your own self it is Treason,
 To torture a Heart that is thine :
 My Heart is your own ; and what Reason
 The Pain should longer be mine ?
 The Pain, &c.

Yet deep, tho' the Darts of your Beauty
 Have wounded the Heart of your Swain,
 I think it both Pleasure and Duty,
 To court and to suffer the Pain.
 Delightful's the true Lover's Anguish ;
 In craving, it ever contents,
 'Tis Torture to pine and to languish,
 But pleases the while it contents.
 But pleases, &c.

S O N G 95.

HOW do they err who throw their Love
 On Fate or Fortune wholly,
 Whom only Rants and Flights can move,
 And Rapture join'd with Folly ?
 For how can Pleasure solid be,
 Where Thought is out of Season ?
 Do I love you, or you love me,
 My dear, without a Reason ?
 Our Sense then rightly we'll employ,
 No Paradise expecting ;
 Yet envying none the trifling Joy
 That will not bear reflecting :
 For Wisdom's Power, since after all,
 E'en Life is past the curing,
 Softens the worst that can befall,
 And makes the best enduring.

S O N G 96.

HOW happy a State does the Miller possess,
 Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less.
 On his Mill and himself he depends for Support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at Court.
 What tho' he all dusty, and whiten'd does go,
 The more he is powder'd, the more like a Beau ;
 A Clown in this Dress may be honestier far
 Than a Courtier who frisks in a Garter and Star.
 Tho' his Hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
 The Hands of his Betters are not very clean ;
 A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal ;
 Gold in handling will stick to the Fingers like Meal.
 What if then a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
 He cribs without Scruple from other Men's Sacks ;
 In this of right noble Example he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.
 Or shou'd he endeavour to heap an Estate,
 In this too he mimicks the Tools of the State ;
 Whose Aim is alone their own Coffers to fill,
 As all his Concern's to bring Grist to his Mill.
 He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
 And down when he's weary contented does lye ;
 Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing :
 If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King ?

S O N G 97.

HOW happy am I,
 The fair Sex can defy,
 And can ev'ry Day say my Heart is my own ;
 For I never saw yet
 That Beauty or Wit,
 But I lov'd, if I pleas'd, or could let it alone.
 I thought that my Flame
 Would still prove the same,
 For beautiful Cælia, while Cælia was true ;
 But Love was so blind,
 When Cælia was kind,
 I chang'd her for Mopsa, for Mopsa was new.

S O N G

S O N G 98.

HOW happy are we, when the Wind is abast,
 And the Boatswain he pipes, Haul both our Sheets ast.
 Steady, steady, says the Master, it blows a fresh Gale,
 We'll soon reach our Port, Boys, if the Wind doth not fail,
 Then drink about, Tom, altho' the Ship roll,
 We'll save our rich Liquor, by slinging our Bowl,

S O N G 99.

HOW happy are we,
 Who from Thinking are free,
 That curbing Disease of the Mind?
 Can indulge ev'ry Taste,
 Love where we like best,
 Not by dull Reputation confin'd.
 When we're young, fit to toy,
 Gay Delights we enjoy,
 And have Crowds of new Lovers still wooing;
 When we're old and decay'd,
 We procure for the Trade,
 Still in every Age we are doing.
 If a Cully we meet,
 We spend what we get,
 Ev'ry Day, for the next never think;
 When we die, where we go,
 We have no Sense to know,
 For a Bawd always dies in her Drink.

S O N G 100.

HOW happy is the rural Clown,
 Who far remov'd from Noise of Town,
 Contemns the Glory of a Crown,
 And in his safe Retreat,
 Is pleas'd with his low Degree,
 Is rich in decent Poverty,
 From Strife, from Care, from Bus'ness free,
 At once both good and great?
 No Drums disturb his Morning Sleep,
 He fears no Danger of the Deep,
 Nor noisy Law, nor Courts ne'er heap
 Vexation on his Mind:

No Trumpets rouse him to the War,
 No Hopes can bribe, no Threats can dare;
 From State-Intrigues he holds afar,
 And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden Ages born,
 He labours gently to adorn
 His small paternal Fields of Corn,

And on their Product feeds:
 Each Season of the wheeling Year,
 Industrious he improves with Care:
 And still some ripen'd Fruits appear:
 So well his Toil succeeds.

Now by a silver Stream he lyes,
 And angles with his Baits and Flies,
 And next the Sylvan Scene he tries,
 His Spirits to regale:

Now from the Rock or Height he views
 His fleecy Flock, or teeming Cows,
 Then tunes his Reed, or tries his Muse,
 Then waits his honest Call.

Amidst his harmless, easy Joys,
 No Care his Peace of Mind destroys,
 Nor does he pass his Time in Toys

Beneath his just Regard:
 He's fond to feel the Zephyr's Breeze,
 To plant and cut his tender Trees:
 And for attending well his Bees,
 Enjoys the sweet Reward.

The flow'ry Meads, and silent Coves,
 The Scenes of faithful, rural Loves,
 And warbling Birds on blooming Groves,

Afford a wish'd Delight:
 But oh! how pleasant is this Life?
 Blest with a chaste and virtuous Wife,
 And Children prattling, void of Strife,
 Around his Fire at Night?

SON 6

S O N G 101.

HOW happy's that Husband, who after few Years,
Of Railing and Brawling, Confusion and Folly,
Shall see his Xantippe drown'd in her Tears,
Then prithee, Alexis, be jolly, be jolly,
Then prithee, Alexis, be jolly.

S O N G 102.

HOW happy's the Man, that like you, Sir,
His pretty dear Person admires!
Who, when with the Fair it won't do, Sir,
Content to his Idol retires.

He turns to his Glass,
Where, in his sweet Fate
Such ravishing Beauties disclose;
His Heart on fire,
Is sure his Desire

No Rival will ever oppose.

But when to a Nymph a Pretender,
Poor Mortal, he splits on a Shelf!

How little a Thing will defend her,
From one that makes Love to himself?

While nice in Dress,
And sure of Success,
He thinks she can never get free:
With smiling Eyes,
She rallies, and flies,
And laughs at his Merit, like me.

S O N G 103.

HOW hard is the Fate of all Womankind,

For ever subjected, for ever confin'd;

Our Parents controul us, until we are Wives;

Our Husbands enslave us, the rest of our Lives.

If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,

But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal;

Deny'd e'ery Freedom of Life to enjoy,

We're blam'd if we're kind, and condemn'd if we're coy.

S O N G 104.

HOW hardly I conceal my Tears!

How oft did I complain?

When many tedious Days my Fears

Told me, I lov'd in vain.

But

But now my Joys at wild are grown,
 And hard to be conceal'd;
 Sorrow may make a silent Moan,
 But Joy will be reveal'd.

I tell it to the bleating Flocks,
 To ev'ry Stream and Tree,
 And bless the hollow murr'ring Rocks,
 For echoing back to me.
 Thus you may see, with how much Joy
 We want, we wish, believe;
 'Tis hard such Passion to destroy,
 But easy to deceive.

S O N G 105.

HOW insipid were Life without those Delights
 In which jolly brisk Youths spend their Days and
 their Nights?

Unhappy grave Wretches, who live by false Measure,
 And for empty vain Shadows refuse real Pleasure:
 To such Fools, while vast Joys on the Witty are waiting,
 Life's a tedious long Journey, without ever baiting.

S O N G 106.

HOW long will Cynthia own no Flame,
 And my warm Suit disprove?

Our Ages mutually proclaim,
 'Tis now the Time to love.

Ah! think, how swift each Minute flies;
 How Years will Form consume:
 No Lover, when you wither, dies;
 We sicken, when you bloom.

Minerva, rough, and bred in War,
 The Nuptial Joys declin'd:
 But had she been, like Venus, fair,
 She'd been, like Venus, kind.

In vain you force severe Replies,
 And willing Nature wrong;
 While Cupids languish in your Eyes,
 Who can believe your Tongue?

Half to forbid, and half comply,
 Nor damps, nor blows Desire;
 In Looks, as well as Words, deny,
 Or put out Fire with Fire.

S O N G

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by Shews and Forms?

Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All human Kind ate Worms.

Man is a very Worm by Birth,
Vile Reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the Earth,
Then shrinks to Earth again.

That Woman is a Worm we find,
E'er since our Grandame's Evil;
She first convers'd with her own Kind,
That ancient Worm the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves, we Book-worms name;
The Blockhead is a Slow-Worm;
The Nymph whose Tail is all on Flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-Worm.

The Fops are painted Butter-flies,
That flutter for a Day;
First from a Worm they take their Rise,
Then in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows;
Some Worms suit all Condition;
Misers are Muck-Worms; Silk-Worms Beaus,
And Death-Watches, Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen,
By all their winding Play;
Their Conscience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah! Moore, thy Skill were well employ'd,
And greater Gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies.

Oh learned Friend of Abchurch Lane,
Who set'st our Entrails free;
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our

Our Fate thou only can' st adjourn
 Some few short Years, no more,
 Ev'n Button's Wits to Worms shall turn,
 Who Maggots were before.

S O N G 108.

HOW pleasant a Sailor's Life passes,
 Who roams o'er the wat'ry Main,
 No Treasure he ever amasses,
 But chearfully spends all his Gain.
 We're Strangers to Party and Faction,
 To Honour and Honesty true,
 And wou'd not commit a base Action,
 For Power or Profit in view.
 Chor. Then why should we quarrel for Riches,
 Or any such glittering Toys?
 A light Heart and a thin Pair of Breeches
 Goes thorough the World, brave Boys.
 The World is a beautiful Garden,
 Enrich'd with the Blessings of Life,
 The Toiler with Plenty rewarding,
 Which Plenty too often breeds Strife.
 When terrible Tempests assail us,
 And mountainous Billows affright,
 No Grandeur or Wealth can avail us,
 But skilful Industry steers right.
 Chor. Then why should, &c.

The Courtier's more subject to Dangers,
 Who rules at the Helm of the State,
 Than we, who to Politicks Strangers,
 Escape the Snares laid for the Great.
 The various Blessings of Nature,
 In various Nations we try;
 No Mortals than us can be greater,
 Who merrily live till we die.
 Chor. Then why should, &c.

S O N G 109.

HOW servile is the State of Man?
 How restless, and unfix'd?
 E'en Days, which Revelling began,
 With Grief are intermix'd.

Love's fatal Dart attacks the Breast;

When quiet and serene :
And when harsh Care has dispossest'd

The delighting Monarch's Rest,

'Tis Anarchy within.

Unhurt by Fear,

The airy warbling Choir,

Taste of Love;

No Thought of Care

Annoys the Brute's Desire,

In the Grove :

'Tis only Man's unhappy State,

These Miseries to bear ;

Conspir'd with some Rival's Hate,

Thousand pressing Evils wait,

All wait,

In dreadful Phantoms near.

S O N G iio.

HOW shall I be sad when a Husband I hae,

That has better Sense than any of thae

Sour weak silly Fellows, that study like Fools

To sink their ain Joy, and make their Wives Snools.

The Man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his Wife,

Or with dull Reproaches encourages Strife ;

He praises her Virtues, and ne'er will abuse

Her for a small Failing, but find an Excuse.

S O N G iiii.

HOW silly's the Heart of a Woman,

When courted by many, to fly ;

But when she is follow'd by no Man,

For one she will languish and die ;

Beguiling,

And smiling ;

Now coying,

Then toying,

She'll her Fancy pursue ;

-Designing,

Or whining,

She'll vex ye,

Perplex ye,

And all that pursue her undo.

S O N G

HOW smoothly the Minutes, dear Caladon, flow,
 When calm and serene no Passion we know?
 The Morning, the Ev'ning its Pleasure does bring,
 If we read, or we talk, if we pipe, or we sing;
 But when the Boy Cupid once twangeth his Bow,
 And pierceth our Hearts with his Arrow of Woe;
 We lose all Delight, and we forfeit all Ease,
 Nor Reading, nor Talking, nor Musick can please.

My Leisure in fanciful Musings I spent,
 And look'd without Pain on the Lasses of Kent;
 No Virgin, with Feature, with Voice, or with Air,
 No Virgin was able my Heart to ensnare.
 Ah! why did I, foolish, abandon those Plains,
 To join in the Revels of Lemington Swains!
 Where heedless young Chloe, unpractis'd in Arts,
 Entices to Love the most indolent Hearts.

My Books were my Charmers, my Thoughts my Delight,
 In the Cool of the Morn, in the Stillness of Night;
 My Books and my Thoughts each other reliev'd,
 And the Minutes, soft gliding, were sweetly deceiv'd.
 No Passion disturb'd me, my Joys were my own:
 But now I'm so alter'd as never was known!
 My Heart, from its Owner, is quite gone astray,
 And Chloe torments it by Night and by Day.

My Friend still was welcome whenever he came,
 My Friend saw my Countenance always the same.
 O'er a Pot of Bohea we grew merry and wise,
 And laugh'd at the Torments fond Lovers devise:
 But wounded by Chloe, I live in the Spleen,
 My Friend, with Surprise, sees a Change in my Mien;
 I bid him be gone, for his Wit, and his Jest,
 But make him the more insupportable Guest.
 How once ev'ry Object a Pleasure did yield!
 If I walk'd in the Garden, or travers'd the Field,
 On beautiful Landscips I feasted my Sight;
 When the Nightingale sung, I could listen all Night.
 But now, as I rove thro' the Valley or Glade,
 The beautiful Landscips before my Eye fade:
 In the Nightingale's Note no Musick I find,
 For nothing but Chloe still runs in my Mind.

If my Spirits, in Solitude, wanted Relief,
 With my Flute by a Brook, I could solace my Grief,
 Or sleep to the lullaby Noise of the Stream,
 And awake to new Life from a rapturous Dream.

But now all Endeavours in vain I apply,
 Since for Chloe I languish, for Chloe I die;
 To no Purpose I try on my Flute ev'ry Strain,
 And the Brook, o'er the Pebbles, now murmurs in vain.
 Beware, silly Shepherds, how Love you desire,
 Beware of the desp'rate Glance of her Eye;
 In Freedom I triumph'd, and flouted the Swains,
 Who sold themselves captive, and forg'd their own Chains:
 But since I beheld her, alas! I'm undone:
 Since first I saw Chloe, my Freedom is gone.
 I have forg'd my own Chains, and I constantly cry,
 Was ever poor Shepherd so wretched as I?

Now, Celadon, shall I my Passion reveal?
 Or must I for ever my Torment conceal?
 The Woe she creates, has she Pity to hear?
 Ah! no, she is cruel as charming, I fear.
 Assist me, by Reason, to ransom my Heart,
 Or teach me to gain her; oh! teach me the Art.
 Give merciful Pow'rs, to you I complain,
 Give Love to the Nymph, or give Ease to the Swain.

S O N G 113.

NOW sweetly smells the Summer green!
 Sweet taste the Peach and Cherry,
 Singing and Order please our E'en,
 And Claret make us merry:
 The finest Colours, Fruits and Flowers,
 And Wine, tho' I be thirsty,
 Are a' their Charms and weaker Pow'rs,
 Compar'd with those of Christy.
 When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry Park,
 No nat'ral Beauty wanting,
 How lightsome is't to hear the Lark,
 And Birds in Consort chanting?
 If my Christy tunes her Voice,
 I'm rapt in Admiration;
 Thoughts with Extasies rejoice,
 And drap the hale Creation,

* H

When

Whene'er she smiles a kindly Glance,
 I take the happy Omen,
 And after mint to make Advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a Woman:
 But, dubious of my ain Desert,
 My Sentiments I smother;
 With secret Sighs I vex my Heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a Burn,
 His Christy did o'er-hear him;
 She doughtna let her Lover mourn,
 But ere he wist drew near him.
 She spake her Favour with a Look,
 Which left na room to doubt her.
 He wisely this white Minute took,
 And flang his Arms about her.

My Christy! --- witness, bonny Stream,
 Sic Joys frae Tears arising,
 I wish this may na be a Dream;
 O Love the maist surprising!
 Time was too precious now for Taulk;
 This Point of a' his Wishes
 He wadna with set Speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on Kisses.

S O N G 114.

HOW tormenting's the Anguish,
 When the Fair pine and languish,
 And too soon their Indulgence discover:
 If the Nymph is complying,
 The Swain ceases dying,
 And the Warmth of his Passion is over.
 The best way to charm him,
 Is with Fears to alarm him,
 To keep him in awe, and at Distance;
 By making him jealous,
 She makes him more zealous,
 And secures him her Slave by Resistance,

S O N G

S O N G 115.

HOW vain the Power of Musick's Charms,
 While savage Sense with rude Alarms
 Confounds the Peace of tender Airs,
 So in the Woods th' attracted Brute;
 While he seems melted by the Lute,
 His sweet Musician tears,

S O N G 116.

HOW wav'ring is the State of Love!
 How sharp his softest Dart,
 When ev'n our Joys our Pains improve,
 And rack the tender Heart.
 Fix'd in thy Love, all Storms I dread
 That threaten thy Repose;
 Thus from th' Extream of Love is bred
 The sad Extream of Woes.

S O N G 117.

HOW well may Life be term'd a Play.
 The World be call'd a Stage,
 On which all, having cast their Parts,
 Turn Players of the Age?
 And a stroling they will go, &c.
 In th' World, as on the Theatre,
 'Tis hard for to excel,
 Where there are Twenty that act ill,
 There's scarce One can act well.
 Tho' a stroling, &c.
 Few their own Characters expose,
 But follow common Rule:
 Dull formal Blockheads great Men play,
 And great Men play the Fool.
 Thus a stroling, &c.
 Like Heroes, Politicians
 In Pomp their Part rehearse:
 But should you look behind the Scenes,
 'Tis all but humble Farce.
 Tho' a stroling, &c.

Since then that we are Actors all,

On us your Censure spare,

And, in Indulgence to the Stage,

Support a Brother Play'r.

Or a stroling, &c.

Hold, hold, the Audience I'll harangue,

Ere that the Curtain fall:

This rhyming Sing-song Poet here,

Perhaps, has damn'd us all.

And a stroling, &c.

Unless this small Attempt to please,

You with your Favour crown,

No feigned Play-house we shall lett,

But e'en must let our own.

And a stroling, &c.

S O N G 118.

HOW wretched is a Maiden's Fate,

When Love invades her Heart;

In secret she deplores her State,

Nor dares reveal the Smart.

If Love a Shepherd's Breast engage,

No nicer Forms restrain:

He woos, he sighs, and Sighs assuage

The agonizing Pain.

We born to love, and be belov'd,

A Fate like Echo's try:

Ah! worse; for when we're strongest mov'd,

We hesitate and die.

Then point out, Love, the happy Way

To make our Wishes known;

Our Hearts unceasur'd to display,

And all thy Rigour own.

S O N G 119.

HOW wretched is a Woman's Fate!

No happy Change her Fortune knows;

Subject to Man in ev'ry State,

How can she then be free from Woes?

In Youth a Father's stern Commands,

And jealous Eyes controul her Will;

A lordly Brother watchful stands;

To keep her closer Captive still.

The Tyrant Husband next appears,
 With awful and contracted Brow ;
 No more a Lover's Form he wears,
 Her Slave's become her Sov'reign now.
 If from this fatal Bondage free,
 And not by Marriage Chains confin'd ;
 She, blest with single Life, can see
 A Parent fond, a Brother kind ;
 Yet Love usurps her tender Breast,
 And paints a Phœnix to her Eyes ;
 Some darling Youth disturbs her Rest,
 And painful Sighs in secret rise.
 Oh, cruel Pow'rs, since you've design'd,
 That Man, vain Man, should bear the Sway ;
 To a Slave's Fetters add a slavish Mind,
 That I may chearfully your Will obey.

S O N G 120.

HOW wretched is the Slave to Love,
 Who can no real Pleasures prove,
 For still they're mix'd with Pain :
 When not obtain'd, restless is the Desire ;
 Enjoyment puts out all the Fire,
 And shews the Love was vain.
 It wanders to another soon,
 Wanes and increases, like the Moon,
 And, like her, never rests ;
 Brings Tides of Pleasure now, and then of Tears,
 Makes Ebbs and Floods of Joys and Cares,
 In Lovers wav'ring Breasts.
 But, spite of Love, I will be free,
 And triumph in the Liberty
 I without him enjoy :
 Th'worst of Prisons I'll my Body bind,
 Rather than change my Free-born Mind
 For such a foolish Toy.

S O N G 121.

C H L O R I S.

Hylas, oh Hylas ! why sit we mute,
 Now that each Bird saluteth the Spring !
 Wind up the slacken'd Strings of thy Lute,
 Never canst thou want Matter to sing: H 3

For Love thy Breast does fill with such a Fire,
That whatsoe'er is fair moves thy Desire.

H Y L A S.

Sweetest! you know, the sweetest of Things
Of various Flow'rs the Bees do compose;
Yet no particular Taste it brings
Of Violet, Wood-bine, Pink, or Rose:
So Love the Result is of all the Graces,
Which flow from a thousand several Faces.

C H L O R I S.

Hylas! the Birds which chant in this Grove,
Could we but know the Language they use,
They would instruct us better in Love,
And reprehend thy inconstant Muse:
For Love their Breast does fill with such a Fire,
That what they once do chuse bounds their Desire.

H Y L A S.

Chloris! this Change the Birds do approve,
Which the warm Season hither does bring;
Time from yourself does further remove
You, than the Winter from the gay Spring:
She that like Lightning shin'd while her Face lasted,
The Oak now resembles which Lightning hath blasted.

S O N G 122.

I Am a jolly Bowler,
Of the Free-thinking Club;
And all my Notes are, Fly, fly, fly,
Rub, rub a thousand, rub.
And a Bowling we will go, &c.
There's ne'er a Set of Bowlers
So far and near renown'd:
We twist and skiew, and with Grimace
- We coax the Bowl around.
And a Bowling, &c.
We have the finest Bowling-Green,
There's none with us can vie;
Tho' void of Mugs, and Pots and Jugs,
To drink when we're a-dry.
And a Bowling, &c.

The Rudiments and Sciences

In Bowling may be found ;

For 'tis in vain to think to Bowl,

'Till you first know the Ground,

And a Bowling, &c.

From Bowling we may learn too

The Patience of a JOB ;

For as in Bowling, so in Life,

We bear with many a Rub.

And a Bowling, &c.

What Trifles Men contend for,

In Bowling's understood ;

Where Mortals sweat, and fret, and vex

About a Piece of Wood.

And a Bowling, &c.

The Fickleness of Fortune

In Emblem here is seen ;

For often those that touch the Block

Are thrown out of the Green.

And a Bowling, &c.

Of Courtiers and of Bowlers

The Fortune is the same ;

Each jostles t'other out of Place,

And plays a sep'rate Game.

And a Bowling, &c.

In Bowling, as in Battle,

The Leader's apt to claim

The Glory to himself alone,

Tho' the Followers get the Game:

And a Bowling, &c.

A Challenge from the best

We value not a Straw,

But first and second too must yield,

If we do once but Draw.

And a Bowling, &c.

The Jack is like a young Coquet ;

Each Bowl resembles Man ;

They follow wheresoe'er she leads,

As close as e'er they can.

And a Bowling, &c.

What

What tho' they fetch a Compass round,
 The Byass draws them in;
 And he that lies the closest to't,
 Cock-sure he is to win.
 And a Bowling, &c.
 Alas ! here's one that knocks it off,
 And touches to a Hair !
 Hold, hold an Inch---your Tongue, you Dog---
 A Pox ! I can't forbear.
 And a Bowling, &c.
 Here, quickly bring a Reed, Boy,
 And measure't out of hand ;
 The Case is clear, 'tis lost, 'tis lost,
 You cannot make it stand.
 And a Bowling, &c.
 For tho' in other Gaming
 A Block-head be in Jest,
 Yet he that's nearest Block-head,
 In Bowling is the best,
 And a Bowling, &c.
 Then to the Rose !----of Bowling
 Now we have had our Fill :
 Let's lay aside our Jack, Boys,
 And each Man take his GILL.
 And a Bowling, &c.

S O N G 123.

I Am a jolly Huntsman,
 My Voice is shrill and clear,
 Well known to drive the Stag,
 And the drooping Dogs to cheer.
 And a hunting we will go, will go, will go,
 And a hunting we will go.
 I leave my Bed betimes,
 Before the Morning grey,
 Let loose my Dogs, and mount a Horse,
 And halloo, Come away.
 And a hunting, &c.

The Game's no sooner rous'd,
 But in rush the chearful Cry,
 Thro' Bush and Brake, o'er Hedge and Stake,
 The frighted Beast does fly.
 And a hunting, &c.

In vain he flies to Covert,
 A num'rous Pack pursue,
 That never cease to trace his Steps,
 Ev'n tho' they've lost the View.
 And a hunting, &c,

To Scentwell, hark ! he calls,
 And faithful Finder joins ;
 Whip in the Dogs, my merry Rogues,
 And give your Horse the Reins.
 And a hunting, &c.

Hark ! forward how they go,
 The View they'd lost they gain ;
 Tantivy, high and low,
 Their Legs and Throats they strain.
 And a hunting, &c.

Now sweetly in full Cry,
 Their various Notes they join ;
 Gods ! what a Concert's here, my Lads !
 'Tis more than half divine.
 And a hunting, &c.

The Woods, Rocks, and Mountains,
 Delighted with the Sound,
 To neighb'ring Dales and Fountaine,
 Repeating, deal it round.
 And a hunting, &c.

A glorious Chase it is,
 We drove him many a Mile
 O'er Hedge and Ditch,
 And hit off many a Foil.
 And a hunting, &c. •

And yet he runs it stoutly ;
 How wide, how swift he strains !
 With what a Skip he took that Leap,
 And scow'rs it o'er the Plains !
 And a hunting, &c.

See

See, how our Horses foam,
 The Dogs begin to droop;
 The winding Horn, on Shoulder born,
 'Tis Time to chear 'em up.

And a hunting, &c. (Sound Tantiy.

Hark! Leader, Countess, Bouncer,
 Chear up, my merry Dogs all;
 To Tatler, hark! he holds it smart,
 And answers ev'ry Call.

And a hunting, &c.

Co, Co, there, Drunkard, Snowball,
 'Gadzooks! whip Bomer in;
 We'll die i'th' Place, ere quit the Chase,
 Till we've made the Game our own.

And a hunting, &c.

Up yonder Steep I'll follow,
 Beset with craggy Stones;
 My Lord cries, Jack, you Dog, come back,
 Or else you'll break your Bones.

And a hunting, &c.

Huzzah! he's almost down;
 He begins to slack his Course;
 He pants for Breath; I'll in at's Death,
 Tho' I should kill my Horse.

And a hunting, &c.

See, now he takes the Moors,
 And strains to reach the Stream;
 He leaps the Flood, to cool his Blood,
 And quench his thirsty Flame.

And a hunting, &c.

He scarce has touch'd the Bank,
 The Cry bounce finely in,
 And swiftly swim a-cross the Stream,
 And raise a glorious Din.

And a hunting, &c.

His Legs begin to fail,
 His Wind and Speed are gone;
 He stands at Bay, and gives 'em Play,
 He can no longer run.

And a hunting, &c.

Old Hector long behind,
 By Use and Nature bold,
 In rushes first, and seizes fast,
 But soon is flung from's Hold.
 And a hunting, &c.

He traverses his Ground,
 Advances and retreats,
 Gives many Hound a mortal Wound,
 And long their Force defeats.
 And a hunting, &c.

He bounds, and springs, and snorts;
 He shakes his branched Head;
 'Tis safest, farthest off, I see
 Poor Talboy is lain dead.

And a hunting, &c.

Vain are Heels and Antlers,
 With such a Pack set round,
 Spite of his Heart, seize ev'ry Part,
 And pull him fearless down.

And a hunting, &c.

Ha! dead, we're dead, whip off,
 And take a special Care;
 Dismount with Speed, and cut his Throat,
 Lest they his Haunches tear.

And a hunting, &c.

The Sport is ended now,
 We're laden with the Spoil;
 As home we pass, we talk o'th' Chace,
 O'erpaid for all our Toil.

And a hunting, &c.

S O N G 124.

I Am a jolly Toper,
 I am a ragged Soph,
 Known by the Pimples in my Face,
 With taking Bumpers off,
 And a toping we will go, &c.
 Come let's sit down together,
 And take our Fill of Beer,
 Away with all Disputes,
 For we'll have no wrangling here,
 And a toping, &c.

With

With Clouds of Tobacco
 We'll make our Noddles clear,
 We'll be as great as Princes
 When our Heads are full of Beer.
 And a toping, &c.

With Jugs, Mugs, and Pitchers,
 And Bellarmine's of Stale,
 Dash'd lightly with a little,
 A very little Ale,
 And a toping, &c.

A Fig for the Spaniards,
 And for the King of France ;
 Kind Heav'n preserve our Jugs, and Mugs,
 And K - - g from all Mischance,
 And a toping, &c.

Against the Presbyterians
 Pray give me leave to rail,
 Who ne'er had thirsted for Kings Blood,
 Had they been drunk with Stale,
 And a toping, &c.

Against the Low-Church Saints,
 Who sily play their Parts,
 Who rail at the Dissenters ;
 Yet love 'em in their Hearts,
 And a toping, &c.

Here's a Health to the King,
 Let's Bumpers take in Hand,
 And may Prince F - - 's Roger
 Grow stiff again and stand,
 And a toping, &c.

Oh ! how we tofs about
 The never-failing Cann,
 We drink and piss, and piss and drink,
 And drink to piss again,
 And a toping, &c.

O that my Belly
 It were a Tun of Stale,
 My Cock were turn'd into a Tap
 To run when I did call,
 And a toping, &c.

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Of all sorts of Topers,

A Soph is far the best ;
'Till he can neither go nor stand,

By Jove, he's ne'er at rest,
And a toping, &c.

We fear no Wind or Weather,

When good Liquor dwells within ;

And since a Soph does live so well,

Then who would be a King ?

And a toping, &c.

Then dead drunk we'll march, Boys,

And reel into our Tombs,

That jollier Sophs (if such there be)

May march into our Rooms,

And a toping, &c.

S O N G Y25.

I Am a lussy lively Lad,

Now come to One and Twenty ;

My Father left me all he had,

Both Gold and Silver plenty :

Now he's in Grave, I will be brave,

The Ladies shall adore me ;

I'll court and kiss, what Hurt's in this,

My Dad did so before me.

My Father was a thrifty Sir,

Till Soul and Body sundred ;

Some say he was an Usurer,

For Thirty in the Hundred :

He scrap and scratcht ; she pincht and patcht,

That in her Body bore me ;

But I'll let fly, good Reason why,

My Father was born before me.

My Daddy has his Duty done

In getting so much Treasure ;

I'll be as dutiful a Son,

For spending it in Pleasure ;

Five Pound a Quart shall chear my Heart,

Such Nectar will restore me :

But I'll let fly, good Reason why,

My Father was born before me.

My Grannum liv'd at Washington,
 My Grandfire delv'd in Ditches,
 The Son of old John Thrashington,
 Whose Lantern Leather Breeches
 Cry'd, whither go ye? whither go ye?
 Tho' Men do now adore me,
 They ne'er did see my Pedigree,
 Nor who was born before me.
 My Grandfire striv'd, and wiv'd, and thriv'd,
 'Till he did Riches gather,
 And when he had much Wealth atchiev'd,
 Oh! then he got my Father:
 Of happy Memory, cry I,
 That e'er his Mother bore him,
 I ne'er had been worth one Penny,
 Had I been born before him.
 To Free-school, Cambridge, and Gray's-Inn,
 My grey-coat Grandfire put him,
 Till to forget he did begin
 The Leathren Breech, that got him;
 One dealt in Straw, t'other in Law;
 The one did ditch and delve it,
 My Father store of Sattin wore,
 My Grandfire Beggars Velvet.
 So I get Wealth, what care I if
 My Grandfire were a Sawyer?
 My Father prov'd to be a chief,
 And subtle, learned Lawyer:
 By Coke's Reports, and Tricks in Courts,
 He did with Treasure store me,
 That I may say, Heavens blefs the Day,
 My Father was born before me.
 Some say of late, a Merchant that
 Had gotten Store of Riches,
 In's Dining-Room hung up his Hat,
 His Staff, and Leathern Breeches:
 His Stockings garter'd up with Straws,
 E'er Providence did store him,
 His Son was Sh'riff of London, 'cause
 His Father was born before him.

So many Blades now rant in Silk,
 And put on Scarlet Clothing,
 At first did spring from Butter-milk,
 Their Ancestors worth nothing;
 Old Adam, and our Grandam Eve,
 By digging and by spinning,
 Did to all Kings and Princes give
 Their radical Beginning.

My Father to get my Estate,
 Tho' selfish, yet was slavish;
 I'll spend it at another rate,
 And be as lewdly lavish:
 From Madmen, Fools, and Knaves he did
 Litigiously receive it;
 If so he did, Justice forbid,
 But I to such should leave it.

At Play-houses, and Tennis-Court,
 I'll prove a noble Fellow;
 I'll court my Doxies to the Sport
 Of O brave Punchinello:
 I'll drink and drab, I'll dice and stab,
 No Hector shall outroar me;
 If Teachers tell me Tales of Hell,
 My Father is gone before me.

Our aged Counsellors would have
 Us live by Rule and Reason,
 'Cause they are marching to their Grave,
 And Pleasure's out of Season:
 I'll learn to dance the Mode of France,
 That Ladies may adore me;
 My thrifty Dad no Pleasure had,
 Tho' he was born before me.

I'll to the Court, where Venus' Sport
 Doth revel it in Plenty;
 I'll deal with all, both great and small,
 From twelve to five and twenty;
 In Play-houses I'll spend my Days,
 For they're hung round with Plackets;
 Ladies make room, behold I come,
 Have at your cleanly Jackets.

S O N G 126.

I Am a poor Maiden forsaken,
 Yet I bear a contented Mind;
 I am a poor Maiden forsaken,
 Yet I'll find another more kind:
 For altho' I be forsaken,
 Yet this I would have you to know,
 I ne'er was so ill provided,
 But I'd two'r three Strings to my Bow.
 I own that once I lov'd him,
 But his Scorn I could never endure;
 Nor yet to that Height of Perfection,
 For his Sights to love him the more,
 I own he was very engaging,
 Yet this I would have you to know,
 I ne'er was so ill provided,
 But I'd two'r three Strings to my Bow.
 Ye Maidens who hear of my Ditty,
 And are unto Loving inclin'd,
 Mens Minds they are subject to changing,
 And wavering like the Wind;
 Each Object creates a new Fancy;
 Then this I would have you to do;
 Be easy and free, take Pattern by me,
 And keep two'r three Strings to your Bow.

S O N G 127.

I Am a poor Shepherd undone,
 And cannot be cur'd by Art,
 For a Nymph as bright as the Sun
 Has stole away my Heart;
 And how to get it again,
 There's none but she can tell,
 To cure me of my Pain,
 By saying she loves me well;
 And alas! poor Shepherd, alack, a well-a-day,
 Before I was in Love, oh! every Month was May.
 If to love she could not incline,
 I told her I'd die in an Hour.
 To die, says she, 'tis in thine,
 But to love 'tis not in my Pow'r.

I ask'd her the Reason why
 She could not of me approve ?
 She said, 'Twas a Task too high
 To give any Reason for Love.
 And alas ! &c.

She ask'd me of my Estate ;
 I told her a Flock of Sheep ;
 The Grass whereon they graze,
 Where she and I might sleep ;
 Besides a good ten Pound,
 In old King Harry's Groats ;
 With Hooks and Crooks abound,
 And Birds of sundry Notes.
 And alas ! &c.

S O N G 128.

I Am come to lock all fast,
 Love without me cannot last ;
 Love, like Counsels of the wise,
 Must be hid from vulgar Eyes ;
 'Tis holy, 'tis holy, and we must, we must conceal it,
 They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it.

S O N G . 129.

I Am in truth
 A Country Youth,
 Unus'd to London Fashions :
 Yet Virtue guides,
 And still presides
 O'er all my Steps and Passions.
 No courtly Leer,
 But all sincere,
 No Bribe shall ever blind me ;
 If you can like
 A Yorkshire Tike,
 An honest Man you'll find me.
 Tho' Envy's Tongue
 With Slander hung,
 Does oft belye our County ;
 No Men on Earth
 Boast greater Worth,
 Or more extend their Bounty.

Our Northern Breeze
 With us agrees,
 And does for Business fit us;
 In publick Cares,
 In Love's Affairs,
 With Honour we acquit us.

A noble Mind
 Is ne'er confin'd
 To any Shire or Nation;
 He gains most Praise,
 Who best displays
 A generous Education:
 While Rancour rolls
 In narrow Souls,
 By narrow Views discerning;
 The truly Wise
 Will only prize
 Good Manners, Sense, and Learning.

S O N G 130.

I Burn, my Brain consumes to Ashes:
 Each Eye-ball too like Lightning flashes,
 Within my Breast there glows a solid Fire,
 Which in a thousand Ages can't expire.

Blow the Winds, great Ruler blow;
 Bring the Po and the Ganges hither,
 'Tis sultry Weather.

Pour them all on my Soul,
 It will hiss like a Coal,
 But never be the cooler.

'Twas Pride hot as Hell
 That first made me rebel;
 From Love's awful Throne a curs'd Angel I fell:
 And mourn now my Fate,
 Which myself did create,
 Fool, Fool, that consider'd not when I was well.

Adieu, transporting Joys;
 Off, ye vain fantastick Toys,
 That dress their Face and Body to allure.
 Bring me Daggers, Poison, Fire,
 Since Scorn is turn'd into Desire;
 All Hell feels not the Rage which I, poor I, endure.

S O N G 131.

I Cannot change, as others do,
 Tho' you unjustly scorn,
 Since that poor Swain, that sighs for you,
 For you alone was born.
 No, Phillis, no, your Heart to move,
 A surer Way I'll try,
 And to revenge my slighted Love,
 Will still love on and die.
 When kill'd with Grief Amyntas lies,
 And you to mind shall call,
 The Sighs that now unpity'd rise,
 The Tears that vainly fall,
 That welcome Hour that ends this Smart
 Will then begin your Pain;
 For such a faithful tender Heart
 Can never break in vain.

S O N G 132.

I Come, my fairest Treasure,
 To seize the Blessing;
 With thee is ev'ry Pleasure
 Beyond expressing.
 The Spring, when Flow'rs are blooming,
 And ev'ry Sweet perfuming,
 Your Bloom surpasses.

S O N G 133.

I Did but look and love awhile,
 'Twas but for one half Hour;
 Then to resist I had no Will,
 And now I have no Pow'r.
 To sigh, and wish, is all my Ease;
 Sighs which do Heat impart,
 Enough to melt the coldest Ice,
 Yet cannot warm your Heart.
 Oh! would your Pity give my Heart
 One Corner of your Breast;
 'T would learn of your's the winning Art,
 And quickly steal the rest.

S O N G 134.

I Gently touch'd her Hand; she gave
 A Look that did my Soul enslave;
 I prest her rebel Lips in vain,
 They rose up to be prest again:
 Thus happy I no further meant,
 Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her soft Breasts my Hand I laid,
 And a quick, light Impression made;
 They with a kindly Warmth did glow,
 And swell'd, and seem'd to overflow:
 Yet trust me, I no further meant,
 Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her Eyes my Eyes did prey,
 O'er her smooth Limbs my Hand did stray;
 Each Sense was ravish'd with Delight,
 And my Soul stood prepar'd for Flight:
 Blame me not, if at last I meant,
 More to be pleas'd, than innocent.

S O N G 135.

I Go to the Elysian Shade,
 Where Sorrow ne'er shall wound me,
 Where nothing shall my Rest invade,
 But Joy shall still surround me,

I fly from Cælia's cold Disdain,
 From her Disdain I fly;
 She is the Cause of all my Pain,
 For her alone I die.

Her Eyes are brighter than the Mid-day Sun,
 When he but half his radiant Course has run,
 When his Meridian Glories gaily shine,
 And glad all Nature with a Warmth divine.

See yonder River's flowing Tide,
 Which now so full appears:
 Those Streams, that do so swiftly glide,
 Are nothing but my Tears.

There have I wept, till I could weep no more,
 And curs'd mine Eyes, when they have shed their Store:
 Then, like the Clouds that rob the azure Main,
 I've drain'd the Flood, to weep it back again.

Pity my Pains,
 Ye gentle Swains ;
 Cover me with Ice and Snow,
 I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow :
 Furies, tear me,
 Quickly bear me
 To the dismal Shades below ;
 Where Yelling, and Howling,
 And Grumbling and Growling,
 Strike our Ears with horrid Woe.
 Hissing Snakes,
 Fiery Lakes,
 Would be a Pleasure and a Cure ;
 Not all the Hells
 Where Pluto dwells,
 Can give such Pains as I endure.
 To some peaceful Plain convey me,
 On a mossy Carpet lay me ;
 Fan me with ambrosial Breeze,
 Let me die, and so have Ease.

S O N G 136.

I Grant a thousand Oaths I swore,
 I none would love but you :
 But not to change would wrong me more,
 Than breaking them can do.
 Yet you thereby a Truth will learn
 Of much more worth than I ;
 Which is, that Lovers which do swear,
 Do always use to lie.
 Chloris does now possess that Heart,
 Which to you did belong :
 But, tho' thereof she brags a while,
 She shall not do so long.
 She thinks, by being fair and kind,
 To hinder my Remove,
 And ne'er so much as dreams that Change,
 Above both those, I love.
 Then grieve not any more, nor think
 My Change is a Disgrace :
 For tho' it robs you of one Slave,
 It leaves another Place :

Which

S O N G 134.

I Gently touch'd her Hand; she gave
A Look that did my Soul enslave;

I prest her rebel Lips in vain,
They rose up to be prest again:
Thus happy I no further meant,
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her soft Breasts my Hand I laid,
And a quick, light Impression made;
They with a kindly Warmth did glow,
And swell'd, and seem'd to overflow:
Yet trust me, I no further meant,
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her Eyes my Eyes did prey,
O'er her smooth Limbs my Hand did stray;
Each Sense was ravish'd with Delight,
And my Soul stood prepar'd for Flight:
Blame me not, if at last I meant,
More to be pleas'd, than innocent.

S O N G 135.

I Go to the Elysian Shade,
Where Sorrow ne'er shall wound me,
Where nothing shall my Rest invade,
But Joy shall still surround me,

I fly from Cælia's cold Disdain,
From her Disdain I fly;
She is the Cause of all my Pain,
For her alone I die.

Her Eyes are brighter than the Mid-day Sun,
When he but half his radiant Course has run,
When his Meridian Glories gaily shine,
And glad all Nature with a Warmth divine.

See yonder River's flowing Tide,
Which now so full appears:
Those Streams, that do so swiftly glide,
Are nothing but my Tears.

There have I wept, till I could weep no more,
And curs'd mine Eyes, when they have shed their Store;
Then, like the Clouds that rob the azure Main,
I've drain'd the Flood, to weep it back again.

Pity my Pains,
 Ye gentle Swains ;
 Cover me with Ice and Snow,
 I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow :
 Furies, tear me,
 Quickly bear me
 To the dismal Shades below ;
 Where Yelling, and Howling,
 And Grumbling and Growling,
 Strike our Ears with horrid Woe.
 Hissing Snakes,
 Fiery Lakes,
 Would be a Pleasure and a Cure ;
 Not all the Hells
 Where Pluto dwells,
 Can give such Pains as I endure.
 To some peaceful Plain convey me,
 On a mossy Carpet lay me ;
 Fan me with ambrosial Breeze,
 Let me die, and so have Ease.

S O N G 136.

I Grant a thousand Oaths I Iwore,
 I none would love but you :
 But not to change would wrong me more,
 Than breaking them can do.
 Yet you thereby a Truth will learn
 Of much more worth than I ;
 Which is, that Lovers which do swear,
 Do always use to lie.
 Chloris does now possess that Heart,
 Which to you did belong :
 But, tho' thereof she brags a while,
 She shall not do so long.
 She thinks, by being fair and kind,
 To hinder my Remove,
 And ne'er so much as dreams that Change,
 Above both those, I love.
 Then grieve not any more, nor think
 My Change is a Disgrace :
 For tho' it robs you of one Slave,
 It leaves another Place :

Which

Which your bright Eyes will soon subdue
 With him does them first see :
 For if they could not conquer more,
 They ne'er had conquer'd me.

S O N G 137.

I Had a Heart, but now I heartless gae ;
 I had a Mind, but daily was oppress'd ;
 I had a Friend that's now become my Foe ;
 I had a Will that now has Freedom lost :
 What have I now ?
 Naithing I trow,
 But Grief where I had Joy :
 What am I than ?
 A heartless Man :
 Could Love me thus destroy !
 I love, I serve ane whom I much regard,
 Yet for my Love Disdain is my Reward.
 Where shall I gang to hide my weary Face ?
 Where shall I find a Place for my defence ?
 Where my true Love remains the fittest Place,
 Of all the Earth that is my Confidence.
 She is my Heart
 'Till I depart :
 Let her do what she list,
 I cannot mend,
 But still depend,
 And daily to insist,
 To purchase Love, if Love my Love deserve ;
 If not for Love, let Love my Body starve.
 O Lady fair ! whom I do honour most,
 Your Name and Fame within my Breast I have ;
 Let not my Love and Labour thus be lost,
 But still in Mind I pray thee to engrave,
 That I am true,
 And fall not rue
 Ane Word that I have said :
 I am your Man,
 Do what you can,
 When all these Plays are plaid.
 Then save your Ship unbroken on the Sand,
 Since Man and Goods are all at your command.

S O N G 138.

I Had rather enjoy
 A Girl that is coy,
 Than one who is easy persuaded;
 For tho' for a while
 She scarcely will smile,
 Yet at length her Fort is invaded.
 When then she's possess'd,
 You doubly are blest,
 Tho' from Pleasure a while you're confin'd;
 The Heart is on fire
 With zealous Desire,
 And the Joy of a Lover refin'd.
 The Pleasure's not full,
 But damnably dull,
 When too willing a Mistress we find;
 I'd have her first frown,
 Her Passion disown,
 And begin by Degrees to be kind.

S O N G 139.

Hate those cowardly Tribes,
 Who by mean sneaking Bribes,
 By Trick and Disguise,
 By Flattery and Lies,
 To Power and Grandeur rise.
 Like Heroes of old,
 You are greatly bold,
 The Sword your Cause supports:
 Untaught to fawn,
 You ne'er were drawn
 Your Truth to pawn
 Among the Spawn
 Who practise the Frauds of Courts.

S O N G 140.

Have a green Purse and a wee pickle Gowd,
 A bonny Piece Land and Planting on't,
 fattens my Flocks, and my Barns it has stow'd;
 But the best Thing of a's yet wanting on't:

To grace it, and trace it,
 And gi'e me Delight;
 To blefs me, and kifs me,
 And comfort my Sight,
 With Beauty by Day, and Kindness by Night,
 And nae mair my lane gang fauntring on't.
 My Christy she's charming and good as she's fair;
 Her Een and her Mouth are enchanting sweet,
 She smiles me on Fire, her Frowns gi'e Despair;
 I love while my Heart gaes panting wi't.
 Thou fairest, and dearest
 Delight of my Mind,
 Whose gracious Embraces
 By Heaven were design'd
 For happiest Transports, and Bliss'es refin'd,
 Nae langer delay thy granting, Sweet.
 For thee, bonny Christy, my Shepherds and Hinds
 Shall carefully make the Year's Dainties thine:
 Thus freed frae leigh Care, while Love fills our Minn,
 Our Days shall with Pleasure and Plenty shine.
 Then hear me, cheer me,
 With smiling Consent;
 Believe me, and give me
 No Cause to lament:
 Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou say, Content,
 I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

S O N G 141.

I Have been in Love, and in Debt, and in Drink,
 This many and many a Year:
 And those are three Plagues enough, I should think,
 For one poor Mortal to bear.
 'Twas Love made me fall into Drink,
 And Drink made me fall into Debt;
 And tho' I have struggl'd, and struggl'd, and strove,
 I cannot get out of them yet.
 There's nothing but Money can cure me,
 And rid me of all my Pain;
 'Twill pay all my Debts,
 And remove all my Letts;

And

And my Mistress, that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again :
Then, then I'll fall to my loving and drinking again.

S O N G 142.

I Heard much talk of Oxford Town,
And fain I wou'd go thither ;
When ploughing and sowing, that was done,
It being gallant Weather,
Father He did to't agree,
That Nell and I shou'd go :
But Mother cry'd, that we shou'd ride,
So we had Dobbin too.

So I goes unto Sister Nell,
And bids her make her ready ;
And put on all her Zundy Cloze,
As fine as any Lady :
Tis a gallant Day ; the Morning's grey,
And likely to be fair ;
Therefore make haste, and soon be lac'd,
And I'll go bait the Mare.

So upon the Mare we got,
And away we rid together ;
And ev'ry Body as we met,
We ask'd how far 'twas thither.
Till at the last, when on the Top
Of Chiffelden Hill we ris ;
Somewhat spy'd, like Steeples ; and cry'd,
Zooks, Nell, look yonder 'tis.

So when as nearer to't we came,
We see Folks, infant thick ;
Heard a little Bastard zay,
Look, here comes Country Dick.
Another Bastard call'd me Ralph,
And how is't, honest Joan ?
Say Roger too, and little Sue ;
And all the Folk at home.

So we rode on and nothing said,
But looked for an Alehouse ;
At last we see a hugeous Sign,
As big as any Gallows ;

It was two Dogs ; so in we rode,
 And call'd for the Hostler :
 Out came a lusty Fellow then,
 I w'an'd he was a Wrofler.
 Here take this Horse, and set'en up ;
 And ge'en a Lock of Hay ;
 For we be come to zee the Town,
 And tarry here all Day.
 Yes, Sir, he said ; and call'd the Maid,
 That stood within the Entry :
 She had us into a Room as clean,
 As tho' we'd both been Gentry.
 So we zet down, and bid 'em fetch
 A Flaggon of their Beer :
 But when it come, Nell shook her Head,
 And zed 'twas plaguy dear,
 Says she to me, If we stay here long,
 'Twill soon make us go a begging ;
 For I am shure it cannot be
 So much as old Martin's Flaggon.
 So we got up, and away we went
 To zee the gallant Town ;
 And at the Gate we met a Man
 With a pitiful ragged Gown :
 As for his Sleeves, I do believe
 That they was both tore off ;
 And instead of a Hat, he wore a Cap,
 'Twas a Trencher cover'd wi' Cloth.
 And as we were going along the Town,
 I thote I had found a Knife :
 I stooped down to take it up,
 But was ne'er so sham'd in my Life.
 For the underside was all be - - -
 With an arrant Christian's T - - - d :
 The Boys sell a holloing, An April Fool,
 But I zed ne'er a Word.
 As we went through a narrow Lane
 One ketch'd fast hold of Sister ;
 He'd Parsons Close, and he du'dnt know us ;
 But fain he wou'd ha' kiss'd her.

He was plaggy fine ; but to my Mind
 He look'd much like a Wencher :
 I up wi' my Stick, and ga'en a Lick,
 I b'lieve, I slit his Trencher.

Then we went into a fine Place ;
 And there we went to Church :
 I kneeled down to say my Pray'rs
 And du'dnt think no hurt.

In the Middle of the Pray'rs, just up tha Stairs,
 Was Bagpipes to my thinking ;
 And the Folk below fell a singing too,
 As tho' they'd been a drinking.

I du'dnt like the Doings there,
 And zo I took my Hat :
 I du'dnt think they wou'd ha' done so,
 In zitch a Place as that :

But Nell was for staving, till the'd quite done playing,
 Because she lik'd the Tune ;
 For she was sure, she ne'er did hear
 Old Crundall play't at home.

Then we went into a fine Garden,
 All up upon a Hill ;
 And just below, a Dial did grow
 Much like a Waggon Wheel :

But bigger by half, which made me laugh,
 'Twas like a Garden Knot :

When the Zun shown bright, it went as right
 As our Parson's Clock.

Then we went out o' that fine Place,
 And went into another,
 Which was vorty Times as fine
 As any of the other :

Bles me, our John, quite all along
 There's Books piled up like Mqws !

Faith Nell, I wish that Mother was here,
 If 'twas not for the Cows.

And in the middle stood two Things
 As round as any Ball ;

They told us 'twas the Picture of
 The World, the Zea, and all :

And those that knew how to turn 'em right,
 And how to turn 'em round,
 Cou'd tell us what it was a Clock
 In the World under Ground.

And many more Things they cou'd tell
 That was a'most as strange ;
 As when the Sun shou'd set and rise,
 And when the Moon shou'd change :
 I du'dnt care to stand so near,
 When all these Things I heard ;
 For I thote in my Heart, it was the black Art,
 And I was a little asfear'd.

The Sun being low, then we begun
 To think of going home ;
 But one Thing more we zaw before
 We got quite out of Town ;
 We went apace ; for being in haste,
 For fear of being benighted ;
 Two hugeous Men stood strutting within,
 And Nell and I was frighted.

Nell had a Colour as red as a Rose,
 And darst not go no furdur ;
 They had bloody Weapons in their Hands,
 Stood ready there for Murder ;
 So we went back and took our Mare,
 And away come trotting home ;
 Wi' Stories enough to tell Father and Mother,
 And little Sister Joan.

S O N G 143.

I Know I'm no Poet, my Song it will shew it,
 My Sorrow it flows like a Spring ;
 Altho' you may shame me, the World cannot blame me,
 While I thus dolefully sing.
 My Loss it is great, and such a Defeat
 No Mortal had ever before ;
 She had ev'ry Feature, a sweet pretty Creature ;
 And what Man can say any more,
 And what Man, &c.

Her

Her Lips they were true, of a Coventry blue,
 Her Hair of a fine Bow Dye ;
 Her Stature was low, but her Nose was not so,
 It was a most delicate high :
 Her upper Lip thin, which fairly turn'd in,
 Her Teeth were as black as a Coal ;
 Her under stood out, to receive from her Snout
 The Droppings that fell from each Hole.
 The Droppings, &c.

No Needle or Pin were more sharp than her Chin,
 Which her Nose did most lovingly meet ;
 Like Sister and Brother, they kissed each other ;
 It was a great Pleasure to see't.
 No Globe could be found so perfectly round,
 As her Back was to all that did mind her ;
 To give her her Due, her Head turn'd like a Screw,
 To study the Globe behind her.
 To study, &c.

Tho' some Teeth she wanted, the rest were well planted,
 'Cause Nature should know no Neglect ;
 What in one she deny'd, she in t'other supply'd,
 Because there should be no Defect.
 It's common, you know, Teeth stand in a Row,
 The best, and the newest Way ;
 Yet without all doubt, her's stood in and out,
 As if they'd been dancing the Hay.
 As if they'd, &c.

Her Breath very strong ; one Leg short, t'other long,
 To make up her perfect Shape ;
 Her Cheeks were like Lent, when 'tis almost spent,
 She had a delicate Face like an Ape ;
 Her Skin might be taken for a Gammon of Bacon,
 Her Breasts like a Trencher, so flat ;
 She had a fine Mouth, which stood North and South ;
 Oh ! she'd delicate Eyes like a Cat.
 Oh ! she'd, &c.

Now I think it meet to talk of her Feet,
 I'll tell you how fine they were made ;
 If you'll believe me, I will not deceive ye,
 They were the true Shape of a Spade :

So broad, and so flat, that when she did pat,
 So good a Guard she did keep,
 With her Legs high and low, that when she did go,
 You'd swear she'd been playing Boh-peep.
 You'd swear, &c.

But this long Narration breeds such Molestation
 Within my unfortunate Breast,
 I'll now give it o'er, and so say no more,
 But leave you to guess at the rest.
 Search the World round, no such can be found,
 So well she pleased my Fancy ;
 I shall pine all my Life, for the Loss of my Wife,
 And there is an End of poor Nancy,
 And there is an End of poor Nancy.

S O N G 144.

I Like a Ship in Storms, was tost,
 Yet afraid to put into Land ;
 For seiz'd in the Port, the Vessel's lost,
 Whose Treasure is contraband ;
 The Waves are laid,
 The Duty's paid,
 O Joy beyond Expression !
 Thus safe on Shore,
 I ask no more,

My All's in my Possession, Possession,
 My All's in my Possession.

S O N G 145.

I Love, I doat, I rave with Pain,
 No Quiet in my Mind ;
 Tho' ne'er could be a happier Swain,
 Were Sylvia less unkind :
 For when, as long her Chain I've worn,
 Ask Relief from Smart,
 She only gives me Looks of Scorn :
 Alas! 'twill break my Heart.
 My Rivals, rich in worldly Store,
 May offer Heaps of Gold :
 But surely I a Heav'n adore,
 Too precious to be sold.

Can Sylvia such a Coxcomb prize
 For Wealth, and not Desert,
 And my poor Sighs and Tears despise?
 Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

When, like some wanting, hov'ring Dove,
 I for my Blifs contend;
 And plead the Cause of eager Love,
 She coldly calls me Friend.
 Ah! Sylvia, thus in vain you strive
 To act a healing Part:
 'Twill keep but ling'ring Pain alive,
 Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely pensive Bed
 I lay me down to Rest,
 In hopes to calm my raging Head,
 And cool my burning Breast;
 Her Cruelty all Ease denies,
 With some sad Dream I start;
 All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,
 And breaking feel my Heart!

Then rising, thro' the Path I rove
 That leads me where she dwells;
 Where to the senseless Waves my Love
 Its mournful Story tells.

With Sighs I dew and kiss the Door,
 Till Morning bids depart:
 Then vent ten thousand Sighs and more:
 Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

But, Sylvia, when this Conquest's won,
 And I am gone, and cold;
 Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
 Nor glory when 'tis told:
 For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid
 Will take my injur'd Part;
 And curse thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor Heart!

S O N G 146.

I Love thee, by Heav'ns I cannot say more;
 Then set not my Passion a-cooling;
 If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee o'er
 For I'm but a Novice at fooling. What

What my Love wants in Words, it shall make up in Deeds,
 Then why shou'd we waste Time in Stuff, Child ?
 A Performance, you wot well, a Promise exceeds ;
 A Word to the Wife is enough, Child.

I know how to love, and to make that Love known,
 But I hate all protesting and arguing :
 Had a Goddess my Heart, she shou'd ev'n lye alone,
 If she made many Words to the Bargain.

I'm a Quaker in Love, and but barely affirm
 Whate'er my fond Eyes have been saying ;
 Pr'ythee, be thou so too, seek for no better Term,
 But e'en throw thy Yea or thy Nay in.

I cannot bear Love, like a Chancery Suit,
 The Age of a Patriarch depending ;
 Then pluck up a Spirit, no longer be mute,
 Give it one way or other an Ending.

Long Courtship's the Vice of a phlegmatick Fool,
 Like the Grace of fanatical Sinners,
 Where the Stomachs are lost, and the Victuals grow cool,
 Before Men sit down to their Dinners.

S O N G 147.

I Look'd and saw within the Book of Fate,
 Where many Days did low'r,
 When lo ! one happy Hour
 Leap'd up, and smil'd to save thy sinking State.
 A Day shall come, when in thy Pow'r
 Thy cruel Foes shall be :
 Then shall the Land be free,
 And thou in Peace shalt reign ;

But take, oh ! take that Opportunity,
 Which once refus'd will never come again.

S O N G 148.

I Look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak,
 For I very fain would have been at her ;
 But when I strove most my Passion to break,
 Still then I said least of the Matter.
 I swore to myself, and resolv'd I would try,
 Some Way my poor Heart to recover ;
 But that was all vain ; for I sooner could die,
 Than live with forbearing to love her.

Dear Celia, be kind then ; and since your own Eyes
By Looks can command Adoration ;
Give mine Leave to talk too, and do not despise
Those Oglings that tell you my Passion.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither should speak,
The Pleasures we'll still be pursuing ;
And so, without Words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good End of this Wooing.

S O N G 149.

[Met with the Devil in the Shape of a Ram,
Then over and over the Sow-gelder came ;
I rose and halter'd him fast by the Horns,
And pickt out his Stones, as you would pick out Corns ;
Maa, quoth the Devil ; with that out he flunk,
And left us a Carcass of Mutton that flunk.

I chanc'd to ride forth a Mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in Disguise of a Calf ;
I bound him and gelt him e'er he did any Evil ;
For he was at the best but a young sucking Devil ;
Maa, yet he cries, and forth he did steal,
And this was sold after for excellent Veal.

Some half a Year after, in the Form of a Pig,
I met with the Rogue, and he look'd very big ;
I caught at his Leg, laid him down on a Log,
Ere a Man could fart twice I made him a Hog.
Huh, huh, quoth the Devil, and gave such a Jerk,
That a Jew was converted, and eat of that Pork.

In Woman's Attire I met him most fine ;
At first Sight I thought him some Angel divine ;
But viewing his crab Face I fell to my Trade,
I made him forswear ever acting a Maid :
Meaw, quoth the Devil, and so ran away,
Hid himself in a Friar's old Weeds, as they say.

I walk'd along, and it was my good Chance,
To meet with a Black-coat that was in a Trance,
I speedily grip'd him, and whipt off his Cods,
Twixt his Head and his Breech I left little Ods.

O! quoth the Devil, and so away ran,
Thou oft will be curst by many Woman.

S O N G 150.

I Never lov'd but one fair Maid,
 And she did prove untrue ;
 Untrue to him who to her paid
 More Love than was her Due.
 Her wand'ring Heart, and faithless Eyes,
 Made many a Shepherd weep ;
 Whilst all of them fought for the Prize,
 Which none of them could keep.
 Ah ! Since 'tis so, Ye Gods, said I,
 Ye right'ous Pow'rs above,
 Revenge on her my Misery,
 My true, but slighted Love.
 So may she love, as she made me,
 And find the same Disdain ;
 Since she was pleas'd with Cruelty,
 Now may she feel the Pain,
 May she know what it is to love,
 And lose her wand'ring Heart
 To one who will inconstant prove,
 And let her feel the Smart.
 I spake ; and, lo ! there did ensue
 A strange Catastrophe ;
 The Gods would punish her, I knew ;
 But I little thought, by me.

S O N G 151.

I Never saw a Face till now,
 That could my Passion move :
 I lik'd, and ventur'd many a Vow,
 But durst not think of Love.
 'Till Beauty, charming every Sense,
 An easy Conquest made ;
 And shew'd the Vainness of Defence,
 While Phillis does invade.
 But oh ! her colder Heart denies
 The Thoughts her Looks inspire ;
 And while in Ice that frozen lies,
 Her Eyes dart only Fire.

Between Extremes I am undone,
 Like Plants too Northward set,
 Burnt by too violent a Sun,
 Or chill'd for Want of Heat.

S O N G 152.

1. Man. I Once was a Poet at London,
 I kept my Heart still full of Glee;
 There's no Man can say that I'm undone,
 For Begging's no new Trade to me.
 Tol derol, &c.
2. Man. I once was an Attorney at Law,
 And after a Knight of the Post:
 Give me a brisk Wench in clean Straw,
 And I value not who rules the Roast.
 Tol derol, &c.
3. Man. Make Room for a Soldier in Buff,
 Who valiantly strutt'd about,
 'Till he fancy'd the Peace breaking off,
 And then he most wisely - - sold out.
 Tol derol, &c.
4. Man. Here comes a Courtier polite, Sir,
 Who flatter'd my Lord to his Face;
 Now Railing is all his Delight, Sir,
 Because he miss'd getting a Place.
 Tol derol, &c.
5. Man. I still am a merry Gut-scraper,
 My Heart never yet felt a Qualm;
 Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
 And sing any Tune but a Psalm.
 Tol derol, &c.
6. Man. I was a fanatical Preacher,
 I turn'd up my Eyes when I pray'd;
 But my Hearers half starv'd their Teacher,
 For they believ'd not one Word that I said.
 Tol derol, &c.
1. Man. Whoe'er would be merry and free,
 Let him list, and from us he may learn:
 In Palaces who shall you see,
 Half so happy as we in a Barn?
 Tol derol, &c.

Chorus

Chorus of all.

Whoe'er would be merry and free,
 Let him list, and from us he may learn:
 In Palaces who shall you see
 Half so happy as we in a Barn?
 Tol derol, &c.

S O N G 153.

I Prithee send me back my Heart,
 Since I cannot have thine;
 For if from yours you will not part,
 Why then should you keep mine?
 Yet now I think on't, let it lye,
 To send it me were vain,
 For thou'st a Thief in either Eye,
 Will steal it back again.

S O N G 154.

I Said to my Heart, between sleeping and waking,
 Thou wilt Thing, that always art leaping or aching,
 What black, brown, or fair, in what Clime or Nation,
 By Turns, has not taught thee a Pit-a-patation?

Derry down, &c.

Thus accus'd, the wild Thing gave this sober Reply:
 See the Heart without Motion, tho' Celia pass'd by!
 Not the Beauty she has, nor the Wit that she borrows,
 Gives the Eye any Joys, or the Heart any Sorrows.

Derry down, &c.

When our Sapho appears, the whole Wit's so refin'd,
 I'm forc'd to applaud, with the rest of Mankind:
 Whatever she says is with Spirit and Fire;
 Ev'ry Word I attend, but I only admire.

Derry down, &c.

Prudentia, as vainly would put in her Claim,
 Ever gazing on Heav'n, tho' Man is her Aim:
 'Tis Love, not Devotion, that turns up her Eyes;
 Those Stars of this World are good for the Skies.

Derry down, &c.

But Chloe, so lively, so easy, so fair,
 Her Wit so genteel, without Art, without Care,
 When she comes in my Way, the Motion, the Pain,
 The Leapings, the Achings, return all again.

Derry down, &c.

O wonderful Creature! a Woman of Reason!
Never grave out of Pride, never gay out of Season:
When so easy to guess who this Angel shou'd be,
Wou'd one think Mrs H----d ne'er dreamt it was she?
Derry down, &c.

S O N G 155.

I Sigh'd and I writ,
And employ'd all my Wit,
And still pretty Sylvia deny'd;
'Twas Virtue I thought,
And became such a Sor,
I ador'd her the more for her Pride.
'Till mask'd in the Pit,
My coy Lucrece I met,
A Croud of gay Fops held her Play,
So brisk and so free,
With her smart Repartee,
was cur'd, and went blushing away.
Poor Lovers mistake
The Addressees they make,
With Vows to be Constant and True;
Tho' all the Nymphs hold
For the Sport that is old,
Yet their Play-mates must ever be new.
Each pretty now Toy
They would die to enjoy,
and then for a newer they pine;
But when they perceive
Others like what they leave,
&c. they will cry for their Bauble again.

S O N G 156.

Sigh'd and own'd my Love;
Nor did the Fair my Passion disapprove:
A soft engaging Air,
Not often apt to cause Despair,
clar'd she gave Attention to my Pray'r.
She seem'd to pity my Distress,
And I expected nothing less,
O what her very Look does now confess.

* L

But,

But, oh ! her Change destroys
 The charming Prospect of my promis'd Joys:
 She's robb'd of ev'ry Grace,
 That argu'd Pity in her Face,
 And cold, forbidding Frowns supply their Place.
 But while she strives to chill Desire,
 Her brighter Eyes such Warmth inspire,
 She checks the Flame, but cannot quench the Fire!

S O N G 157.

I Sing mighty Markam's Gullet;
 For when to his Head
 He claps a Bottle of Red,
 No Devil like him can pull it:
 His Fame shall never be dead;
 He topes off Nantz by the Flaggon,
 Till he spits out Fire, like a Dragon;
 He was never heard to say,
 He'd enough, and away,
 But would stay till he'd spent ev'ry Rag on.
 Damn'd Niggards, I can't abide 'em;
 The Canaries, and the Rhine
 Can't furnish me with Wine;
 Drawer, fetch me a Hogshhead to stride on,
 And call me the God of the Vine,
 With Clusters of Grapes come crown me,
 Let a Deluge of Liquor flow round me;
 For my Living I could chuse
 In an Element of Booze,
 For an Ocean of it can't drown me.
 Let the Dutch and the Germans thunder,
 Revel Sun from Sun,
 Drink Tun upon Tun,
 I'll make the d--d Dogs knock under;
 Still as fresh as when I begun.
 Bacchus, come drink, and be poxed,
 Your Nose shall soon be foxed:
 Sipping Gallons at a Draught,
 Can't serve my thirsty Throat,
 For I never tope less than a Hogshhead.

I Sing of Discords that happen'd of late,
Of strange Revolutions, but not in the State;
How old England grew fond of old Tunes of her own,
And our Ballads went up, and our Opera's down.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Our Op'ra's, I say; for with our English Money,
We have paid for the Trills of Signora Cuzzoni;
Nor yet had I ly'd, had I said Senesino
Has got a brave Spill of our good ready Rhine.

Derry down, &c.

They still pick our Pockets, and fear no Alarm,
For they thought their Sonata's for ever would charm;
But the bold Johnny Gay he soon made it appear,
That the Songsters had got the wrong 'Sow by the Ear.

Derry down, &c.

For, nobly resolv'd, their due Distance to teach 'em,
He let forth his Canary Birds, Lockit and Peachum;
With these and their Mates put 'em clean to the Rout,
And out-sung them all, for he sung them all out.

Derry down, &c.

No Quarter they found, no, nor Time to take Breath,
He ply'd them so hard with the mighty Mackheath;
But Captain Mackheath did not quite do his Duty,
He scar'd them, but let them go off with their Booty.

Derry down, &c.

And if ever they dare to engage us agen,
My Life on't, they'll find we are still the best Men;
Proud Rome must knock under to fair London City,
And Knights of the Road prove too hard for Banditti.

Derry down, &c.

No more with a languishing Audience surrounded,
Their Cremona's unrosin'd, their Voices dumbfound'd;
They let drop in a Fright all their lofty Pretences,
And are out of their Wits to find us in our Senses.

Derry down, &c.

Now the Bone is remov'd, their Contentions may cease,
And their long Civil Wars end at last in a Peace.
Now may each jealous Queen be the other's dear Crony,
And Faustina shake Hands with her Rival Cuzzoni.

Derry down, &c.

* L 2

Tho'

Tho' this Union, I doubt, would bring little Relief,
 Since they still must remember, with Hearts full of Grief,
 How hard 'twas to leave an unfortunate Land
 To sing nothing at all but what all understand.

Derry down, &c.

We have sign'd 'em their Pass, and the vagabond Throng,
 Now without Lett or Hindrance may jig it along,
 Over Sea, over Land, thro' Geneva or France;
 They have pip'd along enough, 'tis high Time they

Derry down, &c. [should dance.

And what farther remains, but to wish them well home,
 To the Doge, the Grand Duke, or the old Pope of Rome.
 They are gone: Let 'em go; we shall see 'em no more;
 And so farewell to Bravo, and farewell to Encore.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G 159.

I Smile at Love, and all its Arts,
 The charming Cynthia cry'd;
 Take heed, for Love has piercing Darts,
 A wounded Swain reply'd.

Once free and blest as you are now,

I trifled at his Charms;

I pointed at his little Bow,

And sported with his Arms:

Till urg'd too far, Revenge, he cries;

A fatal Shaft he drew,

It took its Passage thro' your Eyes,

And to my Heart it flew.

To tear it thence I try'd in vain;

To strive, I quickly found,

Was only to increase the Pain,

And to enlarge the Wound.

Ah! much too well, I fear, you know

What Pain I'm to endure,

Since what your Eyes alone could do,

Your Heart alone can cure.

And that (grant Heav'n I may mistake)

I doubt, is doom'd to bear

A Burden for another's Sake,

Who ill rewards its Care.

S O N G

S O N G 160.

Tell thee, Charmion, could I Time retrieve,
 And could again begin to love and live,
 To you I should my earliest Off'ring give ;
 I know my Eyes would lead my Heart to you,
 And I should all my Oaths and Vows renew ;
 But to be plain, I never would be true.

For by our weak and weary Truth I find,
 Love hates to enter in a Point assign'd,
 But runs with Joy the Circle of the Mind.

Then never let us chain what should be free,
 But for Relief of either Sex agree,
 Since Women love to change, and so do we.

S O N G 161.

Thank thee, my Friend,
 That at length you declare,

Why Silvia's so coy
 As to shun me with Care :
 I mus'd every Night,
 And rack'd my poor Soul,
 To find out the Cause
 Of a Falshood so foul.

But she tells me, she cannot
 With Claret agree,

That she thinks of a Hogshead
 Whene'er she sees me :

That I smell like a Beast,
 And therefore that I

Must resolve to forsake her,
 Or Claret, good Claret, deny.

O Gods ! was e'er it known

That Beasts smell'd of Wine ?

They brutishly abhor

A Liquor so divine :

'Tis then we are most Beasts,

When like them in common,

We eagerly go a hunting

For the next tlewd Woman.

Must I leave my dear Bottle,
 That has been ever my Friend,
 Which prolongs all my Joys,
 To my Grief puts an end?
 Which inspires me with Wit,
 And makes me so sublime,
 That there's none are like us
 That drink the best Wine:

But Silvia, whom Nature
 So perfect has made,
 Has no room left for Wishes,
 New Beauties to add.
 Must I leave her, I'm sorry,
 It is too hard a Task;
 Yet she may go to the Devil,
 Bring me the other Flask.

S O N G 162.

I Toss and tumble thro' the Night,
 And wish th' approaching Day,
 Thinking when Darkness yields to Light,
 I'll banish Care away:

But when the glorious Sun doth rise,
 And cheers all Nature round,
 All Thought of Pleasure in me dies,
 My Cares do still abound.

My tortur'd and uneasy Mind
 Bereaves me of my Rest;

My Thoughts are to all Pleasure blind,
 With Care I'm still oppress'd:

But had I her within my Breast,
 Who gives me so much Pain,

My raptur'd Soul would be at rest,
 And softest Joys regain.

I'd not envy the God of War,
 Bless'd with fair Venus' Charms;

Nor yet the thund'ring Jupiter,
 In fair Alomena's Arms:

Paris with Helen's Beauty blest,
 Would be a Jest to me;

If of her Charms I were possess'd,
 Thrice happier I would be.

But

But since the Gods do not ordain,
 Such happy Fate for me,
 I dare not 'gainst their Will repine,
 Who rule my Destiny.
 With sprightly Wine I'll drown my Care,
 And cherish up my Soul;
 Whene'er I think on my lost Fair,
 I'll drown her in the Bowl.

S O N G 163.

I Try'd not to love, but I try'd all in vain,
 I harden'd with Hate, but I melted again;
 But now I'll persist, and no longer pursue
 A Love so uncertain, a Lover so true.
 Around all the World my fond Eyes they shall range,
 Till they fix on a Lover that never will change;
 My Heart with his Heart shall in soft Sighs agree,
 Forgetting that ever it breath'd one for thee.

S O N G 164.

I Was anes a well-tocher'd Lais,
 My Mither left Dollars to me;
 But now I'm brought to a poor Pass,
 My Step-dame has gart them flee.
 My Father he's aften frae hame,
 And she plays the Deel with his Gear;
 She neither has Lateth nor Shame,
 And keeps the hale House in a Steer.
 She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless, and bauld,
 And gars me aft fret and repine;
 While hungry, haff naked, and cauld,
 I see her destroy what's mine:
 But soon I might hope a Revenge,
 And soon of my Sorrows be free,
 My Poortith to Plenty wad change,
 If she were hung up on a Tree.
 Quoth Ringan, who lang Time had loo'd
 This bonny Lais tenderly,
 I'll take thee, sweet May, in thy Snood,
 Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.

'Tis only your Sell that I want,
 Your Kindness is better to me,
 Than a' that your Step-mother, scant
 Of Grace, now has taken frae thee.
 I'm but a young Farmer it's true,
 And ye are the Sprout of a Laird;
 But I have Milk-cattle enew,
 And Rowth of good Rucks in my Yard:
 Ye shall have naithing to fash ye,
 Sax Servants shall junk to thee:
 Then kilt up thy Coats, my Laffie,
 And gae thy Ways hame with me.
 The Maiden her Reason employ'd,
 Not thinking the Offer amiss,
 Consented;--- while Ringan o'erjoy'd,
 Receiv'd her with mony a Kiss.
 And now she sits blythly singan,
 And joking her drunken Step-dame;
 Delighted with her dear Ringan,
 That makes her Good-wife at hame.

S O N G 165.

I Will awa' wi' my Love,
 I will awa' wi' her,
 Tho' a' my Kin had sworn and said,
 I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
 If I can get but her Consent,
 I dinna care a Strae;
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
 I will awa', &c.
 For now she's Mistress of my Heart,
 And wordy of my Hand;
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For Siller or for Land.
 Let Rakes delyte to swear and drink,
 And Beaus admire fine Lace;
 But my chief Pleasure is to blink
 On Betty's bonny Face.
 I will awa', &c.

There a' the Beauties do combine,
 Of Colour, Treats, and Air;
 The Saul that sparkles in her Eyes
 Makes her a Jewel rare;
 Her flowing Wit gives shining Life
 To a' her other Charms;
 How blest I'll be, when she's my Wife,
 And lock'd up in my Arms!
 I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her Sweet's I range;
 I'll cry, your humble Servant, King,
 Shamefa' them that w'd change
 A Kiss of Betty, and a Smile,
 Albeit ye wad lay down
 The Right ye-hae to Britain's Isle,
 And offer me ye'r Crown.
 I will awa', &c.

S O N G 166.

I Yield, dear Lassie, you have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as Light flows frae the Sun,
 Frae Love proceeds complying;
 For a' that we can do or say,
 'Gainst Love, nae Thinker heeds us;
 They ken our Bosoms lodge the Fae,
 That by the Heart-strings leads us.

S O N G 167.

JACK thou'rt a Toper,
 Jack thou'rt a Toper,
 Let's have t'other Quart;
 Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,
 ring, ring, ring, ring,
 We're so sober, so sober, so sober,
 'Twere a Shame to part.
 None but a Cuckold, a Cuckold,
 a Cuckold, a Cuckold,
 Bully'd by his Wife for coming, coming,
 Coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,
 coming, coming, coming late,
 Fears a domeffick Strife.

I'm free, I'm free, and so are you,
 so are you, so are you too,
 Call and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly,
 knock boldly, knock boldly,

The Watch cry pass Two o'Clock,

S O N G 168.

I Anthe the lovely, the joy of her Swain,
 By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again;
 She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair,
 Their Pleasure was equal, and equal their Care:
 No Time, no Enjoyment, their Dotage withdrew,
 But the longer they liv'd still the fonder they grew.

A Passion so happy alarm'd all the Plain,
 Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain:
 Some swore 'twould be pity their Loves to invade,
 That the Lovers alone for each other were made;
 But all, all consented, that one never renew
 A Nymph yet so kind, or a Shepherd so true.

Love saw them with Pleasure, and vow'd to take Care
 Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent Pair;
 What either did want, he bid either to move;
 But they wanted nothing, but ever to love:
 Said, 'Twas all that to bless 'em his Godhead could do,
 That they still might be kind, and they still might be true.

S O N G 169.

IDLE Creature!
 Form and Feature

Give thy anxious Soul its Pain; O

Pretty Faces,

Modish Graces,

O'er thy conquer'd Reason reign.

Slave to Passion,

Fool to Fashion,

Rouse thy Courage to thy Aid,

If, to gain thee,

She disdain thee,

Let her, let her die a Maid.

S O N G 170.

I F a Lover

You'd discover

Jealousy detects his Ways;

If he's roving,
That will prove him,
If he's knowing,
The least glowing,
That's the Gale which bids it blaze.

S O N G 171.

If all that I love is her Face,
From looking I sure can refrain;
In others her Likeness may trace,
Or Absence may cure all my Pain.
This said, from her Charms I retir'd,
Nor knew I till then how I lov'd:
Whom present my Passion admir'd,
In absence my Reason approv'd.
Ah! why should I hope for Relief,
Where all that I see is Disdain?
No Pity in her for my Grief,
No Merit in me to complain.
Nor yet do I Fortune upbraid,
Tho' robb'd of my Freedom and Ease,
Still proud of the Choice I have made,
Tho' hopeless it ever can please.

S O N G 172.

If all things succeed,
As already decreed,
By immutable Powers that rule us;
To repine, and to pray,
Is but Time thrown away,
And our Teachers, in short, do but fool us.
Then let's prove our Free-will,
By our Drinking about,
And by quitting the Glass, when its Time to give out:
But if Man has no Pow'r
To chuse or to shun,
'Tis no Sin to drink boldly, or Virtue to run.
If we're driv'n by Fate,
Either this Way or that,
As a Carrier whips on his Horses;
No Mortal can stray,
But must go the right Way,
Like the Stars that are bound to their Courses.

But if we've Free-will,
 To go on or stand still,
 As may best serve each present Occasion;
 Then pray fill the Glas,
 And confirm him an As,
 That depends upon Predestination.

S O N G 173.

IF any so wise is,
 That Sack he despises,
 Let him drink his small Beer, and be sober;
 Whilst we drink Wine, and sing
 As if it were Spring,
 He shall droop like the Trees in October.

But be sure, over Night,
 If this Dog do you bite,
 You take it henceforth for a Warning,
 Soon as out of your Bed,
 To settle your Head,
 Take a Hair of his Tail in the Morning.

And not be so silly
 To follow old Lilly;
 For there's nothing but Wine that can tune us;
 Let his ne assuescas
 Be put in his Cap-case,
 And sing bibito vinum jejunus.

S O N G 174.

IF any Wench Venus' Girdle wear,
 Though she be never so ugly;
 Lilies and Roses will quickly appear,
 And her Face look wond'rous smugly.
 Beneath the left Ear so fit but a Cord,
 (A Rope so charming a Zone is)
 The Youth in his Cart hath the Air of a Lord,
 And we cry, There dies an Adonis!

S O N G 175.

IF Corinna would but hear
 What impatient Love could say,
 She would banish idle Fear,
 And with Ease his Laws obey;
 She would soon approve the Song,
 Like the Voice and bless the Tongue.

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Since to Silence I'm confin'd,
 Sighs and Ogles must declare,
 What torments my thoughtful Mind;
 How I wish, and how despair:
 All the Motions of my Heart
 Sighs and Ogles must impart.

S O N G 176.

I F ever Charms did Laura move,
 Or Beauty ever show
 A worthy Triumph of her Love,
 It surely must be now.

Yet turn, O turn those radiant Eyes!

View not th' ecstatic Joy;
 Believe me, fair One, Beauty may
 Its beauteous Self destroy;

As once Narcissus fondly view'd

A Form of lesser Pow'r
 In the clear Bosom of a Flood,
 And languish'd to a Flow'r.

If then, upon his Form to gaze,

Did force himself to pine,
 What must it be to view a Face
 So lovely fair as thine?

Yet as the Charms you justly boast,

May well increase Desire,
 Let not a Wish or Thought be lost,
 But still, O still admire!

And if, as coy Narcissus pin'd,

Your Form a Change receives,
 May I change too to some soft Wind,
 And breathe amidst the Leaves.

S O N G 177.

I F ever, Damon, you shou'd rove,
 Still bear me ever in your Mind;

If walking in some shady Grove,

Or on some flow'ry Bank reclin'd:

Still let my faithful Image be
 Among the Shades retir'd with thee.

If you shou'd wander where some Brook
Does o'er the murm'ring Pebbles flow,
As on the silver Stream you look,

Think how I weep, oppress'd with Woe ;
And shou'd the Current want Supplies,
I cou'd recruit it from my Eyes.

If perch'd upon some pointed Thorn,
The Nightingale renews her Strain ;
Let it remind thee how forlorn,

When you are absent, I complain :
Or, shou'd you hear the widow'd Dove,
Think I like her lament my Love.

Where you behold the setting Ray
Trembling beneath the lowest Skies,
The sullen Gloom of closing Day

May represent me to your Eyes :
For, languid as departing Light
Am I, when absent from your Sight.

S O N G 178.

I F ever you mean to be kind,
To me the Favour, the Favour allow ;
For fear that to morrow should alter my Mind,

Oh ! let me now, now, now.
If in Hand then a Guinea you'll give,
And swear by this kind Embrace ;
That another to morrow, as you hope to love,
Oh ! then I will strait unlace :
For why should we two disagree,
Since we have, we have Opportunity ?

S O N G 179.

I F from the Lustre of the Sun,
To catch your fleeting Shade you run,
In vain is all your Haste, Sir ;
But if your Feet reverse the Race,
The Fugitive will urge the Chace,
And follow you as fast, Sir.

Thus, if at any Time, as now,
Some scornful Chloe you pursue,
In Hopes to overtake her ;

Be sure you ne'er too eager be,
 But look upon't ——— as cold as she,
 And seemingly forsake her,
 So I and Laura, t'other Day,
 Were courting round a Cock of Hay,
 While I could ne'er o'erget her;
 But when I found I ran in vain,
 Quite tir'd, I turned back again,
 And flying from her met her.

S O N G 180.

[F Gold could lengthen Life, I swear,
 It then should be my chiefest Care;
 To get a Heap, that I might say,
 When Death came to demand his Pay,
 Thou Slave, take this, and go thy Way.
 But since Life is not to be bought,
 Why should I plague myself for nought?
 Or foolishly disturb the Skies
 With vain Complaints, or fruitless Cries?
 For if the fatal Destinies
 Have all decreed it shall be so,
 What good will Gold or Crying do?
 Give me, to ease my thirsty Soul,
 The Joys and Comforts of the Bowl;
 Freedom and Health, and whilst I live,
 Let me not want what Love can give:
 Then shall I die in Peace and have
 This Consolation in the Grave,
 That once I had the World my Slave.

S O N G 181.

[F Heaven, its Blessings to augment,
 Call Henny to the Skies,
 Hence from the Earth flies all Content,
 The Moment that she dies:
 For in this Earth there is no Fair
 Can give such Joy to me;
 How great must then be my Despair,
 My Henny, and thou die!

* M *

But

But now pale Sickness leaves her Face,
 And now my Charmer smiles ;
 New Beauty heightens ev'ry Grace,
 And all my Fear beguiles :
 The bounteous Powers have heard the Prayers
 I daily made for thee,
 Like them be kind, and ease my Cares,
 Else I myself must die.

S O N G. 182.

IF I hear Orinda swear,
 She cures my jealous Smart ;
 If I hear Orinda swear,
 She cures my jealous Smart :
 The Treachery becomes the Fair,
 And doubly fire my Heart,
 Beauty's Strength and Treasure
 In Falshood still remain ;
 She gives the greatest Pleasure,
 That gives the greatest Pain,
 That gives the greatest Pain, &c.

S O N G. 183.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I grow down,
 Let this be my Fate in a Country Town :
 May I have a warm House, with a Stone at my Gate,
 And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate.
 May I govern my Passion with an absolute Sway,
 And grow wiser and better as my Strength wears away ;
 Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.
 In a Country Town by a murmuring Brook,
 With the Ocean at distance on which I may look ;
 With a spacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,
 And an easy Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.
 May I govern, &c.
 With Horace and Petrarch, and one or two more,
 Of the best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before ;
 With a Dish of Roast-Mutton, not Ven'son nor Teal,
 And clean, tho' coarse Linnen, at every Meal.
 May I govern, &c.
 With a Pudding on Sunday, and stout humming Liquor,
 And a Remnant of Latin to puzzle the Vicar ;

With

With a hidden Reserve of Burgundy Wine,
To drink the King's Health as oft as we dine.
May I govern, &c.

With a Courage undaunted may I face my last Day;
And when I am dead may the better Sort say,
In the Morning when sober, in the Ev'ning when mellow,
He is gone, and has't left behind him his Fellow.
For he govern'd his Passions with an absolute Sway,
And grew wiser and better as his Strength wore away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

S O N G 184.

[IF I love a Man for his Money,
As many have done before;
Tho' to Night he may call me his Honey,
To-morrow he'll call me his Whore.

Then better be frank and free,
And love him for Loving's Sake;
The sooner we Women agree,
The better's the Bargain we make.

Chuse you a dear Man that is kind,
That's generous, easy and true;
And to keep him still in the same Mind,
Do you keep yourself in the same too.

If when he begins to change,
You fiercely the Fault reprove,
He may like others, out of Revenge,
He ne'er could have lik'd out of Love.

To all his Follies be blind,
But mostly to that of roving;
When he's most cross, be you most kin,
And teach him to love you by loving.

If with a hard Word he is vex'd,
A Kiss will soon heal the Sore;
But if not one Kiss, then try the next,
And if not the next, the next Score.

Thus soften him by Degrees,
And bring him to your Lure:
By pleasing him, yourself you may please;
And when you've half lost him, secure.

S O N G 185.

IF Love be a Fault, and in me thought a Crime,
 How great my Offence, bear ye Witness, O Time!
 The Days and the Nights, and the Hours, as they roll'd,
 You know may be felt, but are ne'er to be told.
 One Day pass'd away, and saw nothing but Love,
 Another came on, and the same thing did prove:
 The Sun it grew tir'd still to look on the same,
 But I grew more pleas'd when the next Moment came.
 I saw you all Day, and each Night, with new Gust,
 And yet ev'ry Day was to me as the first.
 Thus fleeting Time passes, with Down on its Wings,
 And whilst this remains, rest unenvy'd ye Kings.
 If this be my Crime, be my Judges, ye Fair,
 And if I must suffer for what is so rare,
 True Lovers hereafter this Wonder shall tell,
 The Cause of my Death is for loving too well.

S O N G 186.

IF Love's a sweet Passion, why does it torment?
 If a Bitter, O tell me, whence comes my Content?
 Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain?
 Or grieve at my Fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.
 I grasp her Hands gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate Silence I make my Love known,
 But oh! how I'm blest, when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing Mistake to discover her Love;
 When in striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,
 And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare name.
 How pleasing is Beauty, how sweet are the Charms?
 How delightful Embraces, how peaceful her Arms?
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
 'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all Things above:
 And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must yield,
 For 'tis Beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair Field.

S O N G 187.

IF Love the Virgin's Heart invade,
 How, like a Moth, the simple Maid

Still plays about the Flame!
 If soon she be not made a Wife,
 Her Honour's sing'd, and then for Life,
 She's - - - - what I dare not name.

S O N G 188.

If Phillis denies me Relief,
 If she's angry, I'll seek it in Wine;
 Tho' she laughs at my amorous Grief,
 At my Mirth why should she repine?
 The sparkling Champaign shall remove
 All the Grief my dull Soul has in Store;
 My Reason I lost when I lov'd,
 By drinking what can I do more?

Would Phillis but pity my Pain,
 Or my amorous Vows would approve,
 The Juice of the Grape I'd disdain,
 And be drunk with nothing but Love.

S O N G 189.

If she be not kind as fair,
 But peevish and unhandy,
 Leave her, she's only worth the Care
 Of some spruce Jack-a-dandy.
 I would not have thee such an Afs,
 Had'st thou ne'er so much Leisure,
 To sigh and whine for such a Lafs
 Whose Pride's above her Pleasure.

S O N G 190.

If the Glasses they are empty,
 Fill again, my Soul's adry:
 Sure such Wine as this will tempt ye
 To carouse in Sympathy.
 Thirsty Souls, like Plants aspiring,
 Moisture ever are desiring.

Thus caressing
 Nature's Blessing,
 We'll the sober World defy.
 See the Bottle, how its Beauty
 Smiles in ev'ry ruby Face;
 We to Bacchus owe a Duty,
 Drink, brave Heroes, drink apace.

Cou'd

Cou'd the Globe be fill'd with Claret,
Souls like mine wou'd never spare it :

Ever drinking,
Void of thinking,

We'd the happy Hours embrace.

S O N G 191.

IF the Heart of a Man is depress'd with Cares,
The Mist is dispell'd when a Woman appears ;
Like the Notes of a Fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raíses the Spirits, and charms our Ears.

Roses and Lillies her Cheeks disclose,
But her ripe Lips are more sweet than those :

Press her,

Carefs her,

With Blisses,

Her Kisses

Dissolve us in Pleasure, and soft Repose.

S O N G 192.

IF to Love or good Wine

Your Heart should incline,

Great Bacchus gives th' only true Pleasure ;

The Follies of Love

Will quickly remove

'Tis Drinking has Joys above Measure.

All Friendship is here,

Come, kiss me, my Dear,

No Embrace like a solid full Glass,

By Love you can gain

No more but a Chain,

And then you will look like an As.

See, look on this Wine,

The Charms are divine,

Which ever will smile to invite ye ;

'Tis pure, without Art,

No Tricks or false Heart,

And never will fail to delight ye.

Fond Love is a Bubble,

A Toil and a Trouble,

It brings neither Profit nor Ease ;

To Bacchus we'll sing,
 Always young as the Spring,
 'Tis Wine that adds Length to our Days.

C H O R U S.

Fill every one his Glass,
 About then let it pass,
 A Bumper gives the only happy Minute,
 A Pox of Love,
 A Pox of Love,
 There's nought but Dulness in it.

S O N G 193.

I F truth can fix thy wav'ring Heart,
 Let Damon urge his Claim :
 He feels the Passion, void of Art,
 The pure and constant Flame.
 Though sighing Swains their Torments tell,
 Their sensual Love condemn ;
 They only prize the beauteous Shell,
 But slight the inward Gem.
 Possession cures the wounded Heart,
 Destroys the transient Fire ;
 But when the Mind receives the Dart,
 Enjoyment whets Desire.
 Your Charms each slavish Sense controul,
 A Tyrant's short-liv'd Reign :
 But milder Reason rules the Soul,
 Nor Time can break the Chain.
 By Age your Beauties will decay,
 Your Mind improves with Years ;
 As when the Blossoms fade away,
 The rip'ning Fruit appears.
 May Heav'n and Sylvia grant my Suit,
 And bless each future Hour ;
 That Damon, who can taste the Fruit,
 May gather ev'ry Flower.

S O N G 194.

I F Wealth a Man cou'd keep alive,
 I'd study only how to thrive :
 That having got a mighty Maïs,
 I might bribe the Fates so let me pass.

But

But since we can't prolong our Years,
Why spend we Time in needless Sighs and Tears?

For since Destiny

Has decreed us to die,

And all must pass o'er the old Ferry,

Hang Riches and Cares,

Since we han't many Years,

We'll have a short Life and a merry.

Time keeps its Round, and Destiny

Regards not whether we laugh or cry ;

And Fortune never does bestow

A Look on what we do below ;

But Men with equal Swiftneſs run

To play on others, or be play'd upon,

Since we can take no Courſe

For the better or the worſe ;

Let none be a melancholy Thinker ;

Let the Times the Round go,

So the Cups do ſo too,

Ne'er bluſh at the Name of a Drinker.

S O N G 195.

I F Wine and Muſick have the Pow'r

To eaſe the Sickneſs of the Soul,

Let Phœbus ev'ry String explore,

And Bacchus fill the ſprightly Bowl.

Let them their friendly Aid employ,

To make my Chloë's Abſence light,

And ſeek for Pleaſures to deſtroy

The Sorrows of this live-long Night.

But ſhe to-morrow will return ;

Venus be thou to-morrow great,

Thy Myrtles ſtrew, thy Odours burn,

And meet the fav'rite Nymph in State.

Kind Goddeſs, to no other Pow'r

Let us to-morrow's Bleſſings own ;

Thy darling Loves ſhall guide the Hours,

And all the Day be thine alone.

S O N G 196.

I F Wine be a Cordial, why does it torment ?

If a Poiſon, oh tell me, whence comes my Content ?

Since

nce I drink it with Pleasure, why should I complain?
 r repent ev'ry Morn, when I know 'tis in vain:
 et so charming the Glas is, so deep is the Quart,
 hat at once it both drowns and enlivens my Heart.

take it off briskly, and when it is down,
 y my jolly Complexion I make my Joy known.
 ut oh! how I'm blest! when so strong it does prove,
 y its sovereign Heat to expel that of Love!
 When in quenching the old, I create a new Flame,
 and am wrapt in such Pleasures that still want a Name.

S O N G 197.

F you at an Office sollicite your Due,
 And would not have Matters neglected;
 ou must quicken the Clerk with the Perquisite too,
 To what his Duty directed.

r would you the Frowns of a Lady prevent,
 She too has this palpable Failing,
 The Perquisite softens her into Consent;
 That Reason with all is prevailing.

S O N G 198.

F you sue to Venalia to grant you the Blessing,
 Like Jove, in Gold court her, or vain's your addressing;
 or she says, that Love nought but what's gen'rous inspires,
 and therefore rich Tokens of Love she requires.

uch Suitors as nothing but Love have to give her,
 Like pennyless Ghosts at the Stygian River,
 To Elysium a Passage deny'd by old Charon)
 eternal Attendance may dance on the Fair-one.

S O N G 199.

F you my wand'ring Heart wou'd find,
 That Heart you say is like the Wind,
 hat varies here, that wanders there,
 To ev'ry Nymph that's kind and Fair:

ay if then this Heart you'd find,
 urn to your own unsettled Mind,
 e'er it wanders, 'tis to be,
 n wand'ring constantly with thee.

ow can it settle when you fly,
 and shun this faithful Votary,
 oft a Nymph that's fair doth find,
 at never yet the Nymph that's kind.

If you wou'd fix this wand'ring Heart,
Join it with yours, 'twill ne'er depart:
But in the Pangs of Death will prove,
It wander'd but to fix your Love.

S O N G 200.

I F you'd court the Joy won't leave you,
Pay your Vows at Bacchus' Shrine;
Other Pleasures will deceive you,
'Truth is only found in Wine.
If you'd court, &c.

Let the puny sneaking Lover
Bow to Cupid like a Fool;
Just Experience will discover,
He's no more than Woman's Tool.
He's no more, &c.

Bring more Wine then, charge the Glasses,
Let 'em flow with gen'rous Red;
Drown a thousand loving Asses,
Then in Triumph march to Bed.
Bring more, &c.

S O N G 201.

Jilting is in such Fashion,
And such a Fame
Runs o'er the Nation,
There's never a Dame

Of highest Rank, or of Name,
Sir, but will stoop to your Caresses,
If you do but put home your Addresses:
It's for that she paints, and she patches,
All she hopes to secure is her Name, Sir.

But when you find the Love-fit comes upon her,
Never trust much to her Honour;
'Tho' she may very high stand on't,
Yet when her Love is ascendant,
Her Virtue's quite out of Doors:
High Breeding, rank Feeding,
With lacy Lives leading,
In Ease and soft Pleasures,
And taking loose Measures,
With Playhouse Diversions,
And Midnight Excursions,

With

With Balls masquerading,
And Nights serenading,
Debauch the Sex into Whores, Sir.

S O N G 202.

I'LL face e'ery Danger to rescue my Dear,
For Fear is a Stranger, where Love is sincere.
I'll face e'ery Danger to rescue my Dear,
For Fear is a Stranger, where Love is sincere.
Repulses but fire us, Despair we despise,
If Beauty inspire us to part for the Prize.

S O N G 203.

I'LL go to my Love, where he lies in the Deep,
And in my Embraces my Dearest shall sleep;
When we wake the kind Dolphins together shall throng,
And in Chariots of Shells shall draw us along.
The Orient hath Pearls, which the Ocean bestows,
All mixed with Coral, a Crown to compose;
Tho' the Sea-Nymphs do spite us, and envy our Bliss,
We will teach them to love, and the Cockles to kiss;
For my Love lies now in his wat'ry Grave,
And hath nothing to shew for his Tomb but a Wave;
I'll kiss his dear Lips, than the Coral more red,
That grows where he lies in his wat'ry Bed.

Ah, ah, ah! my Love's dead;
There was not a Bell,
But a Triton's Shell,
To ring, to ring, out his Knell.

S O N G 204.

I'LL languish no more at the Glance of your Eye;
Can view you all o'er and ne'er fetch a deep Sigh.
No more shall your Voice, Syren like, charm my Heart,
In vain you may sigh, use in vain all your Art.
No, Madam, I'm free; when I'm recreant again,
Let me, unpity'd, feel again my old Pain.
I'll Libertine turn, use all Things in common;
No more than one Dish be bound to one Woman;
Yet I'll still love the Sex, but my Bottle before 'em;
I'll use 'em sometimes, but I'll never adore 'em.
Go, Madam, be wise: When a Woodcock's i'th' Noose,
Be sure hold him fast, lest like me he gets loose.

* N

S O N G

S O N G 205.

I'LL range around the shady Bowers,
 And gather all the sweetest Flowers;
 I'll strip the Garden and the Grove,
 To make a Garland for my Love.
 When in the sultry Heat of Day,
 My thirsty Nymph does panting lay,
 I'll hasten to the Fountain's Brink,
 And drain the Stream that she may drink.
 At Night, when she shall weary prove,
 A grassy Bed I'll make my Love,
 And with green Boughs I'll form a Shade,
 That nothing may her Rest invade.
 And whilst dissolv'd in Sleep she lyes,
 My self shall never close these Eyes;
 But gazing still with fond Delight,
 I'll watch my Charmer all the Night.
 And then as soon as chearful Day
 Dispels the gloomy Shades away,
 Forth to the Forest I'll repair,
 And find Provision for my Fair.
 Thus will I spend the Day and Night
 Still mixing Pleasure with Delight;
 Regarding nothing I endure,
 So I can Ease for her procure.
 But if the Maid, whom thus I love,
 Shou'd e'er unkind and faithless prove,
 I'll seek some dismal distant Shore,
 And never think of Woman more.

S O N G 206.

I'LL sail upon the Dog-star,
 And then pursue the Morning;
 I'll chase the Moon 'till it be Noon,
 I'll make her leave her Horning.
 I'll climb the frosty Mountain,
 And there I'll coin the Weather:
 I'll tear the Rain-bow from the Sky,
 And tie both Ends together.

The

The Stars pluck from their Orbs too,
 And croud them in my Budget ;
 And whether I'm a roaring Boy,
 Let Gresham College judge it.
 While I mount you blue Cælum,
 To shun the tempting Gipsies ;
 Play at Foot-ball with Sun and Moon,
 And fright ye with Eclipses.

S O N G 207.

I'LL sing you a Ditty, and warrant it true,
 Give but Attention unto me a while,
 Of Transactions in Court and in Country too ;
 Toilsome Pleasures, and pleasing Toil.
 Accept it, I pray, as your Help-mates you take :
 To some 'twill give Joy,
 And some others annoy ;
 All's fair at a Country-wake ; all's fair, &c.
 At Courts we see Patriots, noble and just,
 Fit for Employments of Honour and Power :
 But then there are Sycophants, unfit for Trust,
 Blend with the Great, and in Number are more ;
 Slaves, who would Honour and Honeſty ſtake,
 With ſordid Intention,
 To get Place, or Penſion ;
 Strange News at a Country-wake ; ſtrange, &c.
 Some Ladies at Court are ſtil'd unpolite,
 Becauſe truly virtuous, and prone to no Ill :
 Whiſt others, who ſparkle in Diamonds bright,
 Are ſtrip'd of their Pride at Baſſet, or Quadrille,
 'Till their Loſſes at Play do their Lord's Credit ſhake ;
 Then, their Toys to recover,
 They'll grant the laſt Favour ;
 Strange News at a Country-wake ; ſtrange, &c.
 Here moſt of our Gentlemen Patriots are,
 Though very bad Statesmen, I freely confeſs ;
 They deſign Harm to none—but a Fox or a Hare,
 And are always found loyal, in War, and in Peace.

SONG 265.

I'LL range around the shady Bowers,
 And gather all the sweetest Flowers;
 I'll strip the Garden and the Grove,
 To make a Garland for my Love,
 When in the sultry Heat of Day,
 My thirsty Nymph does panting lay,
 I'll hasten to the Fountain's Brink,
 And drain the Stream that she may drink.
 At Night, when she shall weary prove,
 A grassy Bed I'll make my Love,
 And with green Boughs I'll form a Shade,
 That nothing may her Rest invade.
 And whilst dissolv'd in Sleep she lyes,
 My self shall never close these Eyes;
 But gazing still with fond Delight,
 I'll watch my Charmer all the Night.
 And then as soon as cheerful Day
 Dispels the gloomy Shades away,
 Forth to the Forest I'll repair,
 And find Provision for my Fair.
 Thus will I spend the Day and Night
 Still mixing Pleasure with Delight,
 Regarding nothing I endure,
 So I can Ease for her procure.
 But if the Maid, whom thus I love,
 Shou'd e'er unkind and faithless prove,
 I'll seek some dismal distant Shore,
 And never think of Woman more.

SONG 266.

I'LL sail upon the Dog-star,
 And then pursue the Morning;
 I'll chase the Moon 'till it be Noon,
 I'll make her leave her Horning.
 I'll climb the frosty Mountain,
 And there I'll comb the Weathers;
 I'll tear the Rain-bow from the Sky,
 And tie both Ends together.

The

The Stars pluck from their Orbs too,
 And crowd them in my Budget;
 And whether I'm a roaring Boy,
 Let Gresham College judge it,
 While I mount you blue Cœlum,
 To shun the tempting Gipsies;
 Play at Foot-ball with Sun and Moon,
 And fright ye with Eclipses.

S O N G 207.

I'LL sing you a Ditty, and warrant it true,
 Give but Attention unto me a while,
 Of Transactions in Court and in Country too;
 Toilsome Pleasures, and pleasing Toil.
 Accept it, I pray, as your Help-mates you take;
 To some 'twill give Joy,
 And some others annoy;
 All's fair at a Country-wake; all's fair, &c.
 At Courts we see Patriots, noble and just,
 Fit for Employments of Honour and Power;
 But then there are Sycophants, unfit for Trust,
 Blend with the Great, and in Number are more;
 Slaves, who would Honour and Honesty stake,
 With sordid Intention,
 To get Place, or Pension;
 Strange News at a Country-wake; strange, &c.
 Some Ladies at Court are still'd unpolite,
 Because truly virtuous, and prone to no Ill:
 Whilst others, who sparkle in Diamonds bright,
 Are stript of their Pride at Bassett, or Quadrille,
 'Till their Losses at Play do their Lord's Credit shake;
 Then, their Toys to recover,
 They'll grant the last Favour;
 Strange News at a Country-wake; strange, &c.
 Here most of our Gentlemen Patriots are,
 Though very bad Statesmen, I freely confess;
 They design Harm to none—but a Fox or a Hare,
 And are always found loyal, in War, and in Peace.

The Farmer's Industry doth Earth fertile make;
 The Husbandman's Plowing,
 His Planting and Sowing,
 Gets Health and good Cheer at a Country-wake.
 Gets Health, &c.

Our Girls blooming fair, without Washes or Paints,
 From neighbouring Villages hither resort;
 They kiss sweet as Roses, yet virtuous as Saints,
 Who can say more for the Ladies at Court?
 No worldly Cares vex them, asleep or awake;
 But their Time they improve
 In Peace, and true Love,
 And innocent Mirth at the Country-wake.
 And innocent, &c.

The Schemes of a Courtier are full of Intrigue;
 Here all's fair and open, dark Deeds we despise:
 Set rural Contentment 'gainst courtly Fatigue,
 Who chuses the former, is happy and wise.
 Now let's pray for the King, and for England's sake,
 From all Faction free,
 May his Subjects agree,
 As well at the Court as the Country-wake.
 As well, &c.

S O N G 208.

I'LL sing you a Song was never in Print,
 'Tis newly and truly come out of the Mint,
 And I'll tell you before-hand, you'll find Nothing in't.
 Tol, tol, &c.

'Tis Nothing I think, 'tis Nothing I write,
 'Tis Nothing I court, 'tis Nothing I slight,
 And I don't care a Pin if I get Nothing by't.

Tol, tol, &c.

Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, Birds, Beasts, Fish, and
 Did start out of Nothing, a Chaos, a Den, [Men,
 And all things must turn to Nothing again.

Tol, tol, &c.

The Lad that makes Love to a delicate Smooththing,
 And hopes to obtain her by fighting and soothing,
 Most frequently makes much ado about Nothing.

Tol, tol, &c.

But

But soon as his Patience and Purse, is decay'd,
He may to the Arms of a Whore, be betray'd,
For she that is Nothing must needs be a Maid.

Tol, tol, &c.

'Tis Nothing makes many things often-times hit;
As when Fools amongst wise Men do silently sit,
The Fool that says Nothing may pass for a Wit.

Tol, tol, &c.

When first by the Ears, we together did fall,
Then Something got Nothing, and Nothing got All;
From Nothing we came, and to Nothing we fall,

Tol, tol, &c.

If any Man tax me with Weakness of Wit,
And says, that on Nothing I Nothing have writ,
I shall answer, Ex nihilo, nihil fit.

Tol, tol, &c.

But let his Discretion be never so tall,
This very Word Nothing may give him a Fall,
For in writing of Nothing I comprehend All.

Tol, tol, &c.

So let ev'ry Man give the Poet his due,
For then 'twas with him, as 'tis now with you,
He wrote it when that he had Nothing to do.

Tol, tol, &c.

This very Word Nothing, if took the right way,
May be of advantage; for what will you say,
When the Landlord he tells you there's Nothing to pay?

Tol, tol, &c.

S O N G 209.

I'LL tell her the next time, said I,
In vain! in vain! for when I try,
Upon my timorous Tongue the trembling Accents die,
Alas! a thousand thousand Fears
Still over-awe when she appears!
My Breath is spent in Sighs, my Eyes are drown'd in Tears.

S O N G 210.

I'LL tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest Things have seen;
Oh Things without Compare!
Such Sights again cannot be found
In any Place on English Ground,
Be it at Wake or Fair,

At Charing Cross, hard by the Way,
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our Hay,

There is a House with Stairs;

And there did I see coming down

Such Folk as are not in our Town,

Vorty at least in Pairs.

Among the rest one peft' lent fine

(His Beard no bigger though than thine,)

Walk'd on before the rest:

Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:

The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him,

Should he go still so drest,

At Course a Pack, without all Doubt,

He should have first been taken out,

By all the Maids i'th' Town:

Though lusty Roger there had been,

Or little George upon the Green,

Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? The Youth was going

To make an End of all his Wooing;

The Parson for him staid:

Yet by his Leave (for all his Haste)

He did not so much wisth all past,

(Perchance) as did the Maid.

The Maid——and thereby hangs a Tale——

For such a Maid no Whitsun Ale

Could ever yet produce:

No Grape that's kindly ripe cou'd be

So round, so plump, so soft as she,

Nor half so full of Juice.

Her Finger was so small, the Ring

Would not stay on which they did bring,

It was too wide a Peck:

And to say Truth (for out it must)

It look'd like the great Collar (just)

About our young Colt's Neck.

Her Feet beneath her Petticoat,

Like little Mice stole in and out,

As if they fear'd the Light,

But

But oh! she dances such a Way!
No Sun upon an Easter Day

Is half so fine a Sight.

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,

She would not do't in Sight:

And then she looks as who should say,
I will do what I list to Day;

And you shall do't at Night.

Her Cheeks so rare a White was dy'd,
No Daisie makes Comparison;

(Who sees them is undone)

For Streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine Pear.

(The Side that's next the Sun.)

Her Lips were red; and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her Chin,

(Some Bee had stung it newly:)

But (Dick) her Eyes so guard her Face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,

Than on the Sun in July.

Her Mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her Teeth her Words did break,

That they might Passage get:

But she so handled still the Matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,

And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any Sin,
The Priest himself had guilty been,

She look'd that Day so purely:

And did the Youth so oft the Feast,
At Night, as some did in Conceit,

It would have spoil'd him surely.

Just in the Nick the Cook knock'd thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice

His Summons did obey;

Each Serving-man with Dish in Hand,
March'd boldly up, like our Train'd-Band,

Presented, and away.

When

When all the Meat was on the Table,
 What Man of Knife or Teeth was able,
 To stay to be intreated?

And this the very Reason was,
 Before the Parson could say Grace,
 The Company was seated.

The Bus'ness of the Kitchen's great,
 For it is fit that Men should eat,
 Nor was it there deny'd:

Passion oh me! how I run on!
 There's that that would be thought upon,
 (I trow) besides the Bride.

Now Hats fly off, and Youths carouse,
 Healths first go round, and then the House,
 The Bride's came thick and thick;

And when 'twas nam'd another's Health,
 Perhaps he made it her's by Stealth,
 And who could help it, Dick?

O'th' sudden up they rise and dance;
 Then sit again, and sigh and glance:
 Then dance again and kiss:

Thus several Ways the Time did pass,
 Till ev'ry Woman wish'd her Place,
 And ev'ry Man wish'd his.

By this Time all were stol'n aside,
 To counsel and undress the Bride;
 But that he must not know:

But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her Mind,
 And did not mean to stay behind
 Above an Hour or so.

When in he came (Dick) there she lay,
 Like new-fal'n Snow melting away,
 ('Twas Time, I trow, to part)

Kisses were now the only Stay,
 Which soon she gave, as who would say,
 Good B'ye! with all my Heart.

But, just as Heav'n would have, to cross it,
 In came the Bride-Maids with the Posset;
 The Bridegroom eat in Spite;

For had he left the Women to't,
It would have cost two Hours to do't,
Which were too much that Night.

At length the Candle's out, and now,
All that they had not done, they do:

What that is, who can tell?

But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before

With Bridget and with Nell.

S O N G 211.

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story must merry,

Of a Wager that happen'd near Elford-Ferry;
Where my Friend Parson V—n set out with much heat,
And so ran a Race with himself, and was beat.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Says the noble Lord Berkshire, a Peer yet unfold,
Whose Wit is still new, and whose Bounty is old;
That you cannot five times round my Garden, Friend, run,
I'll lay half a Crown; says the Doctor, 'tis done.

Derry, &c.

Like a large Knave of Clubs, in your Boots and your Gown,
First prithee Tom V—n lay Divinity down;
Then tho' down Hill you run, don't despair of some Stay,
Those Legs with that Belly can ne'er run away.

Derry, &c.

'Twas then that of Staffordshire's Priesthood, the Pride,
Laid his Boots, and his Robe, and his Girdle aside;
My Lungs which ne'er fall, for my Guts shall atone,
And I'll do a Miracle Woolston shall own.

Derry, &c.

It was in Defiance of thick and of thin,
That God's holy Envoy stood stript to the Skin;
Oh! he labour'd so well with Arms, Elbows and Head,
That my Lord thought his Wager was merrily laid.

Derry, &c.

And as he urg'd on o'er the gravelly Plain,
Those Worms which were trod on could ne'er turn again,
The Gard'ners rejoic'd o'er each reverend Stride,
And blessing the Priest, laid the Rollers aside.

Derry, &c.

Each Eccho reply'd in the Praise of Tom V—n;
 As with Speed he urg'd on his large Collar of Brawn,
 'Till his Lega not rememb'ring a very long Score,
 Forsook the great Paunch which supply'd them before,
 Derry, &c.

Whilst Bishops for Places and Pensions contend,
 New Translations are wish'd, and old Heresies mend;
 Then let us remember in Bumpers around,
 The staunch Parson V—n who so firm stands his Ground,
 Derry, &c.

And let all the Staffordshire Laymen go pray,
 Since first the fat Vicar has shewn us the Way,
 That our Bishops when next in the Senate they meet,
 May so run a Race by themselves, and be beat.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

S O N G 212.

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story that's true,
 A Story that's dismal, and comical too;
 It is of a Fryar, who some People think,
 Tho' as sweet as a Nut, might have dy'd of a Stink.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

The Fryar would often go out with his Gun,
 And tho' no good Marksman, he thought himself one;
 For tho' he for ever was wont to miss Aim,
 Still something, but never himself, was to blame.

Derry down, &c.

It happen'd young Peter, a Friend of the Fryar's,
 With Legs arm'd with Leather, for Fear of the Briers;
 Went out with him once, tho' it signifies not,
 Where he hir'd his Gun, or who tick'd for the Shot.

Derry down, &c.

Away these two trudg'd it, o'er Hills and o'er Dales;
 They popp'd at the Partridges, frighten'd the Quails;
 But, to tell you the Truth, no great Mischief was done,
 Save spoiling the Proverb, As sure as a Gun.

Derry down, &c.

But at length a poor Snipe flew direct in the Way,
 In open Defiance, as if he would say,
 " If only the Fryar and Peter are there,
 " I'll fly where I list, there's no Reason to fear."

Derry down, &c.

Tho'

Tho' little he thought his Death was so nigh,
 Yet Peter, by Chance, fetch'd him down from on high;
 His Shot was ramm'd down with a Journal, I wist,
 The first Time he charg'd so improper with Mist.

Derry down, &c.

Then on both Sides the Speeches began to be made,
 As—I beg your Acceptance.—Oh! no, Sir, indeed—
 I beg that you would, Sir.—For both wisely knew
 That one Snipe could ne'er be a Supper for two.

Derry down, &c.

What the Fryar declin'd in most civil Sort,
 Peter slipt in his Pocket,—the De'il take him for't;
 But were the Truth known, 'twould plainly appear,
 He oft-times had found a longer Bill there.

Derry down, &c.

Hid in his Pocket, the Snipe safely lay,
 While a Week did pass over his Head, and a Day,
 Till the Ropes for a Toast too offensive were grown,
 And were smelt out by every Nose but his own.

Derry down, &c.

The Fryar look'd wholesome, it must be agreed,
 So no one could say, whence the Stink should proceed;
 Where the Stink might be laid, tho' no one could say,
 'Tis certain he brought it, and took it away.

Derry down, &c.

At Sight of the Fryar began the Perfume,
 And scarce he appear'd but he scented the Room.
 Snuff-boxes were held in the highest Esteem,
 And all the wry Faces were made where he came.

Derry down, &c.

As the Place he was in, it was call'd this and that,
 In his Room 'twas a Close-stool, or else a dead Rat;
 In the Fields where he walk'd, for some Carrion 'twas
 'Twas a Fart at the Angel, and past for a Jest. [guess'd;

Derry down, &c.

At length the Suspicion fell thick on poor Tray,
 Till he took to his Heels, and with Speed ran away:
 Thought the Fryar, poor Tray, I'll remember thee soon;
 If I live to grow sweet, I'll give thee a Bone.

Derry down, &c.

For

For he knew that poor Tray was highly abus'd;
 And, if any, himself thus deserv'd to be us'd;
 For 'twas certainly he, — who else could he think? —
 'Twas certainly he, that must make all the Stink.

Derry down, &c.

So when he came Home, he sat down on his Bed,
 His Elbow at Distance supported his Head:
 His Body long while like a Pendulum went;
 But all he could do did not alter the Scent.

Derry down, &c.

Thus hypp'd, he got up, and pull'd off his Cloaths,
 He peep'd in his Breeches, and smelt to his Hose,
 And the very next Morning fresh Cloaths he put on,
 All, all but a Waistcoat, for he had but one.

Derry down, &c.

But changing his Cloaths did not alter the Case,
 And so he stunk on for three Weeks and three Days;
 Till to send for the Doctor he thought it most meet;
 For tho' he was not, his Life it was sweet.

Derry down, &c.

The Doctor he came, felt his Pulse in a trice;
 Then crept at a Distance to give his Advice:
 But Sweating, nor Bleeding, nor Purging would do,
 For instead of one Stink, this only made two.

Derry down, &c.

The Fryar oft-times to his Glass would repair,
 But to Death he was frighten'd whene'er he camethere;
 His Eyes were so shrunk, and he look'd so aghast,
 He verily thought he was stinking his last.

Derry down, &c.

So for Credit he hastens to burn all his Prose,
 And into the Fire his Verses he throws;
 When searching his Pockets to make up the Pile,
 He found out the Snipe, that had stunk all the while.

Derry down, &c.

So he hopes you will now think him wholesome again,
 Since his Waistcoat discovers the Cause of his Pain.
 To conclude, the poor Fryar intreats you to note,
 That you might have been sweet had you been in his Coat.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G

S O N G 213.

I'M Cupid's Warriour, my Fair,
 Then quickly for the Fight prepare:
 Ah! why, Celinda would you fly,
 When I at first am sure to yield?
 If you th'Engagement shun, I die;
 Oh! take me, and I've won the Field.

S O N G 214.

I'M not one of your Fops, who, to please a coy, Lass,
 Can lie whining and pining, and look like an Ass.
 Life is dull without Love, and not worth the Possessing;
 But Fools make a Curse, what was meant for a Blessing.
 While his Godship's not rude, I'll allow him my Breast;
 But, by Jove, out he goes, shon'd he once break my Rest.
 I can toy with a Girl for an Hour, to allay
 The Fluster of Youth, or the Ferment of May;
 But must beg her Excuse, not to bear Pain of Anguish,
 For that's not to love, by her leave, but to languish.

S O N G 215.

I'M old mad Tom, behold me,
 My Wits are quite unframed;
 I'm mad, I'm sure, and past all Cure,
 And in Hopes of being proclaimed.
 I'll mount the frosty Mountains,
 And there I'll skin the Weather;
 I'll pluck the Rainbow from the Sky,
 And I'll splice both Ends together.
 I'll mount the Pride of Marble,
 And there I'll fright the Gypsies;
 And I'll play at Bowls with Sun and Moon,
 And win them with Eclipses.
 I'Prentice was to Vulcan,
 And serv'd my Master faithful,
 In making Tools for jovial Fools;
 But, ye Gods, ye prov'd unfaithful.
 The Stars pluck'd from their Orbs too,
 I'll put them in my Budget;
 And if I'm not a roaring Boy,
 Then let the Nation judge it.

* O

S O N G

S O N G 216.

IMpatient with Desire, at last
 I ventur'd to lay Forms aside;
 'Twas I was Modest, not she Chast,
 The Nymph, as soon as ask'd, comply'd.
 With am'rous Awe a silent Fool,
 I gaz'd upon her Eyes with Fear:
 Speak, Love, how came your Slave so dull,
 To read no better there?
 Thus to ourselves the greatest Foes,
 Altho' the Fair be well inclin'd;
 For want of Courage to propose,
 By our own Folly, she's unkind.

S O N G 217.

IMportunate Love be gone,
 My Heart you no more shall have;
 With Freedom and Ease
 My Senses I'll please,
 And never be more thy Slave.
 With whining and pining
 A Lover must shew his Art,
 Professing
 No Blessing
 Like gaining the fair One's Heart:
 Which once in possessing,
 Like others confessing,
 He soon will be ready to part.
 But he that the Grape is caressing,
 Will always find a true Blessing;
 For that never cloy,
 But ripens his Joys,
 And makes him look frolick and gay:
 Then fill up your Glass,
 And round let it pass,
 And thus to the God you will say:
 Importunate Love be gone,
 Thy Quiver is now in vain;
 With Freedom and Ease
 My Senses I'll please,
 And ne'er be in Love again.

S O N G

S O N G 218.

IN a dark silent shady Grove,
 Fit for the Delights of Love,
 As on Corinna's Breast I panting lay,
 My right Hand playing with & cætera.
 A thousand Words and amorous Kisses,
 Prepar'd us both for more substantial Bliss;
 And thus the hasty Moments slip away,
 Lost in the Transports of & cætera.
 She blush'd to see her Innocence betray'd,
 And the small Opposition that she made;
 Yet hugg'd me close, and with a Sigh did say,
 Once more, my Dear, once more & cætera.
 But O the Pow'r to please this Nymph was past,
 Too violent a Flame can never last;
 So we remitted to another Day
 The Prosecution of & cætera.

S O N G 219.

IN a Humour I was late,
 As many good Fellows be,
 To think of no Matters of State,
 But seek for good Company;
 That best contented me.
 I travell'd up and down
 No Company I could find,
 Till I came to the Sign of the Crown;
 My Hostess was sick of the Mumps,
 The Maid was ill at ease;
 The Tapster was drunk in his Dumps;
 They were all of one Disease,
 Says Old Simon the King.
 Considering in my Mind,
 And thus I began to think;
 If a Man be full to the Throat,
 And cannot take off his Drink;
 And if his Drink will not down,
 He may hang himself for Shame;
 So may the Tapster at the Crown,
 Whereupon this Reason I frame;

Drink will make a Man drunk,
 And drunk will make a Man dry;
 Dry will make a Man sick,
 And sick will make a Man die,
 Says Old Simon the King.

If a Man should be drunk to Night,
 And laid in his Grave to Morrow;
 Will you or any Man say, - - -
 That he dy'd of Care or Sorrow?

Then hang up Sorrow and Care,
 'Tis able to kill a Cat,
 And he that will drink all Night,
 Is never afraid of that!

For drinking will make a Man quaff,
 Quaffing will make a Man sing;
 Singing will make a Man laugh,
 And laughing long Life doth bring,
 Says Old Simon the King.

If a Puritan Skipker cry,
 Dear Brother it is a Sin
 To drink unless you be dry,
 Then strait this Tale I begin:
 A Puritan left his Can,
 And took him to his Jug;
 And there he play'd the Man,
 As long as he could tug;
 But when that he was spy'd,
 What did he swear or rail;
 No, no truly, dear Brother, he cry'd;
 Indeed all Flesh is frail,
 Says Old Simon the King.

So Fellows, if you'll be drunk,
 Of Frailty it is a Sin;
 Or for to keep a Punk,
 Or play at In and In:
 For Drink and Dice and Drabs;
 Are all of one Condition,
 And will breed Want and Scabs,
 In spite of the Physician:

Whoso

Whoſe fears every Graſs,
 Muſt never piſs in a Meadow:
 And he that loves a Pot and a Laſe,
 Muſt never cry oh! my Head oh!
 Says Old Simon the King.

S O N G 220.

I N ancient Days I've heard, with Horns
 The Wife her Spouſe could fright;
 Which now the Hero bravely ſcorns,
 So common is the Sight.
 To City, Country, Camp, or Court,
 Or whereſoe'er he go,
 No horned Brother dares make Sport,
 They're Cuckolds all a-row.

S O N G 221.

I N ancient Times, in Britain's Iſle,
 Lord Henry well was known,
 Nor Knight in all the Land more fam'd,
 Or more deſerv'd Renown;
 His Thoughts on Honour always run,
 He ne'er cou'd bow to Love,
 No Nymph in all the Land had Charms
 His frozen Heart to move.
 Amongſt the Nymphs where Katharine came,
 The faireſt Face ſhe ſhows,
 She was as bright as morning Sun,
 And ſweeter than the Roſe:
 Although ſhe was of mean Degree,
 She daily Conqueſts gains;
 For ne'er a Youth who her beheld,
 Eſcap'd her powerful Chains.
 But ſoon her Eyes their Luſtre loſt,
 Her Cheek grew pale and wan,
 A pining ſeiz'd her lovely Form,
 And Cures were all in vain:
 The Sickneſs was to all unknown
 That did the Fair one waſte,
 Her Time in Sighs and Floods of Tears,
 And broken Slumbers paſt.

Once in a Dream she cry'd aloud,
 Oh Henry, I'm undone!
 Oh cruel Fate! oh wretched Maid!
 Thy Love must ne'er be known!
 Such is the Fate of Womankind,
 They must the Truth conceal,
 I'll die ten thousand thousand Deaths,
 Ere I my Love reveal.
 A tender Friend that watch'd the Fair,
 To Henry hey'd away,
 My Lord, says she, we've found the cause
 Of Katharine's quick decay,
 She in a Dream the Secret told,
 Till now no Mortal knew:
 Alas! she now expiring lies,
 And dies for Love of you!
 The gen'rous Henry's Soul was touch'd,
 His Heart began to flame,
 Ah, poor unhappy Maid! he cry'd,
 Yet I am not to blame.
 Ah Kath'rine! too too modest Maid,
 Thy Love I never knew;
 I'll ease your Pain: and swift as Wind
 To her Bed-side he flew.
 Awake! awake! he fondly cry'd,
 Awake! awake! my Dear;
 If I had only guess'd your Love,
 You ne'er had shed a Tear:
 'Tis Henry calls, complain no more,
 Renew thy wonted Charms;
 I come to save thee from Despair,
 And take thee to my Arms.
 These Words reviv'd the dying Fair,
 She rais'd her drooping Head,
 And gazing on the long-lov'd Youth,
 She started from the Bed,
 Around his Neck her Arms she flung,
 In Extasy, and cried,
 Will you be kind? Will you indeed?
 My Love! —and so she died.

I N April, when Primroses paint the sweet Plain,
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain;
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go
To wild and deep Glens, where the Hawthorn Trees grow.

There under the Shade of an old sacred Thorn,
With Freedom he sung his Loves Ev'ning and Morn:
He sang with so fast and enchanting a Bound,
That Sylvens and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maia be fair,
Her Beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud Air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing;
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

That Madie in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,
Like the Moon was unconstant, and never spoke Truth:
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the Goddess who sprung from the Sea.

That Mamma's fine Daughter, with all her great Dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sow'r.
Then sighing, he wistd, would Parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his Mistress might be.

S O N G 223.

I N Beauty or Wit,
No Mortal as yet,

To question your Empire has dar'd;
But Men of Discerning,
Have thought that, in Learning,
To yield to a Lady was hard.

Impertinent Schools,
With musty dull Rules,
Have Reading to Ladies deny'd;

So Papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest Flocks should be wise as their Guide.

'Twas a Woman at first,

(Indeed she was curst)

In Knowledge that tasted Delight;

And Sages agree

The Law should decree,

To the first Possessors the Right.

Then

Then bravely, fair Dame,
 Renew the Old Claim,
 That to the whole Sex does belong,
 And let Man receive,
 From a second bright Eve,
 The Knowledge of Right and of Wrong.
 But as the first Eve
 Hard Doom did receive,
 When only an Apple had she;
 What a Punishment now
 Must be found out for you,
 Who have tasted, and robb'd the whole Tree?

S O N G 224.

IN Chloe's Frowns I read my Fate,
 Her Eyes bid me despair;
 Each Action shews her rooted Hatred;
 Oh Pain! too great to bear!
 When I in Tears fall at her Feet,
 She'll not one Look afford;
 Nor all the Torments I repeat,
 Can gain one tender Word.
 Since Chloe's Love, alas! I know,
 It is in vain to crave,
 Her Pity must one Word bestow,
 And dying Damon save.
 Ye Lovers happy with the Fair,
 O teach me all your Art,
 That I to Joy may change my Care,
 And gain my Chloe's Heart.

S O N G 225.

IN Chloris all soft Charms agree,
 Delightful Humour, pow'rful Wit,
 Beauty from Affectation free,
 And for eternal Empire fit.
 Where'er she goes, Love waits her Eyes,
 The Women envy, Men adore;
 And wou'd she less the Triumph prize,
 She wou'd deserve the Conquest more.

S O N G

I N Country Quarters still confin'd,
 From Berwick I do write :
 Why can't my Body, like my Mind,
 To Silvia take its Flight ?
 Oh! Silvia! if a Wish could do,
 My Soul should quarter soon with you.
 Fa, la, la, la.

Whilst I stay here, my love-sick Heart,
 With you is left behind :

Alas! why should our Bodies part,
 Since both our Souls are join'd ?

My Body to my Prince is due,
 My Soul its Orders takes from you.

My blooming Hopes of seeing you,
 Are wither'd in their Prime ;

Confin'd to stay for a Review,
 Oh! why was this the Time !

For what's a dull Review to me,
 If Silvia is not there to see ?

When heavy Beat of dull Tattoo,
 Commands the Soldier home,

The Hopes I have to dream on you,
 Gives Musick to the Drum :

Next Morning with the Reveilé,
 I only wake to think on thee.

I N Courts, Ambition kills the Great,
 And Cities strive for needless Gain ;

Some do in Battles meet their Fate,
 But I by Love, by Love am slain :

Phaeton by Thunder, Thunder dy'd,
 Prometheus by the Vultur's Pain ;

This doom'd for Stealth, and that for Pride,
 But I by Love, by Love am slain.

Let noisy desp'rate Fools be brave,
 And build up Trophies to the Sky :

My only Wish, ye Gods, I have,
 When at Clorinda's Feet I die :

Were I like some to Greatness born,
 To Fame and Empire rais'd up high;
 That Fame, that Empire I wou'd scorn,
 And at Clorinda's Feet would die.

S O N G 228.

I N good King Charles's Golden Days,
 When Loyalty had no harm in't,
 A Zealous High Church Man I was,
 And so I got Preferment:
 To teach my Flock I never miss,
 Kings are by God appointed;
 And those are damn'd that do resist,
 And touch the Lord's Anointed.
 And this is Law I will maintain,
 Until my dying Day, Sir,
 That whatsoever King shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.
 When Royal James obtain'd the Throne,
 And Pop'ry came in Fashion,
 The Penal Laws I hooted down,
 And read the Declaration:
 The Church of Rome I found would sit
 Full well my Constitution;
 And had become a Jesuit,
 But for the Revolution.
 And this is Law, &c.
 When William was our King declar'd,
 To ease the Nation's Grievance;
 With this new Wind about I steer'd,
 And swore to him Allegiance:
 Old Principles I did revoke,
 Set Conscience at a Distance;
 Passive-Obedience was a Joke,
 And Pish for Non-resistance.
 And this is Law, &c.
 When Gracious Anne ascends the Throne,
 The Church of England's Glory;
 Another Face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory:

Occasional-Conformists base,
 I damn'd their Moderation,
 And thought the Church in Danger was,
 By such Prevarication.

And this is Law, &c.

When George in Pudding-time came o'er,
 And Moderate-Men look'd big, Sir,
 I turned Cat-in-Pan once more,
 And then became a Whig, Sir;
 And so Preferment I procur'd
 By Our new Faith's Defender;
 And always every Day abjur'd
 The Pope and the Pretender.
 And this is Law, &c.

Th' Illustrious House of Hanover,
 And Protestant Succession,
 To these I do Allegiance swear,
 While they can keep Possession;
 For by my Faith and Loyalty
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful King shall be,
 Until the Times shall alter.

And this is Law I will maintain,
 Until my dying Day, Sir,
 That whatsoever King shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

S O N G 228

In good King Lewis's Land,
 In a City of high Degree,
 There liv'd a Dyer grand,
 And a very good Dyer was he:
 This Dyer was married forsooth,
 And married in truth was he,
 To a Maid in the Bloom of her Youth;
 And she gave him some Jealousy.
 In vain had he sought to discover
 What he little desir'd to see;
 Never dreaming his Wife had a Lover,
 Of Monkey-fac'd Monsieur d' Abba-

Re-

He thought of a politick Way,
 To bring all the Matter to Light,
 By his feigning a Journey one Day,
 And by lying in Ambush at Night.
 The Horses were brought to the Door,
 Ev'ry Sign of a Journey appears ;
 Whilst his Wife (that dissembling Whore)
 Was bedew'd in her Crocodile Tears.
 A thousand Grimaces she made,
 To shew forth her Grief at his Parting :
 But that was the Trick of the Jade,
 And regardless as old Womens Farting.
 The Dyer was now out of Sight,
 And prepar'd to discover the Treason ;
 You will find he was much in the right,
 And I'm going to tell you the Reason.
 The Wife was no sooner alone,
 But she sent for her Father Confessor,
 He put his best Pantaloons on,
 And he ran like the Devil to bless her.
 The Damsel, with Smiles on her Face,
 Met the Abbot, and gave him a Kiss ;
 But no Man would have been in his Place,
 Had he known of the Jerker in Pifs.
 We now may suppose them together,
 Confessing and pressing each other ;
 Bound fast in Love's Thong of Whit-leather,
 Was the reverend Catholick Brother.
 Some Hours were past at this Rate,
 When the Husband, with passe-par-tout Keys,
 Made no Scruple to open his Gate,
 And caught napping the Hog in his Peas.
 Father Abbot, quoth he, (without Passion)
 Is this your Church Way of Confession ?
 Altho' 'tis a Thing much in Fashion,
 It is nevertheless a Transgression.
 The Abbot, as you may believe,
 Had but little to say for himself ;
 He knew well what he ought to receive,
 For his being so errant an Elf :

His Clothes he got on with all Speed,
 And conducted he was by the Dyer,
 To be duck'd (as you after may read)
 And be cool'd from his amorous Fire.

Quoth the Dyer, Most reverend Father,
 Since I find you're so hot upon Wenching,
 I have gather'd my Servants together,
 To give you a Taste of our Drenching,
 Here, — Tom, Harry, Roger, and Dick!
 Take the Abbot, undress him, and douse him,
 They obey'd in that very same Nick,
 To the Dye-vat they take him, and souse him.

To behold what a Figure he made,
 Such a Monster there never was seen;
 'Twas enough to make Satan afraid,
 He was colour'd all over with Green.
 The Dyer had Pleasure enough,
 When he thought how he dy'd him for Life:
 'Twas much better than using him rough,
 Since he only had lain with his Wife.

The Abbot was led to the Door,
 And he took to his Heels in a trice;
 Never looking behind or before;
 It was not a Time to be nice.
 'Tis reported by some of his Neighbours,
 That he did not discover, till Morning,
 The excellent Fruits of his Labours,
 Nor the Colour he had for his Horning.
 But, good lack! when he came to the Glass,
 And beheld such a strange Alteration,
 He was dy'd of the Colour of Grass,
 And had lik'd to have dy'd with Vexation.
 As this Stain can be never got out,
 And the Abbot must lose the Church-sleece,
 Let him bear the Disgrace (like a Lout)
 To be shewn for a Penny a-piece,

S O N G 230.

[N January last, on Munnonday at Morn,
 As I along the Fields did pass to view the Winter's
 Corn.

I looked me behind, and I saw come over the Knough,
Yan glenting in an Apron with a bonny brent Brow.

I bid gud Morrow fair Maid, and she right courteslie
Bekt low and fine; Kind Sir, she said, gud Day again to ye.
I spear'd o' her, Fair Maid, quo' I, how far intend ye now?
Quo' she, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bonny Brow.

Fair Maid, I'm weel contented to have sike Company,
For I am ganging out the Gate that ya intend ta be.

When we had walk'd a Mile or twa, Ize said to her,
My Doe,

May I not dight your Apron fine, and kifs your bonny
Brow?

Nea, gud Sir, you are far misteen, for I am nean o' those;
I hope ya ha more Breeding than to dight a Woman's
Clothes;

For I've a better chosen than any sike as you,
Who boldly may my Apron dight, and kifs ma bonny
Brow.

Na, if ya are contract'd, I have ne mair to say,
Rather than be reject'd, I will give o'er the Play;
And I will chose yan o' me own that shall not on me rew,
Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kifs her bonny Brow.

Sir, Ize see ye are proud-hearted, and leath to be said nay,
You need not tall ha started, for aught that Ize did say;
You know Women for Modestie, ne at the first time boo,
But, gif we like your Company, we are as kind as you.

S O N G 231.

I N Kent so fam'd of Old,
Near by the pleasant Knold,

A Swain a Goddeffs told

An am'reus Story;

Saying, in these jarring Days,

When Kings contend for Bays,

Your Love my Soul does raise

Above its Glory.

My Life, my lovely Dear,

Whilst you are smiling here,

The Plants and Flow'rs appear

Most sweetly charming;

The

The Sun may cease to shine,
And all its Pow'rs resign,
Your Eyes dart Rays divine,
All Nature warming.

Then leaning on her Breast,
He clasp'd her lovely Waist,
With Words endearing prest,
No Thought of harming ;
At which the blushing Maid
Thus, sighing, to him said,
My foolish Heart's betray'd
By Words so charming.

Near by there was a Grove,
A proper Place for Love,
To which this Couple move,
Alike desiring ;

She fell into his Arms,
And said, Take all my Charms,
Love beats his last Alarms,
I'm just expiring.

S O N G 232.

[N London Town there liv'd, well known,

A Doctor old and wary,
A Daughter fair was all his Care,
How to dispose and marry :
This Daughter, she, as all agree,
Was wond'rous neat and pretty :
Ye Parents dear, I pray draw near,
And listen unto my Ditty.

The Doctor bent with full Intent,
A Country 'Squire should have her ;
For he had Pence instead of Sense,
Which gain'd this old Man's Favour ;
The Daughter she would not agree ;
This was no Match for Kitty :
Ye Maidens all, too apt to fall,
Come listen unto my Ditty.

A neighb'ring Spark, a Lawyer's Clerk,
This fair Maid's Heart obtain'd ;
With Love and Truth, the gentle Youth
All her Affections gained :

The Doctor he would not agree,
 Alas! and more the Pity:
 Ye Lovers true, altho' but few,
 Come listen unto my Ditty.

The 'Squire addrest, the Doctor prest,
 But could not bring her over;
 She each defies, and both denies,
 Nor will she lose her Lover:
 The Lover flew, when this he knew,
 And runs away with Kitty:
 Thus soon, my Love, I hope to prove
 The Fact of this my Ditty.

S O N G 233.

I N Love and Life the present use,
 One Hour we grant, the next refuse;
 Who then would risque a nay?
 Were Lovers wise, they would be kind,
 And in our Eyes the Moment find,
 For only then they may.

S O N G 234.

I N my triumphant Chariot hurl'd
 I range around the World:
 'Tis mad Tom drive all before me,
 While to my royal Throne I come;
 Bow down, my Slaves, and adore me,
 Your Sovereign Lord, mad Tom.
 What, though the Sceptre that I bear,
 Is all but Dream and Air?
 I've the Pleasure of Crowns,
 Without the Care.

And tho' I give Law
 From Beds of Straw,
 And dress in a tatter'd Robe;
 The Madman can be
 More a Monarch than he
 That commands the Vassal Globe.

S O N G 235.

I N Phillis all vile Jilts are met,
 Foolish, uncertain, false Coquet.
 Love is her constant welcome Guest,
 And still the newest pleasures best.

Quickly

Quickly she likes, then leaves as soon ;
 Her Life on Woman's a Lampoon.
 Yet for the Plague of human Race,
 This Devil has an Angel's Face ;
 Such Youth, such Sweetness in her Look,
 Who can be Man, and not be took ?
 What former Love, what Wits, what Art,
 Can save a poor inclining Heart ?
 In vain, a thousand times an Hour,
 Reason rebels against her Pow'r.
 In vain I rail, I curse her Charms ;
 One Look my feeble Rage disarms.
 There is Enchantment in her Eyes ;
 Who sees 'em, can no more be wise.

S O N G 236.

I N Pimps and Politicians
 The Genius is the same ;
 Both raise their own Conditions
 On others Guilt and Shame.
 With a Tongue well tipt with Lies,
 Each the want of Parts supplies,
 And with a Heart that's all Disguise,
 Keeps his Schemes unknown.
 Seducing as the Devil,
 They play the Tempter's Part,
 And have, when most they're civil,
 Most Mischief in their Heart.
 Each a secret Commerce drives,
 First corrupts, and then connives,
 And by his Neighbours Vices thrives,
 For they are all his own.

S O N G 237.

I N Richmond's cool Grotto's, reclin'd,
 On a verdant soft mossy Bed ;
 Who wou'd to a Court be confin'd,
 When such Bliss is possess'd in the Shade ?
 The Thames that flows smoothly along,
 A Witness to Lovers sad Pains,
 Inspires their am'rous Song,
 And echo's in Rills to their Strains.

* P 3

Sweet

Sweet warble the Lark and the Thrush,
 In every Field and each Grove;
 The Nightingale too from each Bush,
 Replies to the soft cooing Dove.
 The Zephyrs, that play 'midst the Trees,
 Spread a genial Fragrance around,
 And refresh, with a sweet cooling Breeze,
 The Flow'rs that enamel the Ground.
 The Rustic, polite and refin'd,
 All Nature's vast Pleasures in view;
 New Graces still rise to the Mind,
 And Transports each Hour renew.
 Were Mortals their Stations to choose,
 In lieu of their Paradise lost,
 Each Retreat but this they'd refuse,
 And find it as blest'd as the first.

S O N O 238.

IN Slumber sweet as Venus lay
 Within a fragrant Myrtle Grove,
 Where Odour-breathing Zephyrs play,
 There wily Cupid chane'd to rove.
 Surpris'd, he sees the Goddess there
 Alone, and calmly lull'd to Rest;
 With loosen'd Zone, and golden Hair,
 Soft wav'ring o'er her snowy Breast.
 This Love-creating Zone, he cries,
 Shall now diviner Cart'ret grace,
 Shall give new Lustre to her Eyes,
 And spread new Beauty o'er her Face.
 The Girdle seiz'd, and Cupid flown,
 From Sleep arose the Queen of Love,
 She miss'd her Beauty-giving Zone,
 And sought it, anxious, thro' the Grove.
 This Loss will all my Charms destroy,
 She cries, and O I fear, — my Son,
 To give a fav'rite Female Joy,
 Hath all his Parent's Pow'r undone.

To search him out, she speeds away
 From Place to Place with eager Haste,
 And spies him full of Mirth and Play,
 At beauteous Cart'ret's Toilet plac'd.

The Fair such Charms possess'd before,
 As ne'er in mortal Form were seen,
 The Girdle adds a thousand more,
 By which she rivals Beauty's Queen.

In Cart'ret's Face such Graces smil'd
 The Goddess looks away her Rage,
 I'm pleas'd, she cries, since thus beguil'd,
 To show Perfection to the Age.

S O N G 239.

IN spite of Love, at length I find
 A Mistress that will please me,
 Her Humour free and unconfin'd,
 Both Night and Day she'll ease me;
 No jealous Thoughts disturb my Mind,
 Tho' she's enjoy'd by all Mankind;
 Then drink and never spare it,
 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you, thro' all her naked Charms
 Her little Mouth discover,
 Then take her blushing to your Arms,
 And use her like a Lover;
 Such Liquor she'll distill from thence,
 As will transport your ravish'd Sense;
 Then kiss and never spare it,
 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

But best of all! she has no Tongue,
 Submissive she obeys me;
 She's truly better old than young,
 And still to smiling sways me;
 Her Skin is smooth, Complexion black,
 And has a most delicious Smack;
 Then kiss and never spare it,
 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you her Excellence would taste,
 Be sure you use her kind, Sir;
 Clap your Hands about her Waist,
 And raise her up behind, Sir;

As for her Bottom never doubt,
 Push but home, and you'll find it out ;
 Then drink and never spare it,
 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

S O N G 240.

IN Storms, when Clouds the Moon does hide,
 And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
 Shew me at Sea, the boldest there,
 Who does not wish for Quiet here.

For Quiet (Friend) the Soldier fights,
 Bears weary Marches, sleepless Nights ;
 For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
 Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.

Since Wealth and Pow'r too weak we find,
 To quell the Tumults of the Mind ;
 Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State,
 Drive thence the Cares that round him wait.

Happy the Man with little blest'd,
 Of what his Father left possess'd ;
 No base Desires corrupt his Head,
 No Fears disturb him in his Bed.

*What then in Life, which soon must end,
 Can all our vain Designs intend ?
 From Shore to Shore why should we run,
 When none his tiresome Self can shun ?

For baneful Care will still prevail,
 And overtake us under Sail ;
 'Twill dodge the great Man's Train behind,
 Out-run the Roe, out-fly the Wind.

If then my Soul rejoice To-day,
 Drive far To-morrow's Cares away ;
 In Laughter let them all be drown'd ;
 No perfect Good is to be found.

One Mortal feels Fate's sudden Blow,
 Another's ling'ring Death comes slow ;
 And what of Life they take from thee,
 The Gods may give to punish me.

Thy Portion is a wealthy Stock,
 A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,

Horses and Chariots for thy Ease,
Rich Robes to deck and make thee please.

For me a little Cell I chuse,
Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muse ;
Which soft Content does best adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn.

S O N G 241.

I N the Fields, in Frost and Snows,
Watching late and early,

There I kept my Father's Cows,

There I milk'd 'em early :

Booing here, booing there,

Here a Boo, there a Boo, every where a Boo.

We defy all Care and Strife,

In a charming Country Life.

Then at home amongst the Fowls,

Watching late and early,

There I tend my Father's Owls,

There I feed them early :

Whooping here, whooping there,

Here a Whoo, there a Whoo, every where a Whoo.

We defy all Care, &c.

When the Summer Fleeces Heap,

Watching late and early ;

Then I shear my Father's Sheep,

Then I keep them early :

Baeing here, baeing there,

Here a Bae, there a Bae, every where a Bae,

We defy all Care, &c.

In the Morning, ere 'twas light,

In the Morning early,

There I met with my Delight,

Once he lov'd me dearly :

Wooing here, wooing there,

Here a Woo, there a Woo, every where a Woo.

O ! how free from Care, &c.

Ere the Light came from above,

In the Morning early ;

There I met with my true Love,

There I met him early :

Wooing

Wooing here, wooing there;
 Here a Woo, there a Woo, every where a Woo,
 O! how free from Care, &c.

In the Morn at Six o'Clock,
 In the Morning early,
 There I fed our Turkey Cock,
 There I fed him early:
 Cou, cou, goble, goble, goble:
 Here a Cou, there a Cou, every where a Cou.
 O! how free from Care, &c.

In the Morning near the Fens,
 In the Morning early,
 There I feed my Father's Hens,
 There I feed them early:
 Cackle here, cackle there,
 Here a Cack, there a Cack, every where a Cack,
 O! how free from Care, &c.

In the Morning with good Speed,
 In the Morning early,
 I my Father's Ducks do feed,
 In the Morning early,
 Quacking here, quacking there,
 Here a Quack, there a Quack, every where a Quack,
 O! how free from Care, &c.

In the Morning fair and fine,
 In the Morning early,
 There I feed my Father's Swine,
 There I feed them early:
 Grunting here, grunting there,
 Here a Grunt, there a Grunt, every where a Grunt.
 O! how free from Care and Strife
 Is a pleasant Country Life.

S O N G 242.

I N the pleasant Month of May,
 When the merry, merry Birds began to sing,
 And the Blossoms fresh and gay
 Usher'd in the welcome Spring;
 When the long cold Winter's gone,
 And the bright enticing Moon,
 In the Evening sweetly shone:

When

When the bonny Men and Maids tript it on the Grass ;
 At a jolly Country Fair,
 When the Nymphs in their best appear ;
 We resolv'd to be free, with a Fiddle and a She,
 E'ry Shepherd and his Lads.

In the middle of the Sport,
 When the Fiddle went brisk, and the Glass went
 round,

And the pretty gay Nymphs for Court,
 With their merry Feet beat the Ground ;
 Little Cupid arm'd unseen,
 With a Bow and Dart stole in,
 With a conqu'ring Air and Mien,
 And empty'd his Bow thro' the Nymphs and Swains ;
 E'ry Shepherd and his Mate
 Soon felt their pleasing Fate,
 And longing to try in Enjoyment to die,
 Love reign'd o'er all the Plains.

Now the sighing Swains gave o'er,
 And the weary'd Nymphs could dance no more ;
 There were other Thoughts that mov'd
 Ev'ry pretty kind Pair that lov'd :

In the Woods the Shepherds lay,
 And mourn'd the Time away,
 And the Nymphs, as well as they,
 Long'd to taste what it is that their Senses cloy ;
 Till at last by Consent of Eyes,
 Ev'ry Swain with his pretty Nymph flies,
 Ev'ry buxom She retires with her He,
 To act Love's solid Joys.

S O N G 243.

[N these strong Dominions here,
 Like a King I live and reign,
 Have no foreign Foes to fear,
 Nor rich Subjects to complain.
 These my Pris'ners are my Slaves,
 Who obey my Laws and Rules ;
 Wealthy Dealers think them Knaves,
 But, alas, they're honest Fools.

Here

Here I keep them close confin'd,
 Tax and see them as I please,
 Money only makes me kind,
 Bribery's my lawful Fees,
 I have artful sundry Ways,
 To torment the Bold and Stout ;
 But the Wretch, that freely pays,
 May be as easy in as out.

Why should Mortals think us base,
 For extorting double Fees,
 Since each Jaylor buys his Place
 At what Price his Bidders please.
 Were the Purchase-Money low,
 Wonders might perhaps be seen ;
 And we Rogues may honest grow,
 As the Saints who put us in.

Since like Monsters in the Sea,
 Great ones do the less devour ;
 Why should not such Wolves as we
 Prey on those within our Power ?
 What we do from others drain,
 Greater Bites new Ways have found,
 To extort from us again,
 So the sharpening World goes round.

S O N G 244.

IN this Grove my Strephon walk'd,
 Here he lov'd, and there he talk'd,
 Here he lov'd, &c.

In this Place his Loss I prove,
 A sad Remembrance of our Love ;
 Oh ! sad Remembrance of our Love.

In this Grove my Strephon stay'd,
 Here he smil'd, and there betray'd ;
 Here he smil'd, &c.

Every whisp'ring Breeze can tell,
 How I, poor I, believing, fell ;
 Ah ! by too soon believing, fell.

By this Stream my Strephon mov'd,
 Here he sung, and there he lov'd ;
 Here he sung, &c.

Every Stream and every Tree
 Cries out, Perfidious cruel he!
 And helpless poor forsaken she!
 On this Bank my Strephon lean'd,
 A lovely Foe, but faithless Friend;
 A lovely Foe, &c.
 Ye verdant Banks, each Stream and Grove,
 Once joyous Scenes, now dismal prove,
 Since Strephon's false to me and Love.

S O N G 245.

IN Town of Warwickshire,
 Fam'd for Godina's Praise,
 I to a comely Fair,
 One grateful Song wou'd raise:
 Genteel, of Temper sweet,
 Of Courtesy the Cream,
 Agreeably discreet,
 And Patty is her Name,
 More Wit than Woman's Share,
 Yet innocently gay;
 And from all Scandal clear,
 That ancient Friend of Tea.
 Nor stiff, nor full of Airs;
 Nor formal, nor yet rude;
 Without Offence she steers,
 Betwixt Coquet and Prude.

Such cheerful Influence,
 Darts from her laughing Eyes,
 As Phœbus does dispense
 His Thetis at his Rife.
 May all his whiter Hours
 Be to her Wishes kind,
 And grant, ye rural Pow'rs,
 A Shepherd to her Mind.

S O N G 245.

IN Tyburn-Road a Man there liv'd,
 A just and honest Life,
 And there he might have lived still,
 If so had pleas'd his Wife.

But she, to vicious Ways inclin'd,
 A Life most wicked led,
 With Taylors and with Tinkers too,
 She oft defil'd his Bed.

Full twice a-day to Church he went,
 And so devout would be,
 Sure never was a Saint on Earth,
 If that no Saint was he.

This vex'd his Wife unto the Heart,
 She was of Wrath so full,
 That finding no Hole in his Coat,
 She pick'd one in his Skull.

But then her Heart 'gan to relent,
 And griev'd she was full sore,
 That Quarter to him for to give,
 She cut him into Four.

All in the dark and dead of Night,
 These Quarters she convey'd,
 And in a Ditch at Marybone,
 His Marrow-bones she laid.

His Head at Westminster she threw
 All in the Thames so wide;
 Says she, my Dear, the Wind sets fair,
 And you may have the Tide.

But Heav'n, whose Pow'r no Limit knows,
 On Earth, or on the Main,
 Soon caus'd this Head for to be thrown
 Upon the Land again.

This Head being found, the Justices
 Their Heads together laid,
 And all agreed there must have been
 Some Body to this Head.

But since no Body could be found,
 High mounted on a Shelf,
 They e'en set up this Head to be
 A Witness for itself.

Next, that it no Self-murder was,
 The Case itself explains,
 For no Man could cut off his Head,
 And throw it in the Thames,

E'er many Days had gone and past,
 The Deed at length was known;
 And Kath'rine she confess'd at last,
 The Fact to be her own.
 God prosper long our noble King,
 Our Lives and Safeties all,
 And grant that we may take Advice
 By Kath'rine Hays's Fall.

S O N G 247.

[N vain a thousand Slaves have try'd
 To overcome Clarinda's Pride:
 Pity pleading,
 Love persuading,
 When her icy Heart is thaw'd,
 Honour chides, and straight she's aw'd.
 Foolish Creature,
 Follow Nature,
 Waste not thus your Prime;
 Youth's a Treasure,
 Love's a Pleasure,
 Both destroy'd by Time.

S O N G 248.

[N vain by Parallels you strive;
 Panthæa's Eyes to praise;
 Perfection, which we can't conceive,
 It self alone displays.
 Gaze on them only, if you'd know
 What dazling Rays they dart;
 But if what piercing Darts they throw,
 Then view my wounded Heart.

S O N G 249.

[N vain, Clymene, you bestow
 The promis'd Empire of your Heart;
 If you refuse to let me know
 The wealthy Charms of ev'ry Part.
 My Passion with your Kindness grew,
 Tho' Beauty gavè the first Desire:
 But Beauty only to pursue,
 Is following a wand'ring Fire.

As Hills in Perspective suppress
 The free Enquiry of the Sight;
 Restraint makes every Pleasure less,
 And takes from Love the full Delight.
 Faint Kisses may in Part supply
 Those eager Longings of my Soul;
 But oh! I'm lost, if you deny
 A quick Possession of the Whole.

S O N G 256.

IN vain, dear Chloe, you suggest,
 That I, inconstant, have possess'd,
 Or lov'd a fairer She:
 Wou'd you with Ease at once be cur'd
 Of all the Ills you've long endur'd,
 Consult your Glass and me.
 If then you think, that I can find
 A Nymph more fair, or one more kind,
 You've Reason for your Fears;
 But if impartial you will prove
 To your own Beauty, and my Love,
 How needless are your Tears!
 If in my Way I should, by chance,
 Give, or receive a Wanton Glance,
 I like but while I view:
 How slight the Glance, how faint the Kiss,
 Compar'd to that substantial Bliss,
 Which I receive from you!
 With wanton Flight the curious Bee
 From Flow'r to Flow'r still wanders free,
 And where each Blossom blows,
 Extract the Juice from all he meets;
 But for his Quintessence of Sweet's,
 He ravishes the Rose.
 So I, my Fancy to employ,
 In each Variety of Joy,
 From Nymph to Nymph do roam;
 Perhaps see fifty in a Day;
 They're all but Visits which I pay,
 For Chloe's still my Home.

S O N G 251.

[N vain, fond Youth; thy Tears give o'er;
 What more, alas! can Flavia do?
 Thy Truth I own, thy Fate deplore:
 All are not happy that are true.

Suppress those Sighs, and weep no more;
 Should Heav'n and Earth with thee combine,
 'Twere all in vain, since any Pow'r,
 To crown thy Love, must alter mine.

But if Revenge can ease thy Pain,
 I'll sooth the Ills I cannot cure;
 Tell that I drag a hopeless Chain,
 And all that I inflict endure.

S O N G 252.

[N vain poor Damon prostrate lies,
 And humbly trembles at my Feet,
 While pleading Looks, and begging Sighs,
 With moving Eloquence entreat.

Pity persuades my trembling Breast,
 That Pains so great should be redrest.

But some strong Whisper intercedes,
 And tells me I must let him wait,
 And make him seal restrictive Deeds,
 Ere I admit him to my State.

Women should triumph whilst they can,
 Since Marriage makes them Slaves to Man.

S O N G 253.

[N vain she frowns, in vain she tries
 The Darts of her disdainful Eyes;
 She still is charming, still is fair,
 And I must love, tho' I despair:
 Nor can I of my Fate complain, or her Disdain:
 Who would not die to be so sweetly slain?

Like those who Magic Spells employ,
 At Distance would, and close destroy;
 She kills with her severe Disdain;
 And absent I endure the Pain:
 But spare, O spare your cruel Art! the fatal Dart
 Save your own Image in your Lover's Heart.

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S O N G 254.

I N vain's the Force of female Arms,
In vain their offer'd Love,
Their Smiles, their Airs, not all their Charms,
My Passion can remove;
For all that's fair and good I find
In Chloe's Form, in Chloe's Mind,
Let Cælia all her Wit display
That glitters while it kills,
My Heart disdains the feeble Ray,
Nor Light nor Heat it feels:
For all that's bright and gay I find
In Chloe's Form, in Chloe's Mind.
Fair Flavia shines in Gems of Gold,
And uses all her Arts;
Not richest Chains my Heart can hold,
Unpierc'd by Diamond Darts:
For all that's rich and fair I find
In Chloe's Form, in Chloe's Mind.
These Notes, sweet Myra, now give o'er,
They once had Pow'r to wound;
When Chloe speaks, they are no more,
But mix with common Sound:
All Grace, all Harmony I find
In Chloe's Form, in Chloe's Mind.

S O N G 255.

I N vain you sable Weeds put on,
Clouds cannot long eclipse the Sun;
Nature has plac'd you in a Sphere,
To give us Day-light all the Year:
'Tis well for those
Of Cupid's Foes,
That your Charms thus shrouded lie:
For when that Night
Puts on the Light,
What Crowds of martyr'd Slaves will die!

S O N G 256.

I N vain you tell your parting Lover,
You wish fair Winds may waft him over;
Alas! what Winds can happy prove
That bear me far from what I love?

Alas!

Alas! what Dangers on the Main
Can equal those that I sustain
From slighted Vows and cold Disdain?

Be gentle, and in Pity chuse
To wish the wildest Tempest loose,
That, thrown again upon the Coast
Where first my shipwreck'd Heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my Pain,
Once more in dying Notes complain
Of slighted Vows and cold Disdain.

S O N G 257.

IN Winter when the Rain rain'd cauld,
And Frost and Snaw on ilka Hill,
And Boreas, with his Blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our Ky to kill:
Then Bell my Wife, wha loves nae Strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, Goodman, save Cromie's Life,
And tauk your auld Cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an useful Cow,
And she is come of a good Kynie;
Aft has she wet the Bairn's Mow,
And I am laith that she should tyne;
Get up, Goodman, it is fou Time,
The Sun shines in the Lift sae hit;
Sloth never made a gracious Etid,
Go tak your auld Cloak about ye.

My Cloak was anes a good gray Cloak,
When it was fitting for my Wear;
But now it's scantily worth a Great,
For I have worn't this thirty Year;
Let's spend the Gear that we have won,
We little ken the Day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To have a new Cloak about me.

In Days when our King Robert rang,
His Trews they cost but half a Crown;
He said they were a Great o'er dear,
And call'd the Taylor Thief and Loun.

He was the King that a Crown,
 And thou the Man of laigh Degree :
 'Tis Pride puts a' the Country down,
 Sae talk thy auld Cloak about thee.
 Every Land has its ain Laugh,
 Ilk kind of Corn it has its Hool ;
 I think the Warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka Wife her Man wad rule ;
 Do ye not see, Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hurklen in the Ase ;
 I'll have a new Cloak about me.
 Goodman, I wate 'tis thirty Years,
 Since we did ane anither ken ;
 And we have had between us twa,
 Of Lads and bonny Lassies ten :
 Now they are Women grown and Men,
 I wish and pray well may they be ;
 And if you prove a good Husband,
 E'en tak your auld Cloak about ye.
 Bell, my Wife, she loves na Strife ;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an esy Life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm Goodmap
 Nought's to be won at Woman's Hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the Plea ;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld Cloak about me.

S O N G 258.

I N yonder Town there wons a May,
 Snack and perfyte as can be ony,
 She is sae jimp, sae gamp, sae gay,
 Sae capernoytie, and sae bonny :
 She has been woo'd and loo'd by Mony,
 But she was very ill to win ;
 She wadna hae him except he were bonny :
 Tho' he were ne'er sae noble a kin.
 Her bonnynefs has been foreseen
 In ilka Town baith far and near,
 And when she kirns her minny's kirm
 She rubs her Face till it grows clear ;

Bot

But when her minny she did perceive

Sic great inlack amang the Butter,
Shame fa' that filthy Face of thine,

'Tis crish that gars your grunzie glitter.

There's Dunkyson, Davyson, Robie Carniel,
The Lais with the Petticoat dances right well,
Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrom, Stony,
Ann ye dance ony mair, we'se tell mels Johnny.

S O N G 259.

[Ingrateful Love ! thus every Hour,

To punish me by her Disdain ;

You tyrannize, to shew your Pow'r ;

And she, to triumph in my Pain.

You, who can laugh at human Woes,

And Victims to her Pride decree,

On me, your yielding Slave, impose

Your Chains ; but leave the Rebel free.

How fatal are your poison'd Darts !

Her conqu'ring Eyes the Trophies boast,

Whilst you insnare poor Wandring Hearts,

That in her Charms and Scorn are lost.

Impious and cruel ! You deny

A Death to ease me of my Care ;

Which she delays, to make me try

The Force of Beauty and Despair.

S O N G 260.

N Y M P H.

[Njurious Charmer of my vanquish'd Heart,

Canst thou feel Love, and yet no Pity know ;

Since, of my self, from thee I cannot part,

Invent some gentle Way to let me go :

For what with Joy thou did'st obtain,

And I with more did give,

In Time will make thee false and vain,

And me unfit to live.

S H E P H E R D.

Frail Angel, that would'st leave a Heart forlorn ;

With vain Pretence, Falshood therein might lie :

Seek not to cast wild Shadows o'er thy Scorn,

You cannot sooner change than I can die.

To

To tedious Life I'll never fall,
 Thrown from thy dear-lov'd Breast;
 He merits not to live at all,
 Who cares to live unblest.

C H O R U S.

Then let our flaming Hearts be join'd,
 While in that sacred Fire,
 Ere thou prove false, or I unkind,
 Together both expire.

S O N G 261.

I Nspir'd by Int'rest, Passions, or Whims,
 What one calls Meat, t'other Poison esteems:
 How Fancies, like Faces, various prove:
 If Sons of Bacchus so oft disagree
 In Choice of Liquors, then why may not we
 Have divers and sundry Objects of Love.
 A free-born Briton, each Män may delight,
 As pleases him most, in Jokes black or white;

But, like a dull Jest,
 To me are the rest,
 In Country and Town,
 Compar'd with the brown,

The nut-brown that might captive a Jove.
 If Virtue the middlemost Station claims,
 And Danger lies most in distant Extreäms,
 How safe, how charming then is my Choice?
 The nut-brown Joke, not a Saturn, nor Sol,
 Invites my Senses and raptures my Soul;
 The temp'rate Zone! a Canaan of Joys!
 To all other Jokes for ever adieu;
 The brown that conquers can keep me true.

How sweet is the Yoke
 To a nut-bröwn Joke!
 To Bounds such as this,
 Confinement's a Bliss;

And all other earthly Manna cloy.
 Nor Splendour of Courts, nor warlike Alarms,
 Affect me in my Florella's Arms,
 Or make Impressions in my Mind.

I'll laugh at ev'ry rival Fair,
 At Fortune, at Fame, and anxious Care,
 While my Florella's true and kind.
 No Magick has so mighty a Force,
 Both Person and Heart, for better and worse,
 In a Circle to lock,
 As her nut-brown Joke,
 Where Ages are lost,
 And Pleasures engroft;
 Where Soul and Sense their Paradise find.

S O N G 262.

I Nsult no longer, cruel Fair !
 A Wretch destroy'd by your Disdain ;
 Who can, alas ! no longer bear
 The racking Torment of Despair,
 But dies to end an hopeless Pain.
 One gentle Look of Pity give,
 And he contented will expire,
 Without one murm'ring Groan receive
 His destin'd Fate, nor wish to live
 Abandon'd to a vain Desire.
 Since You his Passion can't approve,
 Nor He, without your Favour, live ;
 Let Death your Prejudice remove,
 Compassionate this fatal Love,
 And his unhappy Crime forgive.
 But when some more successful Slave
 Shall not (in vain) for Mercy sue ;
 Remember Strephon in the Grave,
 And let his mould'ring Ashes crave
 One Tear, who wept so much for you.

S O N G 263.

Jockey and Jenny together were laid,
 Jockey was happy, and so was the Maid :
 He often did sigh, and cry, Jenny, with thee,
 My Life, tho' in Bondage, would seem to be free.
 Jenny, who greatly for Jockey did burn,
 Would Sigh to his Sigh, and kind Language return :
 There's no Pair so happy, so much of one Mind,
 As Jockey to Jenny, so Jenny's inclin'd,

Content with each other, in humble Retreat,
 They court not new Beauties, nor envy the Great;
 He'll not quit his Nymph, nor the Nymph quit her Swain,
 For Pleasures yet thought of, or Riches to gain.

Come all you gay Courtiers, who Greatness admire,
 And shine in gilt Coaches with pompous Attire,
 Regard the true Pleasure this Couple enjoy,
 For Pleasures with Jockey and Jenny ne'er cloy.

While you quit your Sylvia for Chloë's bright Eyes,
 Let Aminta pursue, you fair Chloë despise;
 When one Nymph's undone, you another undo,
 And rambling, the Fair does the same Thing by you:

'Till Nature grows weary, decrepid, and poor,
 Not aged, but quite has exhausted her Store:
 'Tis Jockey and Jenny enjoy the true Taste;
 Be constant, like them, and your Pleasures will last.

S O N G 264.

Jockey's fou, Jenny fain,

Jenny was nae ill to gain;

She was courtly, he was kind,
 And thus the Wooer tell'd his Mind.

Jenny I'll nae mair be nice,

Gi'e me Love at ony Price;
 I winna prig for Red or Whyt,
 Love alone mun gi'e Delit.

Others seek they kenna what,

In Looks, in Carriage, and a' that;

Give me Love, for her I court:

Love in Love makes a' the Sport.

Colours mingled unco fine,

Common Motives sang finlyne,

Never can engage my Love,

Until my Fancy first approve.

It is na Meat but Appetite

That makes our eating a Delit;

Beauty is at best Deceit;

Fancy only kenns a' the Ghost.

S O N G 265.

Jockie met with Jenny fair
Aft by the Dawning of the Day ;

But Jockie now is fu' of Care,
Since Jenny staw his Heart away :

Altho' she promis'd to be true,
She proven has, alake ! unkind,

Which gars poor Jockie often rue,
That e'er he loo'd a fickle Mind,

And it's o'er the Hills and far away,
It's o'er the Hills and far away,

It's o'er the Hills and far away,
The Wind has blawn my Blaid away.

Now Jockie was a bonny Lad,
As e'er was born in Scotland fair ;

But now, poor Man, he's e'en gane wood,
Since Jenny has gart him despair.

Young Jocky was a Piper's Son,
And fell in Love when he was young ;

But a' the Springs that he could play,
Was o'er the Hills and far away.

And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

He sung --- When first my Jenny's Face
I saw, she seem'd so fu' of Grace,

With meikle Joy my Heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas ! with Sorrow kill'd ;

Oh ! was she but as true as fair,

'Twad put an End to my Despair.

Instead of that, she is unkind,

And wavers like the Winter Wind.

And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

Ah ! could she find the dismal Wae,

That for her Sake I undergae,

She coudna chuse but grant Relief,

And put an End to a' my Grief ;

But oh ! she is as fause as fair,

Which causes a' my Sighs and Care ;

But she triumphs in proud Disdain,

And takes a Pleasure in my Pain.

And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

* R

Hard

Hard was my Hap to fa' in Love
 With ane that does sae faithless prove;
 Hard was my Fate to court a Maid
 That has my constant Heart betray'd:
 A Thousand Times to me she sware,
 She wou'd be true for evermair;
 But to my Grief, alake! I lay,
 She staw my Heart, and ran away.

And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

Since that she will nae Pity take,
 I mun gae wander for her Sake,
 And in ilk Wood and gloomy Grove,
 I'll fighting sing, adieu to Love;

Since she is fause whom I adore,

I'll never trust a Woman more;

Fra' a' their Charms I'll flee away,

And on my Pipe I'll sweetly play,

O'er the Hills and Dales, and far away.

Out o'er the Hills, and far away,

Out o'er the Hills, and far away,

The Wind has blawn my Plaid away.

S O N G 266.

Jockie said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't?

Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my Tocher-good;

For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee.

E'ens ye like, quo' Johnny, ye may let be.

I ha' Gowd and Gear, I ha' Land enough,

I ha' seven good Owsen ganging in a Pleugh,

Ganging in a Pleugh, and linking o'er the Lee,

And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I ha' a good Ha'-House, a Barn and a Byer,

A Stack afore the Door, I'll make a rantin Fire;

I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry shall we be,

And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to Jockie, gin ye winna tell,

Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass my self.

Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Lassie free,

Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be.

S O N G

SONG 267.

Jockie was a dowdy Lad,
 And Jemmie for a thorny
 They my Heart no Captive made,
 For that was Prize to Sawnie.
 Jockie woes, and sighs and fears,
 And Jemmie offers Money;
 Weel I see they both love me,
 But I love only Sawnie.
 Jockie high this Voice can raise,
 And Jemmie tunes the Viol;
 But when Sawnie pipes Sweet Lays,
 My Heart kens no Denial.
 One, he sings, and t'other's Strings,
 Tho' sweet, yet only tease me:
 Sawnie's Flute can only do't,
 And pipe a Tune to please me.

SONG 268.

Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses,
 Noble Deeds are done by Wine;
 Scorn the Nymph and all her Graces,
 Who'd for Love or Beauty pine?
 Look within the Bowl that's flowing,
 And a thousand Charms you'll find,
 More than Phillis has, tho' going
 In a Moment to be kind.
 Alexander hated Thinking,
 Drank about at Council-board;
 He subdu'd the World by Drinking,
 More than by his conqu'ring Sword.

SONG 269.

Jolly Roger, Twangdillo of Plowden-Hill,
 In Cheff had two thousand good Pound,
 Fat Oxen and Sheep, and a Barn well fill'd,
 And a hundred good Acres of Ground;
 Which made ev'ry Maiden with Maidenhead laden,
 And Widows tho' just set free,
 To wrangle and fret, and pomp up their Wit
 To train to the Net, Twangdillo, Twangdee.

The first that brist' Ice was a Lais had been
 Born of a good House, but decay'd ;
 Her Gown was new dy'd, and her Nightrail clean,
 And to sing and talk French had been bred ;
 She'd dance Northern Nancy,
 And, Parlez vous Francois ?
 That Hodge might her Breeding see ;
 She'd roll her black Eye,
 Breathe short with a Sigh,
 Whene'er she came nigh Twangdillo, Twang, &c.
 The next was a Sempstress of Stature low,
 That fancy'd she wanted a Malt ;
 Her Hair as black as an Autumn Sloe,
 And hard as a Coach-Horse's Tail :
 She'd ogle and wheedle,
 And prick with her Needle ;
 What d'ye lack ? what d'ye buy ? cry'd she ;
 But now her brisk Tone
 Is chang'd to a Groan,
 Ah ! Pity my Moan, Twangdillo, Twang, &c.
 A musty old Chambermaid, lean and tall,
 The next as a Suitor appears ;
 With a Tongue loud and shrill, but no Teeth at all,
 For Time had drawn them many Years ;
 Cast Gowns, and such Lumber,
 Old Smocks without Number,
 She bragg'd should her Dowry be :
 Forty Pair of lac'd Shoes,
 Ribbons Green, Red, and Blues ?
 But all wou'd not noose Twangdillo, &c.
 The next was a Lais of a Popish Strain,
 That Jesuit Whims had been taught ;
 She bragg'd they should soon have King J---s again,
 Tho' her Spouse was late hang'd for the Plot ;
 The French wou'd come over,
 And land here at Dover,
 And all as they wish'd would be ;
 The Jacobite Jade
 Talk'd as if she was mad,
 In hopes to have had Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

A Vintner's fat Widow then straight was view'd,
 Whose Cuckold had pick'd up some Pelf;
 He had kill'd half his Neighbours with Wine he'd brew'd,
 And lately had poison'd himself.

With Bumpers of Claret,
 No Soufe paying for it,
 She'd Roger's Companion be;
 Strike Fift on the Board,
 Huzza was the Word,
 Come kiss me, ador'd Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

But Roger resolv'd not to be her Man,
 And so gave a Loofe to the next,
 The Niece of a canting blear-ey'd Non-con,
 That stily cou'd canvass a Text.

A Dame of Cheapfide too,
 Wou'd fain be his Bride too,
 And make him of London free;
 But no La's wou'd down,
 In Country or Town,

So Purse-proud was grown Twangdillo, &c.
 Till at last pretty Nancy, a Farmer's Joy,

That newly a milking had been;
 Round-fac'd, cherry-cheek'd, with a smirking Eye,
 Came tripping it over the Green:

She mov'd like a Goddess,
 And in her lac'd Bodice

A Span she wou'd hardly be;

Her Lips were plump grown,

And her Hair a dark Brown;

'Twas she that brought down Twangdillo, &c.

SONG 270.

Jolly Souls that are gen'rous and free,
 And true Vot'ries to Bacchus will be,
 To great Bacchus' Shrine let's repair,
 And a Bottle or two offer there.

CHORUS.

Exempt from Excise, our Joys higher rise,
 Still Drinking, ne'er thinking of what is to pay;
 Our Bottle at Night gives us Joy and Delight,
 And drowns all the drowsy Fatigues of the Day.

Let the gripping old Usurer pine,
 Let the Lover call Phillis divine,
 Let each Man what he fancies command,
 My Delight's in my Bottle and Friend.

Exempt from, &c.

O what Joy from the Bottle there springs,
 It can make us greater than Kings;
 If our Spirits by Grief are oppress'd,
 Wine alone can procure us some Rest.

Exempt from, &c.

Great Influence has Wine over Love,
 And the Coy can make kinder to prove;
 Tho' the Nymph very slighting denies,
 It discovers the Truth in her Eyes.

Exempt from, &c.

It can make us all Heroes in brief,
 And the Wretched forget all his Grief;
 It inspires the Gallant and Brave,
 And Freedom can give to the Slave.

Exempt from, &c.

S O N G 271

JOY to great Caesar,
 Long Life, Love and Pleasure,
 'Tis a Health that divine is;
 Fill your Glass full as mine is:
 Let none fear a Fever,
 But take it off thus, Boys;
 Let the King live for ever,
 'Tis no Matter for us, Boys.

Try all the Loyal,

Defy all, give Denial,

Sure none thinks his Glass too big here,
 Nor any Prig here,
 Or sneaking Whig here
 Of Cripple Tony's Crew,
 That now looks blue,
 His Heart akes too,
 The Tap won't do,
 His Zeal so true,
 And Projects new,

All Fate does now pursue,

Ect

Let Tories guard the King,
 Let Whigs in Halter swing,
 Let Pirk and Shute be sham'd;
 Let bugg'ring Oates be damn'd;
 Let cheating Play'rs be nick'd,
 The Turn-coat Scribe be kick'd,
 Let Rebel City Dones
 Ne'er beget their Sons,
 Let every Whiggish Pees
 That rapes a Lady fair,
 And leaves his only Dear
 The Sheets to gnaw and tear,
 Be punish'd out of Hand,
 And forc'd to pawn his hand,
 T'attone the grand Affair.

Great Charles, like Jehovah,
 Spares Foes would unking him,
 And warm with his Graces
 The Vipers that sting him.
 Till crown'd with just Anger
 The Rebel he seizes;
 Thus Heaven can thunder
 Whenever it pleases.

Then to the Duke fill up the Glass,
 The Son of our Martyr, belov'd of the King:
 Envy'd and lov'd,
 Yet blest'd from above,
 Secur'd by an Angel safe under his Wing.
 Faction and Folly,
 And State Melancholy,
 With Tony in Whigland for ever shall dwell;
 Let Wit, Wine, and Beauty
 Then teach us our Duty,
 For none e'er can love, or be wise, and rebel.

S O N G 272.

JOY to the Bridegroom! fill the Sky
 With pleasing Sounds of welcome Joy:
 Joy to the Bride, may lasting Bliss,
 And every Day still prove like this.
 Never were Marriage Joys Divine,
 But where two constant Hearts combine;

He

He that proves false, himself doth cheat,
Like sick Men tastes, but cannot eat.

What is a Maidenhead? ah what?
Of which weak Fools so often prate?
'Tis the young Virgin's Pride and Boast,
Yet never was found but when 'twas lost.

Fill me a Glas then to the Brink,
And its Confusion here I'll drink;
And he that baulks the Health I nam'd,
May he die young, and then be blam'd,

S O N G 273.

IRIS on a Bank of Thyme,
With a Sigh, and weeping Eye,
Said to lovely Celamine,

Let no Men your Heart surprize,
Men are all compos'd of Lies.

Tho' a thousand Oaths they swear,
And as many Vows repeat;

All they swear, is common Air,
All they promise, but Deceit:

Man was never constant yet,

Wisely then preserve your Heart
From the Tyranny of Fate;

For only they can set their Past,
When Love has its Return of Fate;

Then Repentance comes too late.

S O N G 274.

IRIS, your lovely fatal Eyes
Command such pow'rful Darts,

No Wonder if you one despise,

To wound a thousand Hearts.

But could you guess the vast Delight

To constant Lovers known,

You would your thousand Conquests slight,

And rule my Heart alone.

S O N G

S O N G 275.

[S Hamilla then my own ?

O! the dear, the charming Treasure!

Fortune now in vain shall frown;

All my future Life is Pleasure.

See how rich, with youthful Grace,

Beauty warms her ev'ry Feature;

Smiling Heaven is in her Face,

All is gay, and all is Nature.

See what mingling Charms arise,

Rosy Smiles and kindling Blushes;

Love sits laughing in her Eyes,

And betrays her secret Wishes.

Haste then from th' Idalian Grove,

Infant Smiles, and Sports and Graces:

Spread the downy Couch for Love,

And lull us in your sweet Embraces.

Softest Raptures, pure from Noise,

This fair, happy Night surround us:

While a thousand sprightly Joys

Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unfour'd with Care, or Strife,

Heaven still guard this dearest Blessing!

While we tread the Path of Life,

Loving still, and still possessing.

S O N G 276.

[S there a Charm, ye Pow'rs above,

To ease a wounded Breast?

Thro' Reason's Glass to look at Love,

To wish and yet to rest.

Let Wisdom boast, 'tis all in vain,

An Empire o'er the Mind;

'Tis Beauty, Beauty holds the Chain,

And triumphs o'er Mankind.

Thrice happy Birds, who on the Spray

Unartful Notes prolong:

Your feather'd Mates reward the Lay,

And yield to pow'rful Song.

By

By Nature fierce, without controul,
 The human Savage ran ;
 'Till Verse refin'd the stubborn Soul,
 And civilized the Man.

Verse turns aside the Tyrant's rage,
 And cheers the drooping Slave ;
 It wins a Smile from hoary Age,
 And disappoints the Grave.

The Force of Numbers must succeed,
 And sooth each other Ear ;
 Tho' my fond Cause should Phœbus plead,
 He'll find a Daphne here.

Did Heav'n such wond'rous Gifts produce,
 To curse our wretched Race ;
 Say, must we all the Heart accuse,
 And yet approve the Face ?

Thus in the Sun, bedrop'd with Gold,
 The basking Adder lies ;
 The Swain admires each shining Fold,
 Is charm'd, is stung, and dies.

S O N G 277.

IT is not, Cælia, in our Pow'r
 To say how long our Love will last ;
 It may be we, within this Hour,
 May lose those Joys we now do taste :
 The Blessed that immortal be,
 From Change of Love are only free.

Then, since we mortal Lovers are,
 Ask not how long our Love will last ;
 But while it does, let us take care
 Each Minute be with Pleasure past ;
 Were it not Madness to deny
 To live, because we're sure to die.

Fear not, tho' Love and Beauty fail,
 My Reason shall my Heart direct ;
 Your Kindness now shall then prevail,
 And Passion turn into Respect ;
 Cælia, at worst, you'll in the End
 But change a Lover for a Friend.

S O N G

S. O N G 278.

[T is not that I love you less
 Than when before your Feet I lay;
 But to prevent the sad Encrease,
 Of hopeless Love, I keep away,
 In vain (alas!) for every Thing,
 Which I have known belong to you,
 Your Form does to my Fancy bring,
 And makes my old Wounds bleed anew.
 Who, in the Spring from the new Sun,
 Already has a Fever got,
 Too late begins those Shafts to shun,
 Which Phœbus thro' his Veins has shot.
 Too late he would the Pain assuage,
 And to thick Shadows does retire;
 About with him he bears the Rage,
 And in his tainted Blood the Fire.
 But vow'd I have, and never must
 Your banish'd Servant trouble you;
 For if I break, you may mistrust
 The Vow I made to love you too.

S. O N G 279.

[T was in and about the Martinmas Time,
 When the green Leaves were a falling,
 That Sir John Graeme in the west Country
 Fell in Love with Barbara Allan.
 He sent his Man down through the Town,
 To the Place where she was dwelling,
 O haste and come to my Master Dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.
 O hooley, hooley rose she up,
 To the Place where she was lying,
 And when she drew the Curtain by,
 Young Man, I think you're dying.
 O it's I'm sick, and very very sick,
 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.
 O the better for me ye's never be,
 Tho' your Heart's Blood were a spilling.

O dinna ye mind, young Man, said she,
 When ye was in the Tavern a drinking,
 That ye made the Healths gae round and round,
 And slighted Barbara Allan.

He turn'd his Face unto the Wall,
 And Death was with him dealing ;
 Adieu, adieu, my dear Friends all,
 And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him ;
 And sighing, said, she could not stay,
 Since Death of Life had rest him.

She had not gane a Mile but twa,
 When she heard the Dead-bell ringing,
 And every Jow that the Dead-bell geid,
 It cry'd, Woe to Barbara Allan.

O Mother, Mother, make my Bed,
 O make it fast and narrow,
 Since my Love died for me to Day,
 I'll die for him the morrow.

S O N G 280.

IT was the charming Month of May,
 When all the Flow'rs were fresh and gay,
 One Morning by the Break of Day,
 Sweet Chloe, chaste, and fair,
 From peaceful Slumbers she arose,
 Girt on her Mantle and her Hose,
 And o'er the flow'ry Mead she goes,
 To breathe a purer Air.

Her looks so sweet, so gay her Mien,
 Her handsome Shape, and Dress so clean,
 She look'd all o'er like Beauty's Queen,
 Drest in her best Array.

The gentle Winds and purling Stream,
 Essay'd to whisper Chloe's Name,
 The savage Beasts, till then ne'er tame,
 Wild Adoration pay.

The feather'd People you might see,
 Perch'd all around her on a Tree,
 With Notes of sweetest Melody
 They act a chearful Part.

The dull Slaves on the tollsome Flow,
Their weary'd Neck and Knees do bow,
A glad Subjection there they vow,
To pay with all their Heart.

The bleating Flocks that then came by,
Soon as the charming Nymph they spy,
They leave their hoarse and rueful Cry,

And dance around the Brooks:
The Woods are glad, the Meadows smile,
And Forth that foam'd and roar'd a'er while,

Glide calmy down, as smooth as Oil,
Thro' all its charming Crooks.

The firm Squadrons are content,
To leave their wat'ry Element;
In glazie Numbers down the Bent,

They fluster all along.
The Insects, and each creeping Thing,

Join'd to make up the rural Ring,
All frisk and dance, if she but sing,

And make a jovial Throng.
King Phœbus now began to rise,

And paint with red the eastern Skies,
Struck with the Glory of her Eyes,

He shines behind a Cloud;
Her Mantle on a Bough she lays,

And all her Glory she displays,
She left all Nature in Amaze,

And skipp'd into the Wood.

S O N G 281.

[Itinerants we are, and merrily agree,
There's ne'er a Club, around the Globe, more happy

are and free;
Antiquity's our Boast, of mighty ancient Fame,

Nor Bourbon nor Nassau from longer Date can claim,
Antiquity's our Boast, &c.

Our Founder, great Adam, in Eden's blissful Bowers,
Itinerant he was, so sooth'd the passing Hours;

From him the ab Origine, none can our Title blame,
Thus let all due Respects be paid—Itinerant's the Name.

From him the ab Origine, &c.

And Travelling is good as learned Doctors tell us,
 It openeth the Lungs, which are the human Bellows,
 It causes good Digestion, and that's the Cause of Health,
 And Health's the Sauce of Life, without it what is Wealth?

It causes good Digestion, &c.

On Saturdays we meet, when, down the Western Hill,
 The blushing God from Thetis takes a handsome Swill;
 We follow his Example, tho' do a little differ;
 He tope the briny Ocean, but we tope better Liquor.

We follow his Example, &c.

Our Principle is Monarchy, no other Schemes advance;
 And hope that the Republican will never lead the Dance;
 That Hydra-headed Monster, whose rigid Iron-Claws,
 Whene'er they fasten on us, the vital Crimson draws.

That Hydra-headed Monster, &c.

We drink the Church and King, the Queen and Royal
 Line,

Old England and old Trade, that they may ever shine;
 And then the closing Health comes on, with very decent
 Pride,

And so we drink our Mistresses, our Wives, and Fire-side.

And then the closing Health, &c.

The Wine, in Moderation, thus cordially we take,
 Exhilarate our Friendship, and farther Friendships make.
 The Scythe-God is delighted when we together come,
 To hear our Songs, and Mirth and Joys, all echo round

The Scythe-God, &c. [the Room.

Sic itur ad Astra, our Motto's very good,
 Thus mounting to the Stars we wou'd be understood;
 For there the jocund Orbs immensely travel round,
 And infinite Itinerants most beautiful are found.

For there the jocund Orbs, &c.

S O N G 282.

JUST coming from Sea, our Spouses and we,
 We punch it, we punch it, we punch it,
 We punch it, we punch it aboard with Courage;
 We sing, laugh and cling, and in Hammocks we swing,
 And hey, hey, hey, hey, hey my brave Boys, Bon voiagio:
 We

We sing, laugh and cling, and in Hammocks we swing,
We sing, laugh and cling, and in Hammocks we swing,
And hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, my brave Boys, Bon voia giò.

S O N G 283.

I'VE strove in vain; here, take my Heart;

But do not think your Thanks are due,
For I had first try'd every Art

Th' invading Passion to subdue;

For succour, fell to Wit and Pride,

But both, alas! their Aid deny'd:

And Reason too her Weakness has confess'd,

Unable to dislodge th' imperious Guest.

How swiftly does the Poison spread!

How soon't has seiz'd each noble Part!

Wildly it rages in my Head,

Like tides of Fire consumes my Heart.

Yet think not that you Conqu'ror are,

By the wise Conduct of the War:

There was a Traitor took your Part within,

And gave you, Strephon, what you cou'd not win.

S O N G 284.

KIND Ariadne drown'd in Tears,

Upbraids the faithless Grecian Chief,

'Till Bacchus, jolly God, appears,

And heals her Woe, and lulls her Grief,

The Moral of this Tale implies,

When Woman yields her Virgin Store,

Away the sated Lover flies,

New Mines of Pleasure to explore.

A while she tries each Female Snare,

The loud Reproach, the sullen Grief;

But tir'd at length with fruitless Care,

Flies to the Bottle for Relief.

S O N G 285.

KIND Heav'n no Peace to the Perjur'd allows,

In Fate's gloomy Book keeps account of all Vows;

And Jove that does view both the false and the true,

Knows who kept their Promise, and who deceiv'd who,

Will swear by the Skies, and Ganymede's Eyes,

No Woman that mingles Affection with Art,
 And here in the Face of the World plays a Part,
 Shall ever hereafter, shall ever hereafter,
 Shall ever hereafter break a fond Heart,
 Shall ever hereafter break a fond Heart.

S O N G 286.

K Indly, kindly, thus, my Treasure,
 Ever love me, ever charm;
 Let thy Passion know no Measure,
 Yet no jealous Fear alarm.
 Why shou'd we, our Bliss beguiling,
 By dull doubting fall at odds?
 Meet my soft Embraces smiling,
 We'll be as happy as the Gods.

S O N G 287.

K Indness hath, resistless Charms,
 All besides can weakly move;
 Fiercest Anger it disarms,
 And clips the Wings of flying Love.
 Beauty does the Heart invade,
 Kindness only can persuade;
 It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,
 And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain.

S O N G 288.

K NOW, I wou't envy him, whoe'er he be,
 That stands upon the Battlements of State.
 Stand there who will for me.
 I'd rather be Secure than Great.
 In being so high, the Pleasures are but small,
 But long's the Ruin, if I chance to fall.
 Let me in some sweet Shade secured lye,
 Happy in Leisure and Obscurity.
 Whilst others place their Joys
 In Popularity and Noise,
 Let my soft Minutes glide obscurely on,
 Like subterranean Streams, unheard, unknown.
 Then when my Days are all in Silence past,
 A good plain Countryman I die at last.
 Death cannot chuse but be
 To him a mighty Misery,

Who

Who to the World was popularly known,
And dies a Stranger to himself alone.

S O N G 289

LADY sweet, now do not frown,
Nor in Anger call me Clown;
For your Servant Joan may prove
Like yourself, as deep in Love;
And as absolute a Bit,
Man's sweet liquorish Tooth to fit.

The Smock alone the Difference makes,
'Cause yours is spun of finer Flax,

What avails the Name of Madam?
Came not all from Father Adam?
Where does one exceed the other?
Was not Eve our common Mother?
Then what odds 'twixt you and Joan?
Truly in my Judgment, none.

The Smock, &c.

Ladies are but Blood and Bone,
Skin and Sinews; so is Joan;
Joan's a Piece for a Man to bore
With his Wimble; you're no more.

When what odds, &c.

It is not your flaunting Tires
Are the cause of Men's Desires;
They're other Darts which Lust pursue,
Those Joan has as well as you.

Then, &c.

What care we for glorious Lights,
Women are used in the Nights,
And in Night, in Women-kind,
Kings and Clowns like Sport do find.

Then, &c.

Where there's two in Bed together,
There's not a Pin to chuse 'twixt either:
Both have Eyes, and both have Lips;
Both have Thighs, and both have Hips.

Then, &c.

When your Hands put out the Candle,
And you at last begin to handle,

Then you go about to do,
What you should be done unto.

Then, &c.

Who can but in Conscience say,
Fie, fie, for Shame away, away,
Putting Finger in the Eye,
Till you have a fresh Supply.

Then, &c.

S O N G 290.

L Adies, tho' to your conquering Eyes
Love owes his chiefest Victories,
And borrows those bright Arms from you,
With which he does the World subdue:
Yet you yourselves are not above
The Empire, nor the Grievs, of Love.

Then wrack not Lovers with Disdain,
Left Love on you revenge their Pain:
You are not free because y'are Fair,
The Boy did not his Mother spare,
Beauty's but an offensive Dart;
It is no Armour for the Heart.

S O N G 291.

L Adies, why doth Love torment you?
Cannot I your Grief remove?
Is there none that can content you
With the sweet Delights of Love?

O No, no, no, no: O No, no, no, no, no,
no, no.

Beauty in a perfect Measure,
Hath the Love and Wish of all:
Dear, then shall I wait the Pleasure
That commands my Heart and all.

O No, &c.

If I grieve, and you can ease me,
Will you be so fiercely bent:
Having wherewithal to please me,
Must I still be discontent?

O No, &c.

If I am your faithful Servant,
And my Love does still remain,
Will you think it ill deserved,
To be favour'd for my Pain?

O No, &c.

If I should then but crave a Favour,
Which your Lips invite me to;
Will you think it ill Behaviour,
Thus to steal a Kiss or two?

O No, &c.

All-amazing Beauty's Wonder,
May I presume your Breast to touch?
Or to feel a little under,
Will you think I do too much?

O No, &c.

Once more, Fairest, let me try ye,
Now my Wish is fully sped;
If all Night I would lie by ye,
Shall I be refus'd your Bed?

O No, &c.

S. O. N. G.

[A S T Sunday at St. James's Pray'm,
The Prince and Princess by
I, dress'd in all my Whale-bone Air,
Sat in a Closet nigh.

I bow'd my Knees, I held my Book,
Read all the Answers o'er;
But was prevented by a Look,
Which piar'd me from the Door.

High Thoughts of Heav'n I came to use,
With the devoutest Care,
Which gay young Strephon made me lose,
And all the Raptures there.

He went to hand me to my Chair,
And bow'd with courtly Grace;
But whisper'd Love into mine Ear,
Too warm for that grave Place.

Love, Love, said he, by all ador'd,
My tender Heart has won;
But I, grown peevish at the Word,
Desir'd he might be gone.

He went quite out of Sight, while I
 A kinder Answer meant;
 Nor did I for my Sins, that Day,
 By half so much repent.

S O N G 293.

LA T E in the Evening forth I went,
 A little before the Sun gade down,
 And there I chanc'd by Accident,
 To light on a Battle new begun:
 A Man and his Wife were fawn in a Strife,
 I canna well tell ye how it began;
 But ay she wail'd her wretched Life,
 And cry'd ever, alake my auld Goodman.

He. The auld Goodman that thou talls of,
 The Country kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor Vagabond,
 And ilka a ane leugh him to scorn;
 For he did spend, and make an End
 Of Gear that his Fore-fathers wan;
 He gart the Poor stand frae the Door,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

She. My Heart alake, is liken to break,
 When I think on my winsome John,
 His blinkan Eye and Gate sae free,
 Was naithing like thee, thou dosend Drone.
 His roose Face and flaxen Hair,
 And a Skin as white as ony Swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withall,
 And thou'lt never be like my auld Goodman.

He. Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,
 For Meal and Mawt thou disna want;
 But thy wild Bees I canna please,
 Now when our Gear gins to grow scant.
 Of Household-stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither Pot nor Pan;
 Of sic like Ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

She. Yes I may tell, and fret my sell,
 To think on these blyth Days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In Arms into a well-made Bed,

But now I sigh, and may be sad,
 Thy Courage is cauld, thy Colour wan,
 Thou falds thy Feet, and fa's asleep,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld Goodman.

Then coming was the Night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the Light of Day;
 The Carle was fear'd to miss his Mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay.

Then up he gat, and he ran his Way,
 I trow the Wife the Day she wan,
 And ay the O'erword of the Fray
 Was ever, alake my auld Goodman.

S O N G 294.

L Ately on yonder swelling Bush,
 Big with many a coming Rose,
 This early Bud began to blush,
 And did but half itself disclose:
 I pluck't it, tho' no better grown,
 And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the Leaves inspire,
 With such a purple Light they shone;
 As if they had been made of Fire,

And spreading so, would flame anon;
 All that was meant by Air or Sun,
 To the young Flow'r my Breath has done.

If our loose Breath so much can do,
 What may the same in Forms of Love,
 Of purest Love and Musick too,

When Flavia it aspires to move?
 When that which lifeless Buds persuade,
 To wax more soft, her Youth invades!

S O N G 295.

L Avia would, but dare not venture,
 Fear so much o'er-rules her Passion;
 Chloe suffers all to enter,

Subjects Fane to Inclination;
 Neither's Method I admire,
 Either is in Love displeasing;

Chloe's Fondness gluts Desire,
 Lavia's Cowardise is teasing.

Cælia by a wiser Measure,
 In one faithful Swain's Embraces,
 Pays a private Debt to Pleasure,
 Yet for Chaste in Public passes:
 Fair ones follow Cælia's Notion,
 Free from Fear and Censure wholly;
 Love, but let it be with Caution,
 For Extreams are Shame or Folly.

S O N G 296.

L A Y by your Pleading,
 The Law lies a bleeding,
 Burn all your Studies down, and throw away your Reading;
 Small Power the Word has,
 And doth afford-us,
 Not half so many Privileges as the Sword does;
 It fosters our Masters,
 It plaisters Disasters,
 And makes the Servants quickly greater than their Masters;
 It ventures, it enters,
 It circles, it centres,
 And sets a 'Preptice free from his Indentures,
 This takes up all Things,
 And sets up small Things;
 This masters Money, tho' Money masters all Things,
 It's not in Season
 To talk of Reason,
 Or count it Loyalty, when the Sword will have it Treason;
 This conquers a Crown too,
 The Cloke and the Gown too;
 This sets up a Presbyter, and this doth pull him down too;
 This subtle Deceiver
 Turn'd Bonnet into Beaver,
 Down drops a Bishop, and up steps a Weaver,
 It's this makes a Layman
 To preach and to pray Man;
 And this made a Lord of him, which was before a Dray-
 For from this dull Pit
 Of Saxbey's full Pit,
 This brought a holy Ironmonger to the Pulpit:

No

No Gospel can guide it,
 No Law can decide it,
 No Church or State can debate it,
 'Till the Sword hath sanctify'd it;
 Such pitiful Things be
 Happier than Kings be,
 This brought in the Heraldry of Thimbleby and Slingsby.

Down goes the Law, trix,
 For from this Matrix
 Sprung holy Hewson's Power, and tumbl'd down St.
 It batter'd the Gun-kirk, [Patrick's;
 So did it the Dum-kirk,
 That he is fled, and gone to the Devil in Dunkirk.
 In Scotland this Waster
 Did work such Disaster,
 This brought the Money back for which they sold their
 This frighted the Flemming, [Master:
 And made him so beseeching,
 That he never doth think of his lost Lands redeeming.

But he that can tower,
 Over him that is lower,
 Would be counted but a Fool to give away his Power;
 Take Books and rent them,
 Who would invent them,
 When as the Sword replies, Negatur Argumentum:
 The grand College Butlers
 Must vail to the Sutlers,
 There's not a Library like to the Cutlers;
 The Blood that is split, Sir,
 Hath gain'd all the Guilt, Sir,
 Thus have you seen me run the Sword up to the Hilt, Sir.

S O N G. 297.

LEAVE Kindred and Friends, sweet Betty,
 Leave Kindred and Friends for me;
 Assur'd thy Servant is Reddy
 To Love, to Honour, and thee.
 The Gifts of Nature and Fortune,
 May fly by Chance, as they came;
 They're Grounds the Destinies sport on,
 But Virtue is ever the same.

Altho'

Altho' my Fancy were roving,
 Thy Charms so heav'nly appear,
 That other Beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thee only, my Dear,
 And should Life's Sorrows embitter
 The Pleasure we promis'd our Loves,
 To share them together is fitter,
 Than moan assunder, like Doves.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,
 To grasp my Love in my Arms!
 By thee to be grasp'd! and kiss'd!
 And live on thy Heaven of Charms!
 I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
 Should Fortune capricious prove;
 Tho' Death should tear me to Pieces,
 I'd die a Martyr to Love.

S O N G. 298.

LEAVE me, Shepherd, leave me,
 Give o'er your artful Wiles;
 Ev'ry Look deceives me,
 And ev'ry Word beguiles,
 If I yield you sure I will fly,
 I must repent and I mourn:
 Shepherd 'tis too soon to try,
 What 'tis to be forlorn.

Why are you pursuing
 To urge me to my Fate,
 To contrive my Ruin,
 And prove yourself ingrate?
 If I yield you sure I will fly,
 I must repent and I mourn.
 Still I can't forbear to try,
 What 'tis to be forlorn.

Joys which Lovers borrow,
 Some few sweet Moments make:
 Years of Grief and Sorrow
 They in Exchange must take.
 It is a Madness to be wise,
 When Cupid bends his Bow;
 Ev'ry Sense then open lyes
 To entertain the Foe.

S O N G

S O N G 299.

LEAVE off, fond Hermit, leave thy Vow,
And fall again to drinking;

That Beauty that wo'n't Sack allow,

Is hardly worth thy thinking:

Dry Love or small can never hold,

And without Bacchus, Venus soon grows cold.

Do'st think by turning Anchorite,

Or a dull Small-Beer Sinner,

Thy cold Embraces can invite,

Or sprightly Courtship win her:

No, 'tis Canary that inspires,

'Tis Sack, like Oil, gives Flames to am'rous Fires.

This makes thee chaunt thy Mistress' Name,

And to the Heavens raise her:

And range this universal Frame

For Epithets to praise her:

Low Liquors render Brains unwitty,

And ne'er provoke to Love, but move to Pity.

Then be thy self, and take thy Glass,

Leave off this dry Devotion;

Thou must, like Neptune, court thy Lads,

Wallowing in Nectar's Ocean:

Let's offer to each Lady's Shrine

A full crown'd Bowl, here's a Health to thine.

S O N G 300.

LEAVE off this idle Prating,

Talk no more of Whig and Tory,

But drink your Glass,

Round let it pass,

The Bottle stands before ye.

Chorus. Fill it up

To the Top,

Let the Night with Mirth be crown'd,

Drink about;

See it out,

Love and Friendship still go round.

If Claret be a Blessing,

This Night devote to Pleasure;

* T

Let

Let worldly Cares,
And State Affairs,
Be thought on at more leisure.
Fill it up, &c.

If any be so zealous,
To be a Party's Minion,
Let him drink like me,
We'll soon agree,
And be of one Opinion,
Fill it up, &c.

S O N G 301.

LET a Set of sober Asses
Rail against the Joys of Drinking,
While Water, Tea,
And Milk agree,

To set cold Brains a thinking:
Power and Wealth,
Beauty, Health,

Wit and Mirth in Wine are crown'd;
Joys abound,
Pleasure's found,

Only where the Glass goes round.

The ancient Sects on Happiness,

All differ'd in Opinion,

But wiser Rules

Of modern Schools,

In Wine fix her Dominion:

Power and Wealth, &c.

Wine gives the Lover Vigour,

Makes glow the Cheeks of Beauty,

Makes Poets write,

And Soldiers fight,

And Friendship do its Duty:

Power and Wealth, &c.

Wine was the only Helicon,

Whence Poets are long-liv'd so;

'Twas no other Main,

Than brisk Champaigne,

Whence Venus was deriv'd too:

Power and Wealth, &c.

When

When Heav'n in Pandora's Box

All kind of Ill had sent us,

In a merry Mood,

A Bottle of Good

Was cork'd up, to content us;

Power and Wealth, &c.

All Virtues Wine is Nurse to,

Of ev'ry Vice Destroyer;

Gives Dullards Wit,

Makes just the Cit,

Truth forces from the Lawyer:

Power and Wealth, &c.

Wine sets our Joys a flowing,

Our Care and Sorrow drowning.

Who rails at the Bowl,

Is a Turk in's Soul,

And a Christian ne'er shou'd own him:

Power and Wealth, &c.

S O N G 302.

LET Ambition fire thy Mind,

Thou wer't born o'er Men to reign;

Not to follow Flocks design'd,

Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,

Thou on Neck of Kings shalt tread;

Joys in Circles, Joys shall meet,

Which way e'er thy Fancy lead.

Let not Toil of Empire fright,

Toils of Empire Pleasure are;

Thou shalt only know Delight,

All the Joy, but not the Care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,

For the Blessing I bestow:

Joyful I'll ascend the Skies,

Happy thou shalt reign below.

S O N G 303.

LET Begging no longer be taunted,

If honest and free from Offence;

Were each Man to beg what he wanted,

How many would Beggars commence!

Grave Churchmen might beg for more Grace,
 Young Soldiers for Courage might call;
 And many that beg for a Pension or Place,
 Might beg for some Merit withal.

S O N G 304.

LET bold Ambition lie
 Within the Warrior's Mind,
 False Honours let him buy
 With Slaughter of Mankind;
 To Crowns a double Right,
 Lay Thousands in their Grave,
 While wretched Armies fight
 Which Master shall enslave.
 Love took my Heart with Storm,
 Let him rule there alone,
 In Charlotte's charming Form,
 Still sitting on his Throne:
 How will my Soul rejoice,
 At his Commands to fly,
 If spoken in that Voice,
 Or look'd from that dear Eye?
 To universal Sway,
 Love's Title is the best,
 Well shall we him obey,
 Who makes his Subjects blest;
 If Heav'n, for human Good,
 Did Empire first design,
 Love must be understood
 To rule by Right divine.

S O N G 305.

LET Burgundy flow,
 Let the Glafs ran o'er, let the Glafs run o'er, Boys,
 To cure all our Woe,
 Let the Glafs run o'er the Brim;
 Though Anna is gone,
 Think of it no more, think of it no more, Boys,
 Great George now comes on,
 Toast away your Bumpers to him!
 Tho' the Feuds are so big
 'Twixt the Tory and Whig,
 That the Mischiefs pursuing prov'd almost our Ruin:

Like a Prophet I know,
 They will be no more so,
 We've a King will unite now both High Church and Low.
 And now your Hand's in,
 Fill it up again, fill it up again there,
 To all these brave Men,
 Who their Hate to Lorrain bear strong,
 Who, frantick with Pride,
 Boldly durst lately defend the Pretender;
 And if I'm not wide,
 Will be sure to pay for't e're long,
 Nor a Glas let's have
 To the Catalans brave,
 Who held out with a Glory, not equal'd in Story:
 For not Cæsar in Gaul,
 Nor the great Hannibal,
 E'er equal'd their Chief with a Number so small.

S O N G 306.

LET Harmony sweetly resounding,
 Gay Pleasure and Transport invite,
 Till the Voice in loud Echo's rebounding,
 Through the Vallies diffuse our Delight.

S O N G 307.

LET Joy alone take place, and Musick sound,
 To celebrate the Day conform the Voice;
 Then let the Bridegroom's Health and Bride's go round,
 And every merry Lad and Lass rejoice:
 Each take the Glas in Hand, and toast the Fair,
 Until her Name shall make the Bowl divine;
 Drink, 'tis but in hope to banish Care,
 But lose not all your Praises in her Wine.
 Let jolly Bacchus round the Table go,
 For he the Prologue is to Cupid's Flame;
 When Claret and good Sherry freely flow
 Youth fires, and it warms the frozen Dame.
 Let no Man think to finch, but fill each Glas,
 For Drinking only can augment Delight;
 Nor shall the fair Bride nor Bridegroom pass,
 For Bacchus now prepares them for the Night.

Let Health and Wealth, indulgent Happiness,
 For ever on this new-made Pair attend;
 Let each in mutual Love the other bless,
 So may their Joys transporting never end:
 Let something be the Issue of their Love,
 And pour upon them ev'ry Day a Joy;
 Each happy finding that for which they strove,
 At every nine Months End a thumping Boy.

S O N G 308.

LET Jug in smiles be ever seen,
 And kind as when our Loves begun,
 And be my Pastures ever green,
 And new Crops spring when Harvest's done:
 My Cattle thrive, and still be fat,
 And I my Wish shall find in that:
 O let my Table furnish'd be
 With good fat Beef and Bacon too,
 And nappy Ale be ever free
 To Strangers that do come and go.
 My Yards with Poultry and with Swine
 Well stor'd, and eke my Ponds with Fish,
 My Barns well cramm'd with Hay and Grain,
 And I shall have my Wish in this.
 Let me in Peace and Quiet live,
 Free from all Discontent and Strife;
 And know from what I all receive,
 And lead a homely harmless Life.
 Be neat in home-spun Cloathing clad;
 And still to add to all my Bliss,
 My Children train i'th' Fear of Gods
 And this is all on Earth I wish.

S O N G 309.

LET Masonry be now my Theme,
 Throughout the Globe to spread its Fame,
 And eternize each worthy Brother's Name:
 Your Praise shall to the Skies resound,
 In lasting Happiness abound,
 And with sweet Union all your noble Deeds be crown'd:
 Chor. Sing then, my Muse, to Masons Glory,
 Your Names are so rever'd in Story,
 That all th' admiring World do now adore ye.

Let Harmony divine inspire
Your Souls with Love and generous Fire,
To copy well wise Solomon your Sire,
Knowledge sublime shall fill each Heart;
The Rules of Geometry I impart,
Whilst Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty crown the glorious

Chor. Sing then, my Muse, &c. [Art,

Let noble Crawford's Health go round,
In swelling Cups all Cares be drown'd,
And Hearts united 'mongst the Craft be found,
May everlasting Scenes of Joy

His peaceful Hours of Bliss employ,
Which Time's all-conqu'ring Hand shall ne'er, shall
Chor. Sing then, my Muse, &c. [ne'er destroy.

My Brethren, thus all Cares resign,
Your Hearts let glow with Thoughts divine,
And Veneration show to Solomon's Shrine.
Our annual Tribute thus we'll pay,
That late Posterity may say,

We've crown'd with Joy this glorious, happy, happy Day.

Chorus. Sing then, my Muse, to Mason's Glory,
Your Names are so rever'd in Story,
That all the admiring World do now adore ye.

S O N G 310.

LET Matters of State
Disquiet the Great,

The Cobler has nought to perplex him;
H'has nought but his Wife,
To ruffle his Life,

And her he can strap if she vex him.

He's out of the Pow'r
Of Fortune that Whore,

Since, low as he can be, she's thrust him:

From Duns he's secure,

For being so poor,

There's none to be found that will trust him.

S O N G 311.

LET meaner Beauties use their Art,
And range both Indies for their Dress,

Our Fair can captivate the Heart

In native Weeds, nor look the less. More

More bright unborrowed Beauties shine,
 The artless Sweetness of each Face
 Sparkle with Lustres more Divine,
 When freed of every foreign Grace.

The tawny Nymph on scorching Plains,
 May use the Aid of Gems and Paint,
 Deck with Brocade and Tyrian Stains
 Features of ruder Form and Taint,
 What Caledonian Ladies wear,
 Or from the Lint or Woolen Twine,
 Adorn'd by all their Sweets, appear
 Whate'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the Fair,
 The dirty Dress may Lovers cool,
 But clean, our Maids need have no Care,
 If clad in Linnen, Silk, or Wool.

T' adore Myrtilia, who can cease?
 Her active Charms our Praise demand,
 Clad in a Mantua, from the Fleece,
 Spun by her own delighted Hand.

Who can behold Calista's Eyes,
 Her Breast, her Cheek, and snowy Arms,
 And mind what Artists can devise,
 To rival more superior Charms?

Compar'd with those, the Diamond's dull,
 Launs, Satins, and the Velvets fade,
 The Soul with her Attractions full,
 Can never be by these betray'd.

Saphira, all o'er native Sweets,
 Not the False Glare of Dress regards,
 Her Wit, her Character completes,

Her Smile her Lovers Sighs rewards,
 When such first Beauties lead the Way,
 The inferior Rank will follow soon;
 Then Arts no longer shall decay,
 But Trade encourag'd be in Tune.

Millions of Fleeces shall be wove,
 And Flax that on the Valleys blooms,
 Shall make the naked Nations love
 And bless the Labours of our Looms;

We

We have enough, nor want from them,
 'But Trifles hardly worth our Care,
 Yet for these Trifles let them claim
 What Food and Cloth we have to spare.

How happy's Scotland in her Fair!
 Her amiable Daughters shall,
 By acting thus with virtuous Care,
 Again the golden Age recal:
 Enjoying them, Edina ne'er
 Shall miss a Court; but soon advance
 In Wealth, when thus the Lov'd appear
 Around the Scenes, or in the Dance.

Barbarity shall yield to Sense,
 And lazy Pride to useful Arts,
 When such dear Angels in defence
 Of Virtue thus engage their Hearts.

Blest Guardians of our Joys and Wealth,
 True Fountains of Delight and Love,
 Long Bloom your Charms, fixt be your Health,
 'Till tir'd with Earth ye mount above.

S O N G 312.

LET none be uncivil, but let a Health pass,
 Here's a cleanly Monteth to cool e'ery Glas,
 This, this is that Claret on which we are fixt,
 Of this e'ery Glas is a Whet to the next;
 Here's all that Good rightly petition'd can send,
 Here's a harmless new Jest, and a trusty old Friend.
 About with it, dear Soul, there Jo has his Dose,
 Here's a Health, a Health to his good Repose.

S O N G 313.

LET not Love, let not Love on me, on me bestow
 Soft Distress, soft Distress, and tender Woe;
 I know none; no, no, none but substantial Blisses,
 Eager Glances, eager Glances, solid Kisses:
 I know not what the Lovers feign
 Of finer Pleasure mixt with Pain;
 Then prithee, prithee give me gentle Boy,
 None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, all, all,
 all, all the Joy;
 But all, all, all, all, all the Joy,

Prithee

Prithee give me, prithee give me, gentle Boy,
 None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, all, all, all,
 all, all the Joy,
 But all, all, all, all the Joy.

S O N G 314.

LET Prudes and Coquets their Intentions conceal,
 With Pride and with Pleasure the Truth I'll reveal;
 You're all I can wish and all I desire,
 So fix'd is my Flame it ne'er can expire.
 So fix'd, &c.

Let Rakes and Libertines revel and range,
 Possess'd of such Pleasure, what Mortal would change?
 You're the Source of my Hope, the Spring of my Joy,
 A Fountain of Bliss that never can cloy,
 A Fountain, &c.

S O N G 315.

LET Soldiers fight for Pay or Praise,
 And Money be the Miser's Wish,
 Poor Scholars study all their Days,
 And Gluttons glory in their Dish:
 'Tis Wine, pure Wine revives sad Souls;
 Therefore fill us the chearing Bowls.

Let Minions marshal every Hair,
 And in a Lover's Lock delight,
 And artificial Colours wear;
 Pure Wine is native red and white:
 'Tis Wine, &c.

The backward Spirit it makes brave,
 That lively which before was dull;
 Opens the Heart that loves to save,
 And Kindness flows from Cups brim-full:
 'Tis Wine, &c.

Some Men want Youth, and others Health,
 Some want a Wife, and some a Punk;
 Some Men want Wit, and others Wealth;
 But they want nothing that are drunk:
 'Tis Wine, &c.

S O N G 316.

LET the amorous Coxcomb adore a fair Face,
 An Hour's Enjoyment makes him look like an Ass.

Let

Let the silly vain Fop to Honours aspire,
 He burns with the Torments, of boundless Desire.
 And let the old Miser hoard up his curs'd Pelf,
 He enriches his Bags, but beggars himself.
 The Lover, th' Ambitious, and Miser are Fools,
 There's no solid Joy but in jolly full Bowls.

S O N G 317.

LET the daring Advent'ers be toss'd on the Main,
 And for Riches no Danger decline;
 Tho' with Hazard the Spoils of both Indies they gain,
 They can bring us no Treasure like Wine:
 Tho' with Hazard, &c.
 Enough of such Wealth would a Beggar enrich,
 And supply great Wants in a King:
 'Twould smoothe off a Glas in a comfortless Wretch,
 And inspire weeping Captives to sing:
 'Twould smoothe, &c.
 There's none that groans under a burthenome Life,
 If this sovereign Balm he gains,
 This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
 And of Rags and Diseases in Chains:
 This will make, &c.
 It swells all his Veins with a kind purple Flood,
 And puts Love and great Thoughts in the Mind;
 There's no Peasant so rank, but it fills with good Blood,
 And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd:
 There's no Peasant, &c.
 There's nothing our Hearts with such Joy can bewitch,
 For on Earth 'tis a Pow'r that's divine;
 Without it we're wretched, tho' never so rich;
 Nor is any Man poor that has Wine:
 Without it, &c.

S O N G 318.

LET the dreadful Engines of eternal Will,
 The Thunder roar, and crooked Lightning kill,
 My Rage is hot, is hot, is hot as theirs, as fatal, too,
 And dares as horrid, and dares as horrid, horrid Execution
 do. Or

Or let the frozen North its Rancour show,
 Within my Breast far, far greater Tempests grow,
 Despair's more cold, more cold than all the Winds can
 Can nothing, can nothing warm me, [blow.
 Can nothing, can nothing warm me,

yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes;

yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes;

yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes,

there, there, there, there, there, Ætna

there, there, there, there, there Vesuvio lies,

To furnish Hell with Flames, that mounting, mounting
 reach the Skies.

Can nothing, can nothing warm me,

Can nothing, can nothing warm me?

yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes,

yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes,

yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes.

Ye Pow'rs I did but use her Name,

And see how all the Meteors flame;

Blue Lightning flashes round the Court of Sol,

And now the Globe more fiercely burns,

Than once at Phaeton's Fall.

Ah, ah, where, where are now,

Where are now those flow'ry Groves,

Where Zephyr's fragrant Winds did play;

Ah, where are now, where are now,

Where are now those flow'ry Groves,

Where Zephyr's fragrant Winds did play;

Where guarded by a Troop of Loves,

The fair, the fair Lucinda sleeping lay,

There sung the Nightingale and Lark,

Around us all was sweet and gay,

We ne'er grew sad 'till it grew dark,

Nor nothing fear'd but short'ning Day.

I glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with Hate,

Why must I burn, why must I burn,

Why must I burn for this Ingrate?

Why, why must I burn for this Ingrate?

Cool, cool it then, cool it then, and rail,

Since nothing, nothing will prevail,

When a Woman Love pretends,
 'Tis but till she gains her Ends,
 And for better and for worse,
 Is for Marrow of the Purse;
 Where she jilts you o'er and o'er,
 Proves a Slattern or a Whore,
 This Hour will teaze, will teaze and vex,
 And will cuckold you the next;
 They were all contriv'd in Spight,
 To torment us, not delight,
 But to scold, to scold, to scratch and bite,
 And not one of them proves right,
 But all, all are Witches, by this Light,
 And so I fairly bid 'em, and the World, good Night;
 Good Night, good Night, good Night,
 Good Night, good Night.

S O N G 319.

LET the Waiter bring clean Glasses,
 With a fresh Supply of Wine;
 For I see by all your Faces,
 In my Wishes you will join.
 It is not the Charms of Beauty
 Which I purpose to proclaim;
 We a while will leave that Duty,
 For a more prevailing Theme.
 To the Health I'm now proposing,
 Let's have one full Glas at least;
 No one here can think't imposing,
 'Tis the Founder of our Feast.

S O N G 320.

LET us drink and be merry,
 Dance, joke, and rejoice,
 With Claret and Cherry,
 Theorbo and Voice:
 The changeable World
 To our Joy is unjust,
 All Treasure's uncertain,
 Then down with your Dust:

In Frolicks dispose
 Your Pounds, Shillings, and Pence,
 For we shall be nothing
 An Hundred Years hence,
 We'll kiss and be free
 With Moll, Betty, and Nelly,
 Have Oysters and Lobsters,
 And Maids by the Belly :
 Fish Dinners will make
 A Lass spring like a Flea,
 Dame Venus (Love's Goddess)
 Was born of the Sea :
 With Bacchus and with her
 We'll tickle the Sense,
 For we shall be past it
 An Hundred Years hence.

Your most beautiful Bit,
 That hath all Eyes upon her,
 That her Honesty sells
 For a Hautgoust of Honour ;
 Whose Lightness and Brightness
 Doth shine in such Splendor,
 That none but the Stars
 Are thought fit to attend her :
 Tho' now she be pleasant,
 And sweet to the Sense,
 Will be damnable mouldy
 An Hundred Years hence.

The Usurer that
 In the Hundred takes Twenty,
 Who wants in his Wealth,
 And pines in his Plenty :
 Lays up for a Season
 Which he shall ne'er see,
 The Year one Thousand
 Eight Hundred and Three :
 His Wit, and his Wealth,
 His Learning, and Sense,
 Shall be turned to nothing
 An Hundred Years hence.

Your Chancery-Lawyers,
 Whose Subtily thrives,
 In spinning out Suits
 To the length of three Lives;
 Such Suits which the Clients
 Do wear out in Slavery,
 Whilst Pleader makes Conscience
 A Cloak for his Knav'ry:
 May boast of his Subtily
 In th' present Tense,
 But Non est inventus
 An Hundred Years hence.

Then why should we turmoile
 In Cares and in Fears,
 Turn all our Tranquility
 So Sighs and to Tears?
 Let's eat, drink, and play,
 Till the Worms do corrupt us,
 'Tis certain post mortem

Nulla voluptas:
 Let's deal with our Damsels,
 That we may from hence,
 Have Broods to succeed us
 An Hundred Years hence.

S O N G 321.

LET us revel and roar,
 Let us revel and roar,
 Brisk Wine is our Store,
 And the Gods too will club to our Pleasure:
 When we wallow all Night
 In an unknown Delight,
 Aurora discovers our Treasure.

Thus we're free from all Care,
 Thus we're free from all Care,
 From Taxes and War;
 Nay, we know not the Name of dull Sorrow:
 Ev'ry Purse is our Prey,
 Which we spend in one Day,
 And the Devil take care for To-morrow.

Let us never repine,
 Let us never repine,
 Brisk Women and Wine
 Make the Eyes of our Love to run over:
 Leave the How and the What
 To the Politick Sot,
 And the When to the Fool of a Lover.

S O N G 322.

LET Wine turn a Spark, and Ale huff like a Hector,
 Let Pluto drink Coffee, and Jove his rich Nectar,
 Neither Cyder nor Sherry,
 Metheglin nor Perry,
 Shall more make me drunk, which the Vulgar call merry:
 These Drinks o'er my Fancy no more shall prevail,
 But I'll take a full Sup at the merry Milk-pail.
 In praise of a Dairy I purpose to sing,
 But all things in order first, God save the King;
 That ev'ry May-day,
 And the Queen I may say,
 Has many fair Dairy-maids, all fine and gay:
 Assist me, fair Damsels, to finish this Theme,
 And inspire my Fancy with Strawberries and Cream.
 The first of fair Dairy-maids, if you'll believe,
 Was Adam's own Wife, your Great-Grand-mother Eve;
 She milk'd many a Cow,
 As well she knew how,
 Tho' Butter was then not so cheap as 'tis now:
 She hoarded no Butter nor Cheese on a Shelf,
 For the Butter and Cheese in those Days made itself.
 In that Age or Time there was no damn'd Money,
 Yet the Children of Israel fed upon Milk and Honey;
 No Queen you could see
 Of the highest Degree,
 But would milk the brown Cow with the meanest she:
 Their Lambs gave them Clothing, their Cows gave them
 In a plentiful Peace all their Joys were compleat. [Meat,
 But now of the making of Cheese we shall treat,
 That Nurser of Subjects, bold Britain's chief Meat;

When

When they first begin it,
 To see how the Rennet
 Begets the first Curd, you wou'd wonder what's in it:
 Then from the blue Whey, when they put the Curd by,
 They look just like Amber, or Clouds in the Sky.
 Your Turkey Sherbet and Arabian Tea,
 Is Dish-water-stuff to a Dish of new Whey;
 For it cools Head-ach Pains,
 Ill Vapours it drains;
 And tho' your Guts rumble 'twill ne'er hurt your Brains,
 Court Ladies i'th Morning will drink a whole Pottle;
 And send out their Pages with Tankard and Bottle.
 Thou Daughter of Milk, and Mother of Butter,
 Sweet Cream, thy due Praise how shall I now utter?
 For when at the best,
 A Thing's well express'd,
 We are apt to reply, that's the Cream of the Jest:
 Had I been a Mouse, I believe in thy Soul,
 I had long since been drowned in a Cream-bowl.
 The Elixir of Milk, the Dutchman's Delight,
 By motion and tumbling thou bringest to light;
 But oh! the soft Stream,
 That remains of the Cream,
 Old Morpheus ne'er tasted so sweet in Dream:
 It removes all Obstructions, depresses the Spleen,
 And makes an old Bawd like a Wench of fifteen.
 Among the rare Virtues that Milk does produce,
 A thousand more Dainties are daily in use;
 For a Pudding I'll tell ye,
 E're it goes into the Belly,
 Must have both good Milk, and the Cream and the Jelly:
 For dainty fine Pudding without Cream, or Milk,
 Is like a Citizen's Wife without Sattin or Silk.
 In the Virtue of Milk there's more to be muster'd,
 The charming Delights of Cheese-Cake and Custard;
 For the Tottenham Court,
 You can have no Sport,
 Unless you give Custards and good Cheese-Cakes for't:
 And what's Jack Pudding that makes us to laugh,
 Unless he hath got a good Custard to quaff.

Both Pancakes and Fritters of Milk have good Store,
But a Devonshire White-pot requires much more ;

No State you can think,

Tho' you study and wink,

From the lusty Sack-poffet to poor Poffet-drink ;
But Milk's the Ingredient, tho' Sack's ne'er the worse,
For 'tis Sack makes the Man, tho' Milk makes the Nurse.

But now I shall treat of a Dish that is cool,
A rich clouted Cream, or a Gooseberry-Fool ;

A Lady I heard tell,

Not far off did dwell,

Made her Husband a Fool, and yet pleas'd him full well :

Give thanks to the Dairy then every Lad,

That from good natur'd Women such Fools may be had.

When the Damsel has got the Cow's Teat in her Hand,
How she merrily sings, while smiling I stand :

Then with a Pleasure I rub,

Yet impatient I scrub,

When I think of the Blessing of a Syllabub ;

Oh Dairy-Maids, Milk-Maids, such Bliss ne'er oppose,
If e'er you'll be happy, I speak under the Rose.

This Rose was a Maiden once of your Profession,

Till the Rake and the Spade had taken Possession ;

At length it was said,

That a sturdy Blade

Did both dig and sow in her Parsly-Bed :

But the Fool for his Labour deserves not a Rush,

For grafting a Thistle upon a Rose-Bush.

Now Milk-Maids take warning by this Maiden's Fall,

Keep what is your own, and then you keep all :

Mind well your Milk-pan,

And ne'er touch a Man,

And you'll still be a Maid, let him do what he can :

I am your Well-wisher, then listen to my Word,

And give no more Milk than the Cow can afford.

S O N G 323.

LET's be jovial, fill our Glasses,

Madness 'tis for us to think

How the World is rul'd by Asses,

And the Wife are sway'd by Chink,

Let

Let not such vain Thoughts oppress us, ?

Riches are to them a Snare :

We are all as rich as Cræsus,

Drink away, and drive off Care,

Wine will make us fresh as Roses,

And our Sorrows quite forget ;

Come let's fuddle all our Noses,

Drink ourselves quite out of Debt.

When grim Death is looking for us,

We're carousing o'er our Bowls,

Bacchus joining in the Chorus,

Cries, Death begone, here's none but Souls.

God-like Bacchus thus commanding,

Trembling Death away shall fly,

Ever after understanding,

Drinking Souls can never die.

S O N G 324.

LET's be merry, blyth and jolly,

Stupid Dulness is a Folly ;

'Tis the Spring that doth invite us,

Hark, the chirping Birds delight us :

Let us dance and raise our Voices,

Every Creature now rejoices ;

Airy Blasts, and springing Flowers,

Verdant Coverings, pleasant Showers ;

Each plays his Part to compleat this our Joy,

And can we be so dull as to deny ?

Here's no foolish surly Lover,

That his Passion won't discover ;

No conceited foppish Creature,

That is proud of Clothes or Feature :

All Things here serene and free are,

They're not wise, are not as we are,

Who acknowledge Heaven's Blessings

In our innocent Caressings :

Then let us sing, let us dance, let us play,

'Tis the Time 'tis allow'd, 'tis the Month of May.

S O N G

S O N G 325.

LET's drink, my Friends, while here we live,
 The fleeting Moments as they pass
 This silent Admonition give,
 T' improve our Time, and push the Glass.

When once we've entered Charon's Boat,
 Farewell to drinking, Joys Divine,
 There's not a Drop to wet our Throat,
 The Grave's a Cellar void of Wine.

S O N G 326.

Liberia's all my Thoughts and Dream,
 She's all my Pleasure and my Pain:
 Liberia's all that I esteem,
 And all I fear is her Disdain.

Her Wit, her Humour, and her Face,
 Please beyond all I felt before;
 Oh! why can't I admire her less;
 Or dear Liberia love me more.

Like Stars, all other Female Charms
 Ne'er touch my Heart, but feast mine Eye;
 For she's the only Sun that warms,
 With her alone I'd live and die.

Immortal Pow'rs, whose Work divine
 Inspires my Soul with so much Love,
 Grant your Liberia may be mine,
 And then I share your Joys above.

S O N G 327.

Liberty's the Soul of Living,
 Ev'ry Hour new Joys receiving;
 No sharp Pangs our Hearts are grieving,
 Liberty's the Soul of Living.

Here are no false Men pursuing
 Youth or Beauty to its Ruin;
 Murm'ring Sighs, like Turtles cooing,
 Nor the bitter Sweets of Wooing.

C H O R U S.

Then since we are doom'd to be chaste,
 And Loving is counted a Crime;
 Let's do what we can, not to think of a Man,
 But make the best Use of our Prime.

S O N G 328.

LIFE is chequer'd---Toil and Pleasure

Fill up all the various Measure :

See the Crew in Flannel Jerkins,

Drinking, toping Flip by Firkins ;

And as they raise the Tip

To their happy Lip,

On the Deck is heard no other Sound,

But prithee Jack, prithee Dick,

Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,

Let the Can go round.

C H O R U S.

Then hark to the Boatswain's Whistle, Whistle,

Then hark to the Boatswain's Whistle, Whistle, Bustle,

My Boy, let us stir, let us toil, [Bustle:

But let's drink all the while,

For Labour's the Price of our Joys,

For Labour's, &c.

Life is chequer'd---Toil and Pleasure

Fill up all the various Measure :

Hark the Crew with Sun-burnt Faces

Chanting Black-eye'd Susan's Graces :

S. And as they raise their Notes

Thro' their rusty Throats

On the Deck, &c.

Life is chequer'd---Toil and Pleasure

Fill up all the various Measure :

Hark the Crew their Cares discarding.

With Hufflecap, or with Chuck-farthing :

S. Still in merry Pin,

Let 'em lose or win,

On the Deck, &c.

S O N G 329.

LIKE a wandering Ghost I appear,

All silent, neglected and sad,

Tormented by Hopes and Despair,

I sigh when all others are glad.

No Joys in this Town can I find,

The City's a Desert to me :

I scarce should regret being blind,

To all other Objects but thee.

In the Fields as I saunter along,
 I look but for thee in my Way,
 And if from my Sight thou art gone,
 I mourn all the rest of the Day;
 Or if that by chance thou art there,
 I shun ev'ry Mortal I meet,
 Nor relish the Walk, or the Air,
 Thou only canst render them sweet.
 Oh, Nancy, while thus I complain,
 Does your Heart never flutter nor beat,
 Nor have you no Sense of my Pain,
 Whilst the Torment I bear is so great?
 Must those wand'ring Eyes always rove,
 On ev'ry new Object you see?
 Or must you reward my true Love,
 And fix them at last upon me?

S O N G 330.

LIKE Children in a Starry Night,
 When I beheld those Eyes before,
 I gaz'd with Wonder and Delight,
 Insensible of all their Pow'r.
 I play'd about the Flame so long,
 At length I felt the scorching Fire;
 My Hopes grew weak, my Passion strong,
 And I lay dying with Desire.
 By all the Help of human Art,
 I just recover'd so much Sense
 As to avoid, with heavy Heart,
 The fair but fatal Influence.
 But, since you shine away Despair,
 And now my Sighs no longer shun,
 No Persian in his zealous Pray'r,
 So much adores the rising Sun.
 If once again my Vows displease,
 There never was so lost a Lover;
 In Love, that languishing Disease,
 A sad Relapse we ne'er recover.

S O N G

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S O N G 331.

[Linco found Damon lying
 In Tears upon the Plain ;
 And laughing at his crying,
 Encreas'd poor Damon's Pain.
 Cries Damon, Mortal, fly me,
 Or by the Pow'r divine,
 Cries Linco, don't defy me,
 And shews a Flask of Wine.
 This---foolish pining Lover
 Will teach thee how to storm,
 Thy Gaiety recover,
 And make the Maids grow warm ;
 Come prithee, Damon, try it,
 'Tis sov'reign, prithee do ;
 Damon cou'd not deny it,
 He drank full Bumpers too.
 Soon Damon felt the Liquor,
 His Cheeks grew rosy red ;
 Then Linco fill'd out quicker,
 'Twas out they went to Bed.
 Next Morning Damon straying,
 To breath the fragrant Air,
 He heard poor Delia praying
 A last and fervent Pray'r.
 Yes, yes, I must implore him,
 Damon the kind, the true,
 Ye Gods, she cry'd, restore him,
 Else Love and Life adieu.
 On Linco's Humour thinking,
 He sprung into her Arms ;
 And fir'd with last Night's Drinking,
 Wou'd revel in her Charms.
 The Maids deep Crimson blushing,
 Reclin'd her Head, and sigh'd ;
 Whilst eager Damon flushing,
 Love's strongest Efforts try'd :
 Ah! whither am I flying!
 Her fault'ring Tongue exprest ;
 Then clasping, painting, fighting,
 They murmur'd all the rest.

S O N G 332.

Listen all, I pray, to the Words I've to say,
 In Memory sure insert 'em;
 Rich Wines do us raise to the Honour of Bays;
 Quem non fecere disertum?
 Of all the brisk Juice which the Gods do produce,
 Claret shall be preferr'd before 'em:
 'Tis Claret shall strait us Mortals create
 Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.
 We abandon all Ale, and Beer that is stale,
 Rosa-solis, and damnable Stum;
 But sparkling Red shall hold up its Head
 Bove omne quod exit in um.
 This is the Wine, that in former Time
 Each wise one of the Magi,
 Was wont to carouse in a Chaplet of Boughs,
 Recubans sub tegmine fagi.
 Let the Hip be their Bane, let a Rope be their Shame,
 Let the Gout and Cholick pine 'em,
 That offer to shrink in taking their Drink,
 Seu Græcum, five Latinum.
 Let the Glass fly about, till the Bottle is out,
 Let each one do as he's done to;
 'Vaunt those that hug th'abominable Jug,
 'Mong us Heteroclitæ sunt.
 There's no such Disease, as he that doth please
 His Palate with Beer for to shame us;
 'Tis Claret that brings to Fancy its Wings,
 And says, Musa, majora canamus.
 He's either a Mute, or does poorly dispute,
 That drinketh not Wine as we Men do;
 The more Wine a Man drinks, like a subtle Sphinx.
 Tan'um valet iste loquendo.
 How it cheers the Brains, how it warms the Veins,
 How 'gainst all Crosses it arms us!
 How it makes him that's poor courageously roar,
 Et mutatas dicere formas.

Give

Give me the Boy, my Delight and my Joy,
 To my Tantom that drinks his Tale;
 By Wine he that wastes, in our Syntax,
 Est Verbum personale.

Art thou weak or lame, or thy Wits to blame?
 Call for Wine, and thou shalt have it;
 'Twill make thee to rise, and be very wise,

Cui vim natura negavit.

We have frolick Rounds, we have merry Go-downs,

Yet nothing is done at random;
 For when we're to pay, we club and away,

Id est commune notandum.

No Vintners deny the Lads that are dry,

But give 'em Wine, whate'er it cost 'em;

If they do not pay till another Day,

Manet alta mente répositum.

Who ne'er fails to drink all clear from the Brink,

With a smooth and even Swallow,

I'll offer at's Shrine, and call it divine,

Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks still, and ne'er has his Fill,

Has a Passage like a Conduit.

Brisk Wine does inspire with Rapture and Fire,

Sic Æther Æthera fundit.

When we merrily quaff, if any go off,

And slyly offer to pass ye,

Give their Nose a Twitch, and kick 'em o' th' Breech,

Nam componitur ab asse.

I have told you plain, and will tell you again,

Be he as furious as Orlando;

He is an Ass that from hence doth pass,

Nisi bibit ad Offia stando.

S O N G 333.

[Little Flea, why so bloody thirsty?

Thou'rt drank, till it has almost burst thee.

Thou'rt now too full of Pride, I warrant,

To stir a Step on Strephon's Errand.

Yet, prithee, sweet sincere Backbiter,

To Chloe go, that false Delighter; Sa-

Go hide thy self within her Bodice,
 And make her own she is no Goddeſs. S.
 Tell her the Shafts of Cupid's Quiver
 So from her Eyes have pierc'd my Liver; S.
 And when ſhe holds thee 'twixt her Fingers,
 Say thou thy Love-ſick Strephon lingers. S.

S O N G 334.

Little Syren of the Stage,
 Charmer of an idle Age,
 Empty Warbler, breathing Lyre,
 Wanton Gale of fond Deſire,
 Bane of every manly Art,
 Sweet Enfeeblers of the Heart;
 O too pleaſing in thy Strain,
 Hence to ſouthern Climes again,
 Tuneful Miſchief, vocal Spell,
 To this Iſland bid farewell,
 Leave us as we ought to be,
 Leave the Britons rough and free.

S O N G 335.

LIVE, and love, enjoy the Fair,
 Banish Sorrow, banish Care,
 Mind not what old Dotards ſay,
 Age has had his Share of Play,
 But Youth's Sport begins to Day.
 From the Fruits of ſweet Delight
 Let not ſcare-crow Virtue fright.
 Here in Pleaſure's Vineyard we
 Rove, like Birds, from Tree to Tree,
 Careleſs, airy, gay, and free.

C H O R U S.

Away, away, away,
 To Comus' Court repair,
 There Night outſhines the Day,
 There yields the melting Fair.

S O N G 336.

Lonely Groves young Strephon chuſing,
 There t' indulge his am'rous Muſing,
 Love augments, while Love he blames:

Cruel

Cruel Love! you cause my Anguish,
 Thus with Care I pine and languish,
 Thus consume amid your Flames.

I despair at Celia's Frowning;
 When she weeps, in Tears I'm drowning,
 Smiles give pleasing Pains at best.

Love, who heard the Youth upbraid him,
 Conscious of his Presence made him,

And his Godhead thus express:

While you speak of Pains and Dying,
 Soothing Rapture you're enjoying;

My soft Empire's built on Sighs:

When those anxious Cares are over,
 Soon you lose the Name of Lover:

Love insipid grows, and dies.

S O N G 337.

LONG have I strove his Heart to gain,

But he no Pity shows:

Yet cruel he can not disdain

The Love that from me flows.

Oft have I try'd to win his Love,

But that cou'd ne'er attain:

Now, Cupid, tell me where to rove,

And ease my Love-sick Pain.

Ye Gods omnipotent, whose Pow'r

Can help the injur'd Fair,

Pity my Tale, my Peace restore,

And banish my Despair.

S O N G 338.

LONG from the Force of Beauty's Charms,

Long have I wander'd free;

Endur'd no Grief, felt no Alarms,

Reserv'd to fall by thee.

Thou, fair one, thou alone canst move

This Passion in my Breast;

Thou, thou alone canst teach me Love;

O teach me to be blest!

In Safety thus from all Alarms

The roving Turtle flies,

Till some unerring Hand conveys

The Shaft by which he dies.

S O N G 339.

LOOK, lovely Nymph, on yonder Tree,
 What Bloom the downy Peach adorns!
 See too those op'ning Roses, see,
 That sweetly blush on yonder Thorns,
 Then turn thee, fair one, to that Bed,
 Where various Flow'rs together grow;
 Observe yon Lily lift its Head,
 And proudly boast its Summer Snow!
 But would'st thou, in one Object join'd,
 At once these sev'ral Beauties trace?
 Yon Stream consult, and thou will'st find,
 They all unite in Daphne's Face.

S O N G 340.

LORD what's come to my Mother!
 That ev'ry Day more than other,
 My true Age she would smother,
 And says I'm not in my Teens.
 Tho' my Sampler I have sown through,
 My Bib and Apron outgrown too:
 My Baby quite away thrown too,
 I wonder what 'tis she means!
 When our John does squeeze my Hand,
 And calls me, Sugar-sweet,
 My Breath almost fails me,
 I know not what ails me,
 My Heart does so heave and so beat.
 I have heard of Desires
 From Girls who have been just of my Years,
 Love compar'd to Sweet Briars,
 That hurts, and yet does please.
 Is Love finer than Money?
 Or can it be sweeter than Honey?
 I'm, poor Girl, such a Tony,
 Efaith, that I cannot guess,
 But I'm sure I'll watch more near,
 There's something that Truth will show;
 For if Love has a Blessing,
 To please beyond Kissing,
 Our Jane and the Butler do know.

S O N G

S O N G 341.

LOST in a Labyrinth of Doubts and Joys,
 Whom now her Smiles reviv'd, her Scorn destroys :
 She will, and she will not, she grants, denies,
 Consents, retracts, advances, and then flies ;
 Approving, and rejecting in a Breath,
 Now proff'ring Mercy, now presenting Death,
 Thus hoping, thus despairing, never sure ;
 How various are the Torments I endure !
 Cruel Estate of Doubt ! Ah, Mira, try
 Once to resolve---or let me live, or die.

S O N G 342.

LOVE arms himself in Celia's Eyes,
 Whene'er weak Reason would rebel ;
 And every Time I dare be wise,
 Alas ! a deeper Wound I feel.
 Repeated Thoughts present the ill,
 Which seeing I must still endure ;
 They tell me Love has Darts to kill,
 And Wisdom has no Power to cure.
 Then cruel Reason give me Rest,
 Quit in my Heart thy feeble Hold ;
 Go try thy Force in Celia's Breast,
 For that is disengag'd and cold :
 There all thy nicest Arts employ ;
 Confess thy self her Beauty's Slave ;
 And argue, whilst she may destroy,
 How great, how God-like 'tis to save.

S O N G 343.

LOVE and Beauty, young and gay,
 Thro' my Eyes did force their Way,
 And my Heart their Captive made :
 Beauty with my Heart is fled,
 Cruel Love does still remain,
 To increase my raging Pain.
 But when my Heart returns again,
 As soon it will,
 Being us'd but ill,
 By Beauty's proud tyrannick Reign ;
 Then from its Slavery shall it rest,
 And cruel Love drive from my Breast.

Heart again resume thy Throne;
Since the Phantoms both are flown;
Here in Peace maintain thy Pow'r,
Nor think of Love or Beauty more.

S O N G 344.

LOVE and Folly were at play,
Both too wanton to be wise;
They fell out, and in their Fray
Folly put out Cupid's Eyes.
Strait the Criminal was try'd,
And had his Punishment assign'd,
Folly should to Love be ty'd,
And condemn'd to lead the Blind.

Then wisely let's venture,
Ourselves to deceive,
Since Fate has decreed us
To love and believe;
For all we can gain
By our Wisdom and Eyes,
Is to find ourselves cheated,
And Wretched when Wise.

S O N G 345.

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd;
Phillis continu'd still unkind;
Then you may e'en despair, he said,
In vain I strive to change her Mind.

Honour's got in, and keeps her Heart;
Durst he but venture once abroad,
In my own Right I'd take your Part,
And shew myself a mightier God.

Thus huffing Honour domineers
In Breasts where he alone has Place;
But if true gen'rous Love appears,
The Hector dares not shew his Face.

Let me still languish and complain,
Be most inhumanly deny'd;
I have some Pleasure in my Pain,
She can have none with all her Pride.

I fall a Sacrifice to Love,

She lives a Wretch, for Honour's sake;

Whose Tyrant does most cruel prove,

The Difference is not hard to make.

Consider real Honour then,

You'll find her's cannot be the same:

'Tis noble Confidence, in Men;

In Women, mean distrustful Shame.

S O N G 346.

LOVE bids me go, but Reason bids me stay:

O! why must Love and Reason disagree?

Love racks my Soul, when Reason I obey;

If Love I follow, Reason tortures me.

Unhappy Wretch! and must I then endure

This changing Pain for ever in my Mind?

From this, or that, in vain I seek a Cure!

Ah! could Love see! or was but Reason blind!

Look down with Pity from your Thrones above,

You Powers eternal! infinitely blest!

And from me take my Reason, or my Love,

Or reconcile them both, and give me Rest.

S O N G 347.

LOVE gives War or Peace at Pleasure,

Fond Lovers still tormenting,

But deaf to all Lamenting,

Laughs when he gives us Pain;

Displays his shining Treasure,

His Toils and Snares surround us;

No sooner does he wound us,

But leaves us to complain.

S O N G 348.

LOVE for Love is a charming Trade,

Love only can by Love be paid;

Whoe'er by Interest gains the Fair,

Must think her Favours unsincere:

But who in serving perseveres,

And late prevails, by Prayers and Tears,

His Joys beyond his Wishes move,

He only knows the Bliss of Love.

Love for Love is a sacred Tie,

Preserves on Earth Society;

'Tis

'Tis Harmony of Love for Love,
 To which the dancing Planets move:
 And if we may presume to guess,
 What Angels in their Songs express,
 Howe'er the Musick is above,
 The Chorus still is Love for Love.

S O N G 349.

LOVE is a Bauble,
 No Man is able
 To say, it is this, or 'tis that;
 An idle Passion,
 Of such a Fashion,
 'Tis like I cannot tell what.

Fair in the Cradle,
 Foul in the Saddle,
 Always too cold, or too hot;
 An arrant Lyar,
 Fed by Desire,
 It is, and yet it is not.

Love is a Fellow
 Clad all in yellow,
 The Canker-worm of the Mind;
 A privy Mischief,
 And such a sly Thief,
 No Man knows where him to find.

Love is a Wonder,
 'Tis here, and 'tis yonder,
 'Tis common to all Men, we know;
 A very Cheater,
 Ev'ry one's Better;
 Then hang him, and let him go.

S O N G 350.

LOVE's a Distemper that comes with high Feeding,
 And is cur'd, like a Fever, by Emptying and Bleeding.
 It seizes the Brain, and the Head runs on Fancies,
 Then all the young Wenches are Queens in Romances.
 But the Love-Fit soon over, pretty Miss proves a Dowdy,
 And her passionate Lover an arrant dull Booby.

S O N G

S O N G 351.

LOVE's a Dream of mighty Treasure,
 Which in Fancy we possess;
 In the Folly lies the Pleasure,
 Wisdom always makes it less.
 When we think, by Passion heated,
 We a Goddess have in Chase,
 Like Ixiom we are cheated,
 And a gaudy Cloud embrace.
 Happy only is the Lover,
 Whom his Mistress well deceives;
 Seeking nothing to discover,
 He contented lives at Ease.
 But the Wretch that wou'd be knowing
 What the Fair-One wou'd disguise,
 Labours for his own undoing,
 Changing happy, to be wise.

S O N G 352.

He. **L**OVE's an idle childish Passion,
 Only fit for Girls and Boys;
 Marriage is a cursed Fashion,
 Women are but foolish Toys.
 Spight of all the tempting Evils,
 Still thy Liberty maintain;
 Tell 'em, tell the pretty Devils,
 Man alone was made to reign.
 She. Empty Boaster! know thy Duty,
 Thou who dar'st my Pow'r defy;
 Feel the Force of Love and Beauty,
 Tremble at my Feet and die.
 Wherefore does thy Colour leave thee?
 Why these Cares upon thy Brow?
 Did the Rebel, Pride, deceive thee?
 Ask him, who's the Monarch now!

S O N G 353.

LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous Passion,
 Source of all sublime Delights;
 Which, with mutual Inclinations,
 Two fond Hearts in one unites.

What

What are Titles, Pomp, or Riches,
 If compar'd with true Content ?
 That false Joy which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd we may repent.
 Lawless Passions bring Vexation,
 But a chaste and constant Love
 Is a glorious Emulation
 Of the blissful State above.

S O N G 354.

LOVE's but the Frailty of the Mind,
 When 'tis not with Ambition join'd;
 A sickly Flame, which if not fed expires;
 And feeding, wastes in self-consuming Fires,
 'Tis not to wound a wanton Boy,
 Or am'rous Youth, that gives the Joy;
 But 'tis the Glory to have pierc'd a Swain,
 For whom superior Beauties sigh'd in vain.

Then I alone the Conquest prize,
 When I insult a Rival's Eyes:
 If there's Delight in Love, 'tis when I see,
 That Heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

S O N G 355.

LOVE's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove,
 Said, Cupid, bend thy Bow with Speed,
 Nor let the Shaft at random rove,
 For Jeany's haughty Heart must bleed.
 The smiling Boy, with divine Art,
 From Paphos shot an Arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the Heart,
 And kill'd the Pride of bony Jean.
 No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,
 Refuses Willy's kind Address;
 Her yielding Blushes shew no Care,
 But too much Fondness to suppress.
 No more the Youth is sullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the Green,
 Whilst ev'ry Day he spies some new
 Surprising Charms in bony Jean.

A thousand Transports crowd his Breast,

He moves as light as fleeting Wind,

His former Sorrows seem a Jest,

Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind.

Riches he looks on with Disdain,

The glorious Fields of War look mean ;

The chearful Hounds and Horn give Pain,

If absent from his bony Jean.

The Day he spends in am'rous Gaze,

Which even in Summer shorten'd seems :

When sunk in Down, with glad Amaze,

He wonders at her in his Dreams,

All Charms disclos'd, she looks more bright

Than Troy's Prize, the Spartan Queen,

With breaking Day he lifts his Sight,

And pants to be with bony Jean.

S O N G 356.

LOVE is by Fancy led about

From Hope to Fear, from Joy to Doubt ;

Whom we now an Angel call,

Divinely grac'd in every Feature,

Straight's a deform'd, a perjur'd Creature ;

Love and Hate are Fancy all.

'Tis but as Fancy shall present

Objects of Grief, or of Content,

That the Lover's blest, or dies :

Visions of mighty Pain or Pleasure,

Imagin'd Want, imagin'd Treasure,

All in powerful Fancy lies.

S O N G 357.

LOVE is like the raging Ocean,

When the swelling Surges rise ;

Wind, which guides its troubled Motion,

Woman's Temper well supplies.

Man's the easy Bark, and playing

On the Surface of the Sea ;

To the worst of Ills betraying,

Cupid must the Pilot be.

S O N G

S O N G 358.

LOVE, kindled in a Breast too young,
Is but a wand'ring fleeting Passion;
In riper Years it grows more strong,
When Reason seconds Inclination.

Young Strephon did on Cælia doat,
His tend'rest Vows were all for her;
Yet soon his Vows were all forgot,
When charming Flavia did appear.

So tender Plants, by milder Rays,
Are cherish'd and preserv'd 'till Noon;
But soon their fading Bloom decays,
When shin'd on by a warmer Sun.

S O N G 359.

LOVE never more shall give me Pain,
My Fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever Maid my Heart shall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.

Thy Beauties did such Pleasure give,
Thy Love's so true to me:
Without thee I shall never live,
My Deary, if thou die.

If Fate shall tear thee from my Breast,
How shall I lonely stray?
In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waste,
In Sighs the silent Day:

I ne'er can so much Virtue find,
Nor such Perfection see:

Then I'll renounce all Woman-kind,
My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown Beauty fires my Heart
With Cupid's raving Rage;
But thine, which can such Sweets impart,
Must all the World engage.

'Twas this that like the Morning Sun
Gave Joy and Life to me;
And when its destin'd Day is done,
With Peggy let me die,

Ye Pow'rs that smile on virtuous Love,

And in such Pleasure share ;

You who its faithful Flames approve,

With Pity view the Pair.

Restore my Peggy's wonted Charms,

Those Charms so dear to me ;

Oh! never take them from those Arms ;

I'm lost, if Peggy die.

S O N G 360.

LOVE sounds to Battle,

Haste thither, together,

This Charge is Fatal,

To all who deny ;

Rebels and Traitors,

With all their Abettors,

Fearing, trembling,

Before him fly.

Vain are the Forces

Of Rangers and Changers,

All their Recourse is

To arm with a Quart ;

But when they're boozing,

And freely carouzing,

Laughing, quaffing,

He wounds the Heart,

To all Deserters,

Annoying, destroying,

He ne'er gives Quarters,

But sets them on fire ;

The Flame past curing,

With Rage they're enduring,

Scorching, burning,

'Till they expire :

But the true Lover,

That sallies, and rallies,

Nor turns a Rover,

But stands to his Arms,

Under Love's Banner,

Shall be crown'd with Honour,

Kissing, pressing,

And melt in Charms,

• Y

S O N G

LOVE still has something of the Sea,
 From whence his Mother rose;
 No Time his Slaves from Doubt can free,
 Nor give their Thoughts Repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest Days,
 And in rough Weather tost;
 They wither under cold Delays,
 Or are in Tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the Port,
 Then straight into the Main
 Some angry Wind, in cruel Sport,
 Their Vessels drives again.

At first, Disdain and Pride they fear,
 Which if they chance to 'scape,
 Rivals and Falshood soon appear
 In a more dreadful Shape.

By such Degrees to Joys they come,
 And are so long withstood;
 So slowly they receive the Sum,
 It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a Pain;
 And to defer a Bliss,
 Believe me, gentle Hermoine;
 No less inhuman is.

An hundred thousand Oaths your Fears
 Perhaps would not remove;
 And if I gaz'd a thousand Years,
 I could no deeper love.

'Tis fitter much for you to guess,
 Than for me to explain:
 But grant, O grant that Happiness
 Which only does remain.

LOVE, the Sweets of Love,
 Are the Joys I must admire,
 Kind and active Fire
 Of a fierce Desire,
 Indulge my Soul, compleat my Bliss:

But

But th' affected Coldness
Of Cælia damps my Boldness;

I must bow
Protest and vow,
And swear aloud,
I wou'd be proud,

When she with equal Ardour longs to kiss,

Bring a Bowl, then bring a jolly Bowl,

I'll quench fond Love within it,
With flowing Cups I'll raise my Soul,
And here's to the happy Minute;

For flush'd with brisk Wine,

When she's panting and warm,
And Nature unguarded, lets loose her Mind,
In the amorous Moment the Gypsie I'll find,
Oblige her, and take her by Storm.

S O N G 363.

LOVE, thou airy vain Illusion,

Sly Deceiver of my Joys,

All thy Arts are but Delusion,

Whilst vain Hope my Heart decoys.

But, Charmer, I still adore:

Ne'er tease me, but ease me,

Love's Passion shall please me,

Whilst I your Aid implore.

S O N G 364.

LOVE, thou'rt the best of human Joys,

Our chiefest Happiness below;

All other Pleasures are but Toys,

Musick without thee is but Noise,

Beauty but an empty Show.

Heaven that knew best what Man cou'd move,

And raise his Thoughts above the Brute,

Said, Let him be, and let him love,

That only must his Soul improve,

Howe'er Philosophers dispute.

S O N G 365.

LOVE, weary'd with his roving Flight,

Descending at th' Approach of Night,

Down to Panthea's Bosom fled,

And made that Seat of Joy his Bed.

Gently her heaving Bosom rose,
 And seem'd to court him to repose :
 Nest'ling he folds his Wings, to creep
 Between her Breasts for sweeter Sleep.
 Pleas'd and transported with the Joy,
 She laugh'd at the deluded Boy :
 And did a Stratagem prepare,
 To keep the wanton Pris'ner there.

She took a various colour'd Braid,
 Of Purple, Gold, and Scarlet made ;
 Now, Youngster, said the cruel Fair,
 You shall Panthea's Fetters wear.

But when surpriz'd he waking found
 His shackled Limbs, and Pinions bound,
 Sighing he wept, and begg'd she'd please
 To give her Captive a Release.

Sly Youth, says she, wou'd you so soon
 Quit your Apartments, and be gone ?
 No, my dear Rover, first discharge
 Your Quarters, ere you're set at large.

Then for a Bribe, said he, to go,
 My Quiver take, and take my Bow ;
 Nor can I greater Triumphs boast,
 Than that my Arms to you were lost.

And now those Shafts are his no more,
 His Bow and Ensigns of his Pow'r ;
 Panthea now commands Love's Darts,
 All Eyes she charms, and wounds all Hearts.

S O N G 366.

LOVE, when 'tis true, needs not the Aid
 Of Sighs nor Oaths to make it known ;
 And, to convince the cruel'st Maid,
 Lovers shou'd use their Love alone.

Into their very looks 'twill steal ;
 And he that most wou'd hide his Flame,
 Does in that Care his Pain reveal :
 Silence itself can Love proclaim.

This,

This, my Aurelia, made me shun
 The Paths that common Lovers tread;
 Whose guilty Passions are begun,
 Not in their Heart, but in their Head.
 I cou'd not sigh, and with cross'd Arms
 Accuse your Rigour and my Fate;
 Nor tax your Beauty with such Charms
 As Men adore, and Women hate.
 But, careless liv'd, and without Art,
 Knowing my Love you must have spy'd;
 And thinking it a foolish Part,
 To strive to show, what none can hide.

S O N G 367.

L Ovely Celia, fair Destroyer,
 Ease a troubled Love-sick Mind;
 Smile upon a hopeless Lover,
 Cease to charm, or else be kind:
 Be kind, and sooth my gentle Flame,
 My Sighs, and Vows repay;
 Love's an empty airy Name,
 Like Flowers it fades away.

But Celia's Heart is lasting Treasure,
 Free from Falshood, free from Stain,
 Gives hourly Joy and daily Pleasure,
 Nor protracts the Lover's Pain.
 The Nymph that's fair and cruel too,
 Kills surer than the Dart:
 That sometimes wounds to fix us true,
 But you soon break the Heart.

S O N G 368.

L Ovely Charmer, dearest Creature,
 Kind Invader of my Heart;
 Grac'd with ev'ry Gift of Nature,
 Grac'd with every Help of Art.
 Oh! could I but make thee love me,
 As thy Charms my Heart have mov'd,
 None could e'er be blest above me;
 None could e'er be more belov'd.

S O N G 369.

L Ovely Lucinda! blame not me,
 If on your beauteous Looks I gaze;
 How can I help it, when I see
 Something so charming in your Face!
 That like a bright unclouded Sky,
 When in the Air the Sun-beams play,
 It ravishes my wandring Eye,
 And warms me with a pleasing Ray.

S O N G 370.

L Ovely Ruler of my Heart,
 Queen of all and ev'ry Part,
 Object of my Soul's Desire,
 For whose Sake I cou'd expire;
 Witness all you Gods above,
 That I only live to love,
 That I love but you alone;
 Kindly then my Passion crown.

Queen of my Heart,
 And only Idol of my Soul,
 I bless the Pow'r
 That does my ravish'd Sense controul;
 So mild, so gentle is your Reign,
 I gladly wear the pleasing Chain;
 Such Pride I take your Slave to be,
 I wou'd not, if I cou'd be free.

S O N G 371.

L Overs, who waste your Thoughts and Youth
 In Passion's fond Extremes;
 Who dream of Women's Love and Truth,
 And doat upon your Dreams:
 I should not here your Fancy take
 From such a pleasing State;
 Were you not sure at last to wake,
 And find your Fault too late.
 Then learn betimes, the Love which crowns
 Our Cares, is all but Wiles;
 Compos'd of false fantastick Frowns,
 And soft dissembling Smiles.

With

With Anger, which sometimes they feign,

They cruel Tyrants prove ;

And then turn Flatterers again,

With as affected Love.

As if some Injury were meant

To those they kindly us'd,

Those Lovers are the most content,

That have been still refus'd.

Since each has in his Bosom nurs'd

A false and fawning Foe ;

'Tis just, and wise, by striking first,

To 'scape the fatal Blow.

S O N G 372.

Lucinda, close or veil your Eye,

Where thousand Loves in Ambush lie ;

Where Darts are pointed with such Skill,

They're sure to hurt, if not to kill ;

Let Pity move thee to seem blind,

Lest seeing, thou destroy Mankind.

Lucinda hide that swelling Breast,

The Phoenix else will change her Nest ;

Yet do not, for when she expires,

Her Heat may light in the soft Fires

Of Love and Pity, so that I

By this one Way may thee enjoy.

S O N G 373.

MAidens beware ye,

Love will ensnare ye,

If you but look, or lend an Ear ;

Words will detain ye,

Sighs will trapan ye,

Tears will draw you into the Share ;

Then, in Time, beware.

Daily you'll find it,

If you'll but mind it,

How many Maids false Men betray :

Let this concern ye,

Let their Fall learn ye,

From the Danger to run away,

Run, run, run away.

Let

Let Virtue guard ye,
 Praise will reward ye,
 And you will shine in brightest Fame;
 When the poor Creature,
 That yields her Charter,
 Lives abandon'd, and dies with Shame,
 To bear such a Name.

S O N G 374.

MAidens, fresh as a Rose,
 Young, buxom, and full of Jollity;
 Take no Spouse among Beaus,
 Fond of their raking Quality:
 He who wears a long Bush,
 All powder'd down from his Pericrane,
 And with his Nose full of Snush,
 Snuffles out Love in a merry Vein.
 Who to Dames of high Place
 Does prattle like any Parrot too;
 Yet with Doxies a Brace,
 At Night pigs in a Garret too;
 Patrimony out-run,
 To make a fine Shew to carry thee.
 Plainly, Friend, thou'rt undone,
 If such a Creature marry thee.
 Then for Fear of a Bribe,
 Of flattering Noise and Vanity,
 Yoke a Lad of our Tribe,
 He'll shew the best Humanity:
 Flashy thou wilt find Love,
 In civil as well as secular;
 But when the Spirit doth move,
 We have a Gift particular.
 Tho' our Graveness is Pride,
 That Boobies the more may venerate,
 He that gets a good Bride,
 Can jump when he's to generate:
 Off then goes the Disguise,
 To Bed in his Arms he'll carry thee;
 Then to be happy and wise,
 Take Yea and Nay to marry thee.

S O N G

S O N G 375.

MAIDS are grown so coy of late,
 Forsooth they will not marry;
 Tho' they're in their Teens and past,
 They say they yet can tarry.
 But if they knew how Sweet a Thing
 It is in Youth to marry,
 They would sell their Hose and Smock,
 Ere they so long would tarry.
 Winter Nights are long, you know,
 And bitter cold the Weather;
 Then who's so fond to lie alone,
 When two may lie together?
 And is't not brave when Summer comes,
 With all the Fields inroll'd,
 To take a Green-gown on the Grass,
 And wear it uncontroul'd?
 For she that is most coy of all,
 If she had Time and Leisure,
 Would lay away severest Thoughts,
 And turn to Mirth and Pleasure:
 For why, the fairest Maid sometimes
 Puts on the Face of Folly,
 And Maids do ne'er repent so much
 As when they are too holy.

S O N G 376.

MAIDS like Courtiers must be woo'd,
 Most by Flatt'ry are subdu'd;
 Some capricious, coy, or nice,
 Out of Pride protract the Vice;
 But they fall,
 One and all,
 When we bid up to their Price.

S O N G 377.

MAKE haste and away, mine only Dear,
 Make haste and away; away,
 For all at the Gate
 Your true Love does wait,
 And I prithee make no Delay.

O how shall I steal away, my Love,

O how shall I steal away?

My Daddy is near,

And I dare not, for fear,

Pray come then another Day.

O this is the only Day, my Love!

O this is the only Day!

I'll draw him aside,

And throw the Gates wide,

And then you may steal away.

Then prithee make no Delay, dear Boy,

Then prithee make no Delay;

We'll serve him a Trick,

For I'll slip in the Nick,

And to my true Love away.

O Cupid! befriend this loving Pair,

O Cupid! befriend 'em, I pray;

May their Stratagem take,

For thine own sweet sake,

And Amen let all true Lovers say.

S O N G 378.

MAN, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,

And the Woman made for Man;

As the Spur is for the Jade,

As the Scabbard for the Blade,

As for Digging is the Spade,

As for Liquor is the Can,

So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,

And the Woman made for Man.

As the scepter's to be sway'd,

As for Night's the Serenade,

As for Pudding is the Pan,

And to cool us is the Fan,

So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,

And the Woman made for Man.

Be she Widow, Wife, or Maid,

Be she wanton, be she stay'd,

Be she well, or ill array'd,

Whore, Bawd, or Harridan,

Yet Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,

And the Woman made for Man.

S O N G

S O N G 379.

MAN may escape from Rope and Gun,
 Nay, some have out-liv'd the Doctor's Pill;
 Who takes a Woman must be undone,
 That Basilisk is sure to kill:
 The Fly that sips Treacle is lost in the Sweets,
 So he that tastes Woman, Woman, Woman,
 So he that tastes Woman Ruin meets.

S O N G 380.

MARCH, march,

Why the D— do ye na march?
 Stands to your Arms, my Lads,
 Fight in good Order.
 Front about ye Musketeers all,
 Till ye come to the English Border.
 Stand till't, and fight like Men,
 True Gospel to maintain.
 The Parliament's blyth to see us a coming,
 When to the Kirk we come,
 We'll purge it ilka Room,
 Frae Popish Relicks and a' sic Innovations,
 That a' the World may see,
 There's nan i' the right but we,
 Of the auld Scottish Nation.
 Jenny shall wear the Hood,
 Jocky the Sark of God;
 And the Kist of Whistles,
 That make sic a cleiro,
 Our Pipers braw
 Shall hae them a',
 Whate'er come on it.
 Busk up your Plaids, my Lads,
 Cock up your Bonnets.

March, march, &c.

S O N G 381.

Maria, when my Sight you bleis,
 Each Morn beneath your Cow,
 How can the Swain his Joy express,
 To see thee in thy rural Dress,
 And hear thee Singing too?

Thy

Thy Milk-white Waistcoat, free from Stain,
Denotes thy purer Thought,
As clear from Falshood as Disdain;
And in thy soft and chearful Strain
My Cares are all forgot.

Thy Breath excels the Breath of Morn,
More fragrant than the Hay;
Or Flow'rs, tho' in thy Bosom worn;
Or Clover-grass, or green-ear'd Corn;
Or Cows, more sweet than they.

Thy modest Cheeks out-blush the Rose,
Whilst I thy Charms recite;
Thy Lips are Cherries; Eyes are Slices;
And thy engaging Smiles disclose
Two Rows of Iv'ry white.

But oh! the Burden of my Song!
Those Charms may fall a Prey,
And be commanded, right or wrong,
By some dull Clown, whose vulgar Tongue
Can neither sing nor say.

The Vi'let thus, that in the Mead
Regal'd our Smell, alas!
No more must rear his bloomy Head,
Stamp'd in by some black Ox's Tread,
Or mow'd with common Grass.

The chearful Mornings, once so blest,
The Ev'nings too, are o'er:
Ye Cows, whose Teats Maria prest,
Farewel: My Pipe has done its best,
Maria smiles no more.

S O N G 382.

MArriage, it seems, is for better, for worse;
Some count it a Blessing, and others a Curse;
The Cuckolds are blest, if the Proverb prove true,
And then there's no doubt but in Heav'n there's not few
Of honest rich Rogues, who ne'er had got there,
If their Wives had not sent them thro' Trembling and Fear.
Some Women are honest, tho' rare in a Wife,
Yet with Scolding and Brawling they'll shorten your Life.

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You ne'er can enjoy your Bottle and Friend,
But your Wife, like an Imp, is at your Elbow's End;
Crying Fie, you Sot, come, come, come, come;
So these are unhappy abroad and at home.

We find the Batchelor liveth best;
Tho' drunk or sober he takes his Rest;
He never is troubled with Scolding or Strife,
(Tis the best can be said of a very good Wife.)
But merrily Day and Night does spend,
Enjoying his Mistress, Bottle, and Friend.

A Woman out-wits us, do what we can,
She'll make a Fool of every wise Man;
Old Mother Eve did the Serpent obey,
And has taught all her Sex that damnable Way
Of Cheating and Cousening all Mankind,
'Twere better if Adam had still been blind.

The poor Man that marries thinks he does well;
I pity's Condition, for sure he's in Hell;
The Fool is a sotting, and spends all he gets,
The Child is a bawling, the Wife daily frets:
That Marriage is pleasant we all must agree,
Consider it well, there's none happier can be.

S O N G 383.

MAY the Ambitious ever find
Success in Crowds and Noise,
While gentle Love does fill my Mind
With silent real Joys.

May Knaves and Fools grow rich and great,
And the World think 'em wise;
While I lie at my Nanny's Feet,
And the World despise.

Let conqu'ring Kings new Triumphs raise,
And melt in Court Delights;
Her Eyes can give much brighter Days,
Her Arms much softer Nights.

S O N G 384.

Mistake not, Celia, the Design,
When I your Worth proclaim;
Or dedicate a Verse of mine
To your distinguish'd Name.

The Muses were ordain'd, to shew
 The Glories of your Sex :
 Then why should what is sung of you,
 Your modest Mind perplex ?
 At Thought of you, my Muse takes Wing,
 My tender Bosom warms :
 Indulge me then with Leave to sing,
 Or lay aside your Charms.
 No grateful Answer I desire ;
 No Favours I implore ;
 'Tis all I want, or will require,
 Allow me to adore.

S O N G 385.

Mistaken Fair, lay Sherlock by,
 His Doctrine is deceiving ;
 For whilst he teaches us to die,
 He cheats us of our Living.
 To die's a Lesson we shall know
 Too soon, without a Master ;
 Then only let us study now
 How we may live the faster.
 To live's to love ; so blest, be blest
 With mutual Inclination ;
 Share then my Ardour in your Breast,
 And kindly meet my Passion.
 But if thus blest, I may not live,
 And Pity you deny,
 To me at least your Sherlock give,
 'Tis I must learn to die.

S O N G 386.

Mortals, wisely learn to measure
 Life by the Extent of Joy,
 Life's a short and fleeting Pleasure :
 Then be gay,
 Whilst you may,
 And your Hours with Mirth employ.
 Never let a Mistress pain thee,
 Tho' she meet you with a Frown,
 Fly to Wine, 'twill soon unchain thee ;

Cheer

Cheer thy Heart,
And all thy Smart,
In a sweet Oblivion drown.

If Love's fiercer Flame should seize thee,
To some gentle Maid repair,
She'll with soft Endearments ease thee,
On her Breast,
Sink to Rest,

Eas'd of Love and free from Care,
Friendship, Wine, and Love united,
From all Ills defend the Mind,
By them guarded and delighted,
Happy State,
Smile at Fate,
And give Sorrow to the Wind.

S O N G 387

MOthers, thro' too much Pride or Love,
Ne'er fail of Inclination,
To breed their Children far above
The Level of their Station.

The Farmer to the Dancing-School
Must send his awkward Daughter,
To spend what he should give the Poor,
To match her well hereafter.

So when the Wench by am'rous Sight
Declares she's ripe and ready,
In Minuet and Boree lies
The Fortune of my Lady.

Thus bred, the wanton clumsy Lass,
A working-Life despises,
And rather chusing to be base,
She falls before the ruses.

When if the Hoyden had been bred
To th' Ladle and the Needle,
She would not then have been misled,
To ogle, kiss, and wheedle.

Wherefore those Parents act awry,
And in the main deceive 'em,
Who breed their Children proudly high,
Yet little have to give 'em.

MOURN hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd Peace, thy Lawrel torn?

Thy Sons for Valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native Ground.

Thy hospitable Roofs no more
Invite the Stranger to the Door;
In Smoaky Ruins sunk they lie,
The Monuments of Cruelty.

The wretched Owner sees afar,
His All become the Prey of War,
Bethinks him of his Babes and Wife,
Then smites his Breast, and curses Life!
Thy Swains are famish'd on the Rocks
Where late, they fed their wanton Flocks!
Thy ravish'd Virgins shriek in vain
Thine Infants perish on the Plain!

What boots it, that in ev'ry Clime,
Thro' the wide spreading Wasse of Time,
Thy Martial Glory crown'd with Praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd Blaze?
Thy tower'ing Spirit now is broke,
Thy Neck is bent to the Yoke!
What Foreign Arms could never quell,
By Civil Rage and Rancour fell!

The rural Pipe and merry Lay
No more shall cheer the happy Day.
No Social Scenes of gay Delight,
Beguile the dreary Winter Night!
No Strains but those of Sorrow flow,
And Nought be heard but Sounds of Woe!
While the pale Phantoms of the Slain,
Glide nightly o'er the silent Plain!

O baleful Cause! O fatal Morn
Accurs'd to Ages yet unborn!
The Sons against their Father stood!
The Parent shed his Children's Blood!
Yet when the Rage of Battle ceas'd,
The Victor's Soul was not appeas'd:
The Naked and Forlorn must feel
Devouring Flames and murd'ring Steel!

The

The pious Mother doom'd to Death,
 Forsaken wanders o'er the Heath,
 The bleak Wind whistles round her Head,
 Her helpless Orphans cry for Bread,
 Bereft of Shelter, Food and Friend,
 She views the Shades of Night descend;
 And stretch'd beneath inclement Skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender Babes and dies!
 While the warm Blood bedews my Veins,
 And unimpair'd Remembrance reigns,
 Resentment of my Country's Fate,
 Within my filial Breast shall beat;
 And Spite of her insulting Foe,
 My sympathizing Verse shall Flow.
 Mourn, hapless Caledonia! mourn
 Thy banish'd Peace, thy Laurel torn!

S O N G 389.

Musing I late

On Windsor Terras sat;
 And hot, and weary,
 Heard a merry
 Am'rous Couple chat;
 Words as they go,
 The Nymph soon made me know,
 And t'other was,
 Tho' gay in Dress,
 A blund'ring Country Beau.
 He had shown her all
 The Lodgings, great and small;
 The Tower, the Bower,
 The Green, the Queen,
 And fam'd St. George's Hall:
 Lastly brought her here,
 To court her for his Dear;
 To wed and bed,
 And swore he had
 A thousand Pound a Year.
 Money, the Crew
 Of Sots, think all must do;

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And

And now this Fool;
 Unlearn'd at School;
 It seems believes so too:
 But the rare Girl,
 More worth than Gold or Pearl,
 Was nobly got,
 And brought, and taught,
 To slight the sordid World.
 She then brisk and gay,
 That lov'd a tuneful Lay,
 In haste pull'd out
 Her little Flute,
 And bad him sing or play;
 He both Arts defy'd,
 And she as quickly cry'd;
 Who learnt no way
 To sing nor say,
 Shou'd ne'er make her a Bride.

S O N G 390.

Musing on Cares of human Fate,
 In a sad Cypress Grove,
 A strange Dispute I heard of late,
 'Twixt Virtue, Fame, and Love:
 A pensive Shepherd ask'd Advice,
 And their Opinions crav'd,
 How he might hope to be so wise,
 To get a Place beyond the Skies,
 And how he might be sav'd.
 Nice Virtue preach'd Religion's Laws,
 Paths to eternal Rest.
 To fight his King's and Country's Cause,
 Fame counsell'd him was best.
 But Love oppos'd their noisy Tongues,
 And thus their Votes out-brav'd;
 Get, get a Mistress, fair and young,
 Love fiercely, constantly, and long,
 And then thou shalt be sav'd.
 Swift as a Thought, the am'rous Swain
 To Sylvia's Cottage flies;
 In soft Expressions told her plain
 The Way to heav'nly Joys.

She,

She, who with Piety was stor'd,
 Delays no longer crav'd;
 Charm'd by the God whom they ador'd,
 She smil'd, and took him at his Word;
 And thus they both were sav'd.

S O N G 391.

MY Chloe, why d'ye slight me,
 Since all you ask you have?
 No more with Frowns affright me,
 Nor use me like a Slave.
 Good-Nature to discover,
 Use well your faithful Lover;
 I'll be no more a Rover,
 But constant to my Grave.

Could we but change Condition,
 My Grievs would all be flown;
 Poor I, the kind Physician,
 And you the Patient grown.
 All own you're wond'rous pretty,
 Well shap'd, and also witty;
 Enforc'd by gen'rous Pity,
 Then make my Case your own.

The Pow'rs who kindly gave us,
 And form'd our Shape and Mind,
 Too surely would enslave us,
 Were they like you inclin'd:
 Then Goodness be your Duty,
 Or I must bid adieu t'ye;
 Like them with all your Beauty,
 Be merciful and kind.

The Silver Swan, when dying,
 Has most melodious Lays;
 Like him, when Life is flying,
 In Songs I'll end my Days:
 But know, thou cruel Creature,
 My Soul shall mount the faster,
 And I shall sing the sweeter,
 By warbling forth your Praise.

S O N G 392.

MY Days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little Birds that fly
 With careless Ease from Tree to Tree,
 Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear
 Of mine increas'd their Stream;
 Or ask the flying Gales, if e'er
 I lent a Sigh to them.

But now my former Days retire,
 And I'm by Beauty caught:
 The tender Chains of sweet Desire
 Are fixt upon my Thought.

An eager Hope within my Breast
 Does every Doubt controul;
 And lovely Nancy stands confess
 The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisted Pines,
 Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,
 Ye gentle Echoes, breezy Winds,
 Ye close Retreats of Love;

With all of Nature, all of Art,
 Assist the dear Design;

Teach a young unpractis'd Heart,
 To make her ever mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,
 As much as of Despair,
 And hardly covet to be Great,
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the Passion in my Mind
 Is mixt with soft Distress;
 Yet while the Fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

S O N G 393.

MY dear and only Love, I pray,
 That little World of thee,
 Be govern'd by no other Sway,
 But purest Monarchy:

For if Confusion have a part,
Which virtuous Souls abhor,
I'll call a Synod in my Heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone ;
My Thoughts did evermore disdain
A Rival on my Throne.

He either fears his Fate too much,
Or his Deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the Touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the Law,
And have each Subject to my Will,
And all to stand in awe :

But 'gainst my Batteries if I find
Thou storm, or vex me fore,
As if thou set me as a Blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the Empire of thy Heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a Part,
Or dare to share with me :

Or if Committees thou erect,
Or go on such a Score,
I'll smiling mock at thy Neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless Action stain
Thy Love and constant Word,
I'll make thee famous by my Pen,
And glorious by my Sword.

I'll serve thee in such noble Ways,
As ne'er was known before ;
I'll deck and crown thy Head with Bays,
And love thee more and more.

S O N G 394

MY dear Mistress has a Heart,
Soft as those kind Looks she gave me,
When with Love's restless Art,
And her Eyes, she did enslave me ;

But

But her Constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild, and apt to wander,
 That my jealous Heart would break,
 Shou'd we live one Day asunder.

Melting Joys about her move,
 Killing Pleasures, wounding Bliss;
 She can dress her Eyes in Love,
 And her Lips can arm with Kisses :
 Angels listen when she speaks ;
 She's my Delight, all Mankind's Wonder ;
 But my jealous Heart would break,
 Shou'd we live one Day asunder.

S O N G 395.

MY dearest Maid, since you desire
 To know what I wou'd wish,
 What Store of Wealth I would require
 To gain true Happiness ;
 This faithful Inventory take
 Of all that Life can easy make.

Here happy only are the few
 Who wish to live at Home,
 Who never do extend their View
 Beyond their small Income.
 An Income which should ever be
 The Fruit of honest Industry.

A Soul serene and free from Fears,
 With no Contentions vex'd,
 Nor yet with vain and anxious Cares
 To be at all perplex'd.

A Body that's with Health endow'd,
 An open Temper, yet not rude.

A Heart that's always circumspect,
 Unknowing to deceive,
 Yet ever wisely can reflect,
 Not easy to believe.

As to my Dress, let it be plain,
 Yet always neat without a Stain.

A cleanly Hearth and cheerful Fire
 To drive away the Cold,

A moderate Glass one would require
 When merry Tales are told :

The

The Company of an easy Friend,
 My like in Fortune and in Mind.
 Some Shelves of Books of the right Kind,
 For Knowledge and Delight,
 Not intricate, nor interlin'd
 With narrow Party-spite :
 A Garden fair, to paint me clear
 Nature's Gradations through the Year.
 To give true Relish to Delight,
 A chaste and chearful Wife,
 With sweetest Humour to unite
 Our Hearts as long as Life :
 Sound Sleep, whose kind delusive Turn,
 Shall join the Evening to the Morn.
 So would we live agreeably,
 And ever be content,
 To Providence ay thankful be
 For all those Blessings lent.
 O Sovereign Power ! but grant me this,
 No more I'll ask, no more I'll wish.

S O N G 396.

MY easy Heart,
 With single Dart,
 Has no small Anguish found ;
 But Love has now
 Two Strings to's Bow ;
 Both Wit and Beauty wound.
 Such Guns or Spears
 Who sees or hears,
 Of Deaths may take his Choice,
 For tho' he flies
 Her piercing Eyes,
 She'll reach him with her Voice.
 When Wit persuades,
 And Beauty leads
 Our Senses all to Joy,
 Not Dido's Guest
 Cou'd guard his Breast
 Against the Cyprian Boy.

But

But if his Bow,
And Arrows too,
Were broken all and lost,
None cou'd withstand
Her naked Hand,
They'll feel it to their Cost.

S O N G 397.

MY Fair is beautiful and young,
Stately, yet void of Pride,
Gentle as is the Turtle Dove,
And constant as the Tide.
Prudence in all her Ways we find,
The Graces round her throng;
Wisdom itself has form'd her Mind,
And Music's on her Tongue.

S O N G 398.

MY Fair, ye Swains, is gone astray,
The little Wand'rer lost her Way,
In gathering Flowers the other Day;
Poor Phillis, poor Phillis,
Poor Lovely Phillis.
Ah lead her home, ye gentle Swains,
Who know an absent Lover's Pains,
And bring me safely o'er the Plains
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.
Conceive what Torments rack my Mind,
And if you'll be so just and kind,
I'll give you certain Marks to find
My Phillis.

When e'er a charming Form you see,
Serenely Grave, sedately Free,
And mildly Gay, it must be she;
'Tis Phillis.

Not boldly bare, or half undress'd,
But under Cover lightly press'd,
In secret plays the little Breast
Of Phillis.

When such a Heav'nly Voice you hear,
As makes you think a Dryade near,
Ah, seize her, and bring home my Dear,
'Tis Phillis.

The

The Nymph whose Person void of Art,
Has ev'ry Grace in ev'ry Part,
With murd'ring Eyes, yet harmless Heart,
Is Phillis.

Whose Teeth are like an Iv'ry Row,
Whose Skin is like the clearest Snow,
Whose Face is like——nothing that I know,
Is Phillis.

But rest my Soul, at bless your Fate,
The Gods who form'd a Piece so neat,
So Just, Exact, and so Compleat,
As Phillis,

Proud of their Hit, in such a Flow'r,
Which so exemplifies their Pow'r,
Will guard in ev'ry dangerous Hour,
My Phillis.

S O N G 399.

MY Friend and I, we drank whole Pils-pots
Full of Sack up to the Brim :

I drank to my Friend, and he drank his Pot :

So we began our drunken Whim :

Three Bottles and a Quart

We swallow'd down our Throat,

(But hang such puny Sips as these ;)

We laid us all along,

With our Mouths unto the Bung,

And tipp'd whole Hogsheads off with Ease,

I heard of a Fop that drank whole Tankards,

Stil'd himself the Prince of Sots :

But hang such silly puny Drunkards,

Melt their Flaggons, break their Pots.

My Friend and I did join

For a Cellar full Wine,

And we drank the Vintner out of Door ;

We drank it all up

In a Morning, at a Sup,

And greedily rov'd about for more.

My Friend to me did make this Motion,

Let us to the Vintage skip ;

Then we embark'd upon the Ocean,

Where we found a Spanish Ship,

• A • Deep

Deep laden with Wine,
 Which was superfine ;
 The Sailors swore five hundred Tun :
 We drank it all at Sea,
 Ere we came unto the Key,
 And the Merchant swore he was quite undone.
 My Friend, not having quench'd his Thirst,
 Said, let us to the Vineyards haste :
 Strait then we sail'd to the Canaries,
 Which afforded just a Taste :
 From thence unto the Rhine,
 Where we drunk up all the Wine ;
 Till Bacchus cry'd, Hold ye Sots, or ye die !
 And swore he never found,
 In his universal Round,
 Such thirsty Souls as my Friend and I.
 Out fie ! cries One,
 What a Beast he makes him,
 He can neither stand nor go.
 Out you Beast, you, you're much mistaken,
 When e'er knew you a Beast drink so ?
 'Tis when we drink the least,
 That we drink most like a Beast ;
 But when we carouse it fix in Hand,
 'Tis then, and only then,
 That we drink the most like Men,
 When we drink 'till we can neither go nor stand.

S O N G 400.

MY Goddess Lydia, heavenly Fair,
 As Lily sweet, as soft as Air,
 Let loose thy Tresses, spread thy Charms,
 And to my Love give fresh Alarms.
 O ! let me gaze on these bright Eyes,
 Tho' sacred Lightning from them flies ;
 Shew me that soft, that modest Grace,
 Which paints with charming red thy Face.
 Give me Ambrosia in a Kiss,
 That I may rival Jove in Bliss,
 That I may mix my Soul with thine,
 And make the Pleasure all divine.

O hide thy Bosom's killing White,
 (The Milky Way is not so bright)
 Left you my ravish'd Soul oppress,
 With Beauty's Pomp, and sweet Excess.
 Why draw'st thou from the Purple Flood
 Of my kind Heart the vital Blood?
 Thou art all over endless Charms;
 O! take me dying to thy Arms.

S O N G 401.

MY Heart inclines your Chains to wear,
 But Reason will not stoop;
 I love that Angel's Face, but fear
 The Serpent in your Hoop.
 Your Eyes discharge the Darts of Love,
 But oh! what Pains succeed,
 When Darts shall Pins and Needles prove,
 And Love a Fire indeed!

The Fly about the Candle gay
 Dances, with thoughtless Hum;
 But short, alas! his giddy Play,
 His Pleasure proves his doom.

The Child, in such Simplicity,
 About the Bee-Hive clings,
 And with one Drop of Honey, he
 Receives a hundred Stings.

S O N G 402.

MY Heart is ev'ry Beauty's Prey,
 And does my Pow'r disown;
 I ne'er could keep it one whole Day,
 And now't has been so long away,
 I know not where 'tis flown.
 But if the Fair that finds this Stray,
 Will kindly give it Room;
 Or teach it better to obey,
 Her Care with double Thanks I'll play,
 And take the Rambler Home.

S O N G 403.

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
 The live-lang Simmer-Day,
 'Till we amainst were spoil'd
 At making of the Hay:

Her Kurchy was of Holland clear,

Ty'd on her bony Brow,
I whisper'd something in her Ear;
But what's that to you?

Her Stockings were of Kersey green,
As tight as opy Silk:

O sic a Leg was never seen,
Her Skin was white as Milk;
Her Hair was black as ane con'd with,
And sweet, sweet was her Mou,

O! Jeany daintylie can kifs;
But what's that to you?

The Rose and Lily baith combine,
To make my Jeany fair;

There is nae Bennison like mine,
I have amais nae Care;

Only I fear my Jeany's Face
May cause mae Men to rew,
And that may gar me say, alaw!
But what's that to you?

Conceal thy Beauties, if thou can,
Hide that sweet Face of thine,

That I may only be the Man
Enjoys these Looks divine.

O! do not prostitute, my Dear,
Wonders to common View;
And I with faithful Heart shall swear,
For ever to be true.

King Solömon had Wives ane,
And mony a Concubine;

But I enjoy a Blifs mair true,
His Joys were short of mine;

And Jeany's happier than they,
She seldom wants her Due;

All Debts of Love to her I pay,
And what's that to you?

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S O N G 404.
PEGGY.

MY Jockie blyth for what thou haste done,
There is nae Help nor mending ;
For thou hast jogg'd me out of Tune,
For a' thy fair pretending.
My Mither sees a Change in me,
For my Complexion dashes ;
And this, alas ! has been with thee
Sae late amang the Rasches.

JOCKIE.

My Peggy what I've said I'll do,
To free thee frae her Scouling ;
Come then and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling :
For her Content I'll instant wed,
Since thy Complexion dashes ;
And then we'll try a Feather-bed ;
'Tis faster than the Rasches.

PEGGY.

Then Jockie, since thy Love's so true,
Let Mither scoul, I'm easy :
Sae long's I live I ne'er shall rue
For what I've done to please thee.
And there's my Hand I's ne'er complain,
O ! well's me on the Rasches ;
Whene'er thou like I'll do't again,
And a fig for a' their Clashes.

S O N G 405.

MY joyous Blades, with Roses crown'd,
Who quaff bright Nectar at its Spring ;
Dispute not if the Earth goes round,
But hear a thirsty Poet sing.
Dispute not if the Earth goes round,
But hear a thirsty Poet sing.
All take your Glasses, charge them high,
Let Bumpers, swiftly, Bumpers chase, chase :
Each Man drink fifty, soon they'll spy,
The Earth wheel round with rapid Pace.
Each Man drink, &c.

MY Lodging is on the cold Ground,
 And very hard is my Fare;
 But that which troubles me most is,
 The Unkindness of my Dear:
 Yet still I cry, Oh! turn, Love,
 And I prithee, Love turn to me;
 For thou art the Man that I long for,
 And, alack! what Remedy!
 I'll crown thee with a Garland of Straw then,
 And I'll marry thee with a rust Ring;
 My frozen Hopes shall thaw then,
 And merrily we will sing:
 Oh! turn to me, my dear Love,
 And I prithee, Love, turn to me;
 For thou art the Man that alone canst
 Procure my Liberty.
 But if thou wilt harden thy Heart still,
 And be deaf to my pitiful Moan;
 Then I must endure the Smart still,
 And tumble in Straw all alone:
 Yet still I cry, Oh! turn, Love,
 And I prithee, Love, turn to me;
 For thou art the Man that alone art
 The Cause of my Misery.

MY Love is all Madness and Folly,
 Alone I lie,
 Toss, tumble, and cry,
 What a happy Creature is Polly!
 Was e'er such a Wretch as I!
 With Rage I redden like Scarlet,
 That my dear inconstant Varlet,
 Stark blind to my Charms,
 Is lost in the Arms
 Of that Jilt, that inveigling Harlot,
 Stark blind to my Charms,
 Is lost in the Arms
 Of that Jilt, that inveigling Harlot,
 This, this my Resentment alarms.

S O N G 408.

MY Love was fickle once, and changing,
 Nor e'er would settle in my Heart;
 From Beauty still to Beauty ranging,
 In ev'ry Face I found a Dart.

'Twas first a charming Shape enslav'd me,
 An Eye then gave the fatal Stroke;
 'Till by her Wit Corinna sav'd me,
 And all my former Petties broke.

But now a long and lasting Anguish
 For Belvidera I endure;
 Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,
 Nor hope to find the wonted Cure.

For here the false inconstant Lover,
 After a thousand Beauties shewn,
 Does now surprising Charms discover,
 And finds Variety in one.

S O N G 409.

MY lovesick Mind, what Transport mov'd,
 'Twas blest'd beyond Compare,
 When lovely Sacharissa prov'd
 As kind as she is fair.

Joyful on her soft Hand I hung,
 And caught the melting Accents from her Tongue,

The more I gaz'd on that fair Face

I more and more admir'd,

For still some new discover'd Grace

My raptur'd Bosom fir'd;

Happy we sat, and talk'd, and lov'd,

I sigh'd, and woo'd, and kiss'd, and she approv'd.

Whilst Sacharissa true remain'd,

Each former Love was flown,

I all the Sex but her disdain'd,

And liv'd for her alone,

True as the Needle to the Pole,

I turn'd to her the Magnet of my Soul.

But since no more that once fond Heart

With equal Ardour burns,

Like mine, no longer dreads to part,

Nor Love for mine returns;

Grant

Grant me, ye Gods, if such there be,
A Nymph more constant, not less fair than she.

S O N G 410.

MY Masters and Friends, and good People draw near,
And look to your Purfes, for that I do fay,
And tho' little Money in them you do wear,
It cost more to get than to lose in a Day ;

You oft have been told,
The Young and the Old,

And bidden beware of the Cut-purse so bold ;
Then if you take heed not, free me from the Curse,
Who give you fair Warning against the Cut-purse.

Youth, Youth, thou had'st better been starved at Nurse,
Than to be hang'd for cutting a Purse.

It hath been upbraided to Men of my Trade,
That oft-times we are the Cause of this Crime,
Alack and for Pity, why should it be said ?

As if they regarded the Place or the Time :

Examples have been,

Of some that were seen,

In Westminster-Hall, yea, the Pleaders between :
'Then why should the Judges be free from this Curse,
More than my poor self, for Cutting the Purse ?

Youth, Youth, &c.

At Worcester 'tis known well, and even i'th' Goal,
A Knight of good Worth did there shew his Face,
Against the small Sinner in Rage for to rail,
And lost, ipso Facto, his Purse i'th' Place ;

Nay even from the Seat

Of Judgment so great,

A Judge there did lose a fair Purse of Velvet,
O Lord for thy Mercy, how wicked or worse
Are those that so venture their Neck for a Purse ?

Youth, Youth, &c.

At Plays and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,
'Tis daily their Practice such Booties to make :
Yea, under the Gallows at Executions,

They stick not, but stare about Purfes to take :

Nay,

Nay, once without Grace,

At a better Place,

At Court, and at Christmasts before the King's Face:

Alack then for Pity must I bear the Curse,

That only belongs to the cunning Cut-purse?

Youth, Youth, &c.

But oh! thou vile Nation of Cut-purses all,

Relent and repent, and amend, and be sound,

And know that you ought not by honest Men's Fall,

To advance your own Fortunes, to die above Ground;

And tho' you go gay,

In Silks, as you may,

It is not the Highway to Heaven, (they say)

Repent, then repent ye for better for worse,

And kiss not the Gallows for cutting a Purse.

Youth, Youth, &c.

S O N G 411.

MY Masters give Ear,

And a Story you'll hear

Of a fine Raree-Show and a Garter;

Ne'er was seen such a Sight.

Since Tom Thumb was a Knight,

In the Days of our noble King Arthur.

When King George was abroad,

'Twas a Season thought good,

To shew us King Robin in Glory,

With his Squires in a Row,

And his Knights two by two,

All as gallant as Sir John Dory.

E'en Baronets here

Humble Squires did appear,

And Members were proud of the Station;

And who would not be still

For the Civil-Lift Bill,

T'have a Place in a sham Coronation?

They all walk'd, but their Prince

Did with Riding dispense,

And with Bathing, a troublesome Rite-;

For he knew 'twas in vain,

They cou'd ne'er be wash'd clean,

Any more than a Black-a-moor white-;

In the Abbey that Day
 Men did all things but pray;
 There was Ale, Wine, and Gin for the Rabble;
 Such Doings unclean
 In a Church ne'er were seen,
 Since the Days that old Paul's was a Stable.
 In the Isles, if you please,
 You your Bodies might ease,
 By the Suff'ring at least of your Betters.
 O Stanhope! had'st thou
 Been alive but till now,
 To have seen a Jakes made of St. Peter's.
 An odd Way they all took
 Thro' a blind crooked Nook
 In the Church, for their Robes to be seen-a;
 But then Scaffolds had they,
 To direct them the Way,
 Where they seldom or never had been-a.
 After this, they all took
 An odd Oath with the Book,
 In the Days of old Popery known-a:
 To be true all their Lives
 To all Women but Wives,
 To all Ladies excepting their own-a;
 Which Oath, if they broke,
 Then their Sovereign's Cook
 Was to hack off the Spurs of each Don-a;
 But 'twas much if he cou'd,
 For his Eyes must be good,
 To discern that they had any on-a.
 Then this being done,
 To their Dinner they run,
 With Stomachs so sharp and so keen-a,
 Without Grace they fall to,
 As they used to do,
 Never minding their Chaplain the Dean-a.
 To the closing of all,
 They at Night had a Ball,

Where

Where their Damsels were drest to receive 'em :

What farther was done

Will be better unknown,

For 'tis decent that here I should leave 'em.

S N O G 412.

MY Mind to me a Kingdom is,

Such perfect Joys therein I find,

That it excels all other Blis

The World affords, or grows by Kind :

Tho' much I want that most would have,

Yet still my Mind forbids to crave.

No Shape to feed a loving Eye ;

To none of these am I in Thrall,

No princely Pomp, no wealthy Store ;

For why, my Mind to me is all.

No Force to win the Victory ;

No cunning Wit to salve a Sore.

Content I live with this my Stay ;

I wish no more than may suffice ;

I press to bear no mighty Sway ;

Look what I want, my Mind supplies :

Thus do I triumph like a King,

Content with that my Mind doth bring.

Some have too much, and yet do want ;

I little have, but wish no more :

They are but poor, for much they want ;

And I am rich with little Store :

They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;

They lack, I leave ; they pine, I live.

Some weigh their Pleasures by their Lust,

Their Wisdom by the Rage of Will :

Their Treasure is their only Trust,

And crooked Craft their School of Skill :

But all the Pleasure I can find,

Is the Content of quiet Mind.

My Health is Wealth and perfect Ease,

A Conscience clean my chief Defence ;

I do not seek by Bribes to please,

Nor by Deceit to give Offence :

Thus do I live, thus will I die :

Would all did but as well as I.

S O N G

S O N G 413.

MY Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' she did the same before me;

I canna get Leave

To look to my Love,

Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r Offer,

Sweet Sir, but I'll tane my Tocher;

Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,

And wyte ye'r poor Kate,

Whene'er ye keek in your toom Coffer.

For tho' my Father has Plenty

Of Siller and Plenishing dainty,

Yet he's unco sweer

To twin wi' his Gear;

And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my Parents wi' Caution,

Be wylie in ilka Motion;

Brag well o'ye'r Land,

And there's my leal Hand,

Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.

S O N G 414.

MY Molly is of Form divine,

Kind as first meeting Loves,

Sweeter than the Jessamine,

Softer than the Down of Doves:

Thousand Charms,

E'er renewing,

Love disarms,

All pursuing:

When the Dance she briskly leads,

Each Heart with secret Wishes bleeds.

Whene'er she passes through the Grove,

The Violets spring beneath;

The gentle Zephyrs softly move,

And sweetly Odours breath:

On her Lip

Trembling, sighing,

Dew they sip,

Scorn defying;

Con'd I share with them in Bliss,
I'd turn to Air to gain one Kiss.

S O N G 415.

MY Name is honest Harry,
And I love little Mary;
In spite of Cifs, or jealous Bess,
I'll have my own Figary.

My Love is blithe and bucksome,
And sweet and fine as can be,
Fresh and gay, as Flow'rs in May,
And looks like Jack-a-Dandy.

And if she will not have me,
That am so true a Lover,
I'll drink my Wine, and ne'er repine,
And down the Stairs I'll shove her.

But if that she will love, Sir,
I'll be as kind as may be,
I'll give her Rings, and pretty things,
And deck her like a Lady.

Her Petticoat like Sattin,
Her Gown of Crimson Tabby,
Lac'd up before, and spangl'd o'er,
Just like a Barthol'mew Baby.

Her Waistcoat shall be scarlet,
With Ribbands ty'd together;
Her Stockings of a cloudy Blue,
And her Shoes of Spanish Leather.

Her Smock of finest Holland,
And lac'd in ev'ry Quarter,
Side and wide, and long enough
To hang below her Garter.

Then to the Church I'll have her,
Where we will wed together,
And so come home, when we have done,
In spite of Wind and Weather.

The Fiddlers shall attend us,
And first play John come kiss me;
And when that we danc'd around,
Then strike up, Hit or miss me.

Then hey for little Mary ;
 'Tis her I love alone, Sir ;
 Let any Man do what he can,
 I will have her, or none, Sir.

S O N G 416.

MY Passion is as Mustard strong,
 I sit all sober sad,
 Drunk as a Piper all Day long,
 Or, like a March Hare, mad.
 Round as a Hoop the Bumpers flow,
 I drink, yet can't forget her ;
 For tho' as drunk as David's Sow,
 I love her still the better.
 Pert as a Pear-monger I'd be,
 If Molly were but kind ;
 Cool as a Cucumber would see
 The rest of Womankind.
 Like a stuck Pig I gaping stare,
 And eye her o'er and o'er ;
 Lean as a Rake with Sighs and Care,
 Sleek as a Mouse before.
 Plump as a Partridge I was known,
 And soft as Silk my Skin,
 My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown,
 But as a Groat now thin.
 I, melancholy as a Cat,
 Am kept awake to weep ;
 But she, insensible of that,
 Sound as Top can sleep.
 Hard is her Heart, as Flint or Stone,
 She laughs to see me pale ;
 And merry as a Grig is grown,
 And brisk as hottl'd Ale.
 The God of Love, at her Approach,
 Is busy as a Bee ;
 Hearts sound as any Bell or Roach,
 Are smit, and sigh like me,

Ab me! as thick as Hops or Hail,
 The fine Men croud about her;
 But soon as dead as a Door Nail
 Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my Leg her Shape appears:
 O! were we join'd together,
 My Heart would soon be free from Cares,
 And lighter than a Feather.

As fine as Five-pence is her Mien,
 No Drum was ever tighter;
 Her Glance is as a Razor keen,
 And not the Sun is brighter.

As soft as Pap her Kisses are,
 Methinks I feel them yet;
 Brown as a Berry is her Hair,
 Her Eyes are black as Jet.

As smooth as Glass, as white as Curds,
 Her pretty Hand invites;
 Sharp as a Needle are her Words,
 Her Wit like Pepper bites.

Brisk as a Body-Louse she trips,
 Clean as a Penny drest;
 Sweet as a Rose her Face and Lips,
 Round as a Globe her Breast.

Fall as an Egg was I with Glee,
 And happy as a King;
 Good lack! how all Men envy'd me,
 She lov'd like any thing.

But false as Hell, she like the Wind,
 Chang'd, as her Sex must do,
 Tho' seeming as the Turtle Kind,
 And as the Gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
 Let who will take Peru,
 Great as an Emp'ror I should be,
 And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a Chick,
 I'm dull as any Post:
 Let us like Burrs together stick,
 As warm as any Toast.

You'll know me truer than a Die,
 And with me better sped,
 Flat as a Flounder when I lie,
 And as a Herring dead.
 Sure as a Gun she'll drop a Tear,
 And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
 When I'm as rotten as a Pear,
 And mute as any Fish.

S O N G 457.

MY Patie is a Lover gay,
 His Mind is never muddy;
 His Breath is sweeter than new Hay;
 His Face is fair and ruddy.
 His Shape is handsome, middle Size;
 He's stately in his wawking;
 The Shining of his Een surprize;
 'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.
 Last Night I met him on a Bawke,
 Where yellow Corn was growing;
 There mony a kindly Word he spak,
 That set my Heart a glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
 O Corn Riggs are bony.
 Let Maidens of a silly Mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chafly should be granting:
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And syne my Cockernony.
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where Corn Riggs are bony.

S O N G 458.

MY Peggy is a young Thing,
 Just enter'd in her Teens;
 Fair as the Day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the Day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young Thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair, to lay my Care,
I wish na mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my Spirits glow
At Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper Love,
That I look down on a' the Town,
That I look down upon a Crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld:
And naithing gi'es me sic Delight,
As Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy sings sae fastly,
When on my Pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae fastly,
And in her Sangs are tald,
With Innocence, the Wale of Sense,
At Wawking of the Fauld.

S O N G 419.

MY Soger Laddie
Is over the Sea,
And he will bring Gold
And Money to me;
And when he comes hame,
He'll make me a Lady,
My Blessing gang with
My Soger Laddie.

My doughty Laddie
Is handsome and brave,
And can as a Soger
And Lover behave;

True to his Country,
 To Love he is steady,
 There's few to compare
 With my Soger Laddie,
 Shield him ye Angels,
 Frae Death in Alarm,
 Return him with Lawrels
 To my langing Arms,
 Syne frae all my Care
 Ye'll pleasantly free me,
 When back to my Wishes
 My Soger ye gi'e me.

O soon may his Honours
 Bloom fair on his Brow;
 As quickly they must,
 If he get his due:
 For in noble Actions
 His Courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight
 In my Soger Laddie.

S O N G 420.

MY Soul is ravish'd with Delight,
 When you I think upon;
 All Griefs and Sorrows take their Flight,
 And hastily are gone:
 The fair Resemblance of your Face,
 So fills this Breast of mine,
 No Fate can force, nor it displace,
 For Old Lang Syne,
 Since Thoughts of you doth banish Grief,
 When I'm from you remov'd;
 And if in them I find Relief,
 When with sad Cares I'm mov'd;
 How doth your Presence me affect,
 With Extasies Divine,
 Especially when I reflect,
 On Old Lang Syne.
 Since thou hast robb'd me of my Heart,
 By thy resistless Powers,
 Which Madam Nature doth impart,
 To those fair Eyes of yours;

With

With Honour it doth not consist,
 To keep a Slave in Pain,
 Pray let your Reason then desist,
 For Old Lang Syne.
 'Tis not my Freedom I do crave,
 By deprecating Pains,
 Sure Liberty he would not have,
 Who glories in his Chains;
 But this I wish, the Gods may move
 That noble Soul of thine,
 To pity, since thou cannot love,
 For Old Lang Syne.

S O N G 421.

MY sweetest May, let Love incline thee,
 T'accept a Heart which he designs thee;
 And, as your constant Slave, regard it,
 Syne for its Faithfulness reward it.
 'Tis proof a Shot to Birth or Money,
 But yields to what is sweet and bony;
 Receive it then with a Kiss and a Smily;
 There's my Thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.
 How tempting sweet these Lips of thine are;
 Thy Bosom white, and Legs sae fine are,
 That when in Pools I see thee clean 'em,
 They carry away my Heart between 'em.
 I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
 O gin I had thee on a Mountain;
 Tho' Kith and Kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
 There's my Thumb I'll near beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry Hows I dander,
 Tenting my Flocks lest they shou'd wander,
 Gin thou'll gae along, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
 And gi'e my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
 O my dear Lassie, it is but Daffin,
 To had thy Woer up ay niff naffin.
 That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
 O say, yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

S O N G 422.

MY time oh! ye Muses, was happily spent,
 When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;

Ten thousand soft Pleasures I felt in my Breast;
 Sure never fond Shepherd like Collin was blest!
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
 What a marvellous Change on a sudden I find!
 When things were as fine as cou'd possibly be,
 I thought 'twas the Spring, but alas! it was she.
 With such a Companion to tend a few Sheep,
 To rise up to play, or to lie down to sleep,
 I was so good-humour'd, so chearful and gay,
 My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day;
 But I now so cross and so peevish am grown,
 So strangely uneasy as never was known;
 My fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
 And my Heart I am sure it weighs more than a Pound.
 The Fountain, that wont to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
 Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
 'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Musick to hear;
 But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
 And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
 Must you be so chearful, whilst I go in Pain?
 Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.
 When my Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
 And when Phœbe and I were as joyful as they,
 How pleasant their Sporting, how happy the Time,
 When Spring, Love and Beauty were all in their Prime!
 But now in their Frolicks when by me they pass,
 I fling at their Fleeces an Handful of Grass:
 Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad
 To see you so merry, while I am so sad.
 My Dog I was very well pleased to see
 Come wagging his Tail to my fair one and me;
 And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to the Dog said,
 Come hither poor Fellow, and patted his Head:
 But now when he's fawning, I with a sour Look
 Cry, Sirrah! and give him a Blow with my Crook;
 And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray
 Be as dull as his Master, when Phœbe's away?

When

When walking with Phoebe, what Sights have I seen!
 How fair was the Flower, how fresh was the Green!
 What a lovely Appearance the Trees and the Shade,
 The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing made?
 But since she has left me, tho' all are still there,
 They none of them now so delightful appear;
 'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes,
 Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

Sweet Musick went with us both all the Wood thro',
 The Lark, Linnet, Thrush, and Nightingale too;
 Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
 And chirp went the Grasshopper under our Feet;
 But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
 The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone;
 Her Voice in the Concert, as now I have found,
 Gave every thing else its agreeable Sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
 And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
 Does aught of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile?
 That Meadow, those Daisies, why do they not smile?
 Ah! Rivals, I see what it is that you dress,
 And made your selves fine for, a Place in her Breast;
 You put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,
 To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.
 How slowly Time creeps, 'till my Phoebe return,
 While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool Breezes I burn!
 Methinks, if I knew whereabout he would tread,
 I'd breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the Lead;
 Fly swiftly, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
 And rest so much longer for't, when she is here,
 Ah! Collin, old Time is still full of Delay,
 Nor will budge one Foot faster for all thou can'st say.

Will no pitying Pow'r, that hears me complain,
 Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?
 To be cur'd thou must, Collin, thy Passion remove;
 But what Swain is so silly to live without Love;
 No Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
 For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn!
 Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with Despair;
 Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye love one so fair.

Nanfy's to the Green-Wood gane,
 To hear the Gowdspink chatt'ring;
 And Willie he has follow'd her,
 To gain her Love by flatt'ring:
 But a' that he cou'd say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him;
 And ay when he began to woo,
 She bade him mind wha gat him.
 What ails ye at my Dad, quo' he,
 My Minny or my Aunty?
 With Crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
 Lang-kail and Ranty-tanty:
 With Bannocks of good Barley-Meal,
 Of thae there were right plenty,
 With chapped Stocks fou butter'd well;
 And was not that right dainty?
 Altho' my Father was nae Laird,
 'Tis Daffin to be vaunty,
 He-keepit ay a good Kail-yard,
 A Ha'house and a Pantry:
 A good blue Bonnet on his Head,
 An Owrlay 'bout his Craigy;
 And ay until the Day he died,
 He rade on good Shanks Nagy.
 Now Wae and Wander on your Snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny Nanfy?
 Wad ye compare ye'r sell to me,
 A Docken till a Tanfie?
 I have a Wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him souple Sandy,
 And well I wat his bonny Mou
 Is sweet like Sugar-candy.
 Wow Nanfy, what needs a' this Din?
 Do I not ken this Sandy?
 I'm sure the chief of a' his Kin
 Was Rab the Beggarr randy:
 His Minny Meg upo' her Back
 Bare baith him and his Billy;
 Will ye compare a nasty Pack
 To me your winsome Willy?

My Gutchter left a good braid Sword ;

Tho' it be auld and rusty,

Yet ye may tak it on my Word,

It is baith stout and trusty ;

And if I can but get it drawn,

Which will be right uneasy,

I shall lay baith my Lugs in pawn,

That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nanfy turn'd her round about,

And said, did Sandy hear ye,

Ye wadna miss to get a Clout ;

I ken he disna fear ye :

Sae haud ye'r Tongue, and say nae mair,

Set somewhere else your Fancy ;

For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,

Ye never shall get Nanfy.

S O N G 424.

NAture so tender to Chloe has shown,

She ne'er can surrender a Heart she has won ;

Such is her Behaviour, so wise is her Aim,

That none boast her Favour, nor any complain.

Oh could I move her !

My Chains easy grown,

Shou'd serve her gay Lover,

To shew I'm her own ;

Or were she but cruel !

I Freedom might find ;

But oh, to my Ruin !

She's not cruel nor kind.

S O N G 425.

NAY, let me alone,

I protest I'll be gone ;

'Tis a Folly to think I'll be subject to one.

Never Hope to confine

A young Gallant to dine,

Like a Scholar of Oxford, on nought but the Loin :

For after Enjoyment our Bellies are full ;

And the same Dish again, makes the Appetite dull.

By your wantoning Art,

Of a Sigh, and a Start,

You endeavour, in vain, to inveigle my Heart ;

For

For the pretty Disguise
Of your languishing Eyes
Will never prevail with my Sinews to rise;
And 'twas never the Mode, in an amorous Treat,
When a Lover has din'd, to persuade him to eat.

Faith, Betty, the Jest
Is almost at the best,
'Tis only Variety makes up the Feast;
For when we've enjoy'd,
And with Pleasures are cloy'd,
The Vows that we made to Love ever, are void:
And you know, pretty Nymph, it was ever unfit,
That a Meal should be made of a relishing Rit.

S O N G 426.

He. NAY, prithee why d'ye fly,
And show yourself so coy,
When sincerely the Truth of my Passion I own?
She. How can you, Sir, intrude?
I wonder you're so rude;
Consider I'm a Maid——

He. Consider we're alone.
She. Nay, fie, Sir, let me go.
He. Indulge my glowing Flame——
She. How can you press me so?——
He. Don't think I am to blame——
She. What is't you would be at?
He. A civil Kiss or two.
She. You may talk of this and that, but indeed 'twill
never do.

S O N G 427.

N Eptune frown, and Boreas roar,
Let thy Thunder bellow;
Noble Ormond's now come o'er,
With each gallant English Fellow:
Then to welcome him a-shore,
To his Health a Brimmer pour,
Till ev'ry one be mellow,
Rememb'ring Rodondello.

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Tho' at Cales they 'scap'd our Guns,
 By strong-wall'd Umbrello;
 Civil Jars and plund'ring Dons,
 Curse upon the Metal yellow,
 Had the valiant Duke more Men,
 He a Victor there had been,
 As late at Rodondello.
 Monsieur and Petit Anjou,
 Plot your State Intrigo;
 Take new Marshal Chateaurenault,
 Then consult with Spanish Diego;
 And, new Glory to advance,
 Sing Te Deum thro' all France,
 Pour la Victoire at Vigo.

We, mean while, to crown our Joy,
 Laughing at such Folly,
 To their Healths full Bowls employ,
 Who've cur'd our Melancholy;
 And done more to furnish Tales,
 Now at Vigo, than at Cales,
 Fam'd Essex did, or Raleigh.

Great Eliza on the Main,
 Quell'd the Dons Boastado;
 In Queen Anne's auspicious Reign,
 Valour conquers, not Bravado;
 Come but such another Year,
 We the spacious Sea shall clear
 Of France and Spain's Armado.

Once more then, tho' Boreas roar,
 And loud Thunder bellow,
 Since great Ormond is come o'er,
 With each gallant English Fellow;
 Let us welcome all a-shore,
 To each Health a Brimmer pour,
 Till ev'ry one be mellow,
 Rememb'ring Rodondello, &c.

S O N G 428.

N Ever more I will protest
 To love a Woman, but in Jest;
 For as they cannot be true,
 So, to give each Man his Due,

* C c

When

When the wooing Fit is past,
 Their Affection cannot last.
 Therefore if I chance to meet
 With a Mistress fair and sweet,
 She my Service shall obtain,
 Loving her for Love again;
 Thus much Liberty I crave,
 Not to be a constant Slave.
 For when we have try'd each other,
 If she better like another,
 Let her quickly change for me;
 Then to change am I as free.
 He or she that loves too long,
 Sells their Freedom for a Song.

S O N G 429.

NEver trust the brainless Crowd,
 Ever forward, ever loud,
 Like professing Friend at Court,
 Or the Dame who loves for Sport;
 When you think them best inclin'd
 Friendship dies,
 Cælia flies;
 Love and Friendship turn to Wind.

S O N G 430.

NEver sigh, but think of kissing,
 More, and more, and more of wishing,
 To possess the mighty Blessing;
 While they enjoy it they are true;
 They'll hug, they'll cling, and heave up too;
 But Liberty when once regain'd,
 The Favour's to another feign'd.
 Why should we then the Sex admire?
 For 'twas never their Desire,
 To maintain a constant Fire;
 If ogling, wheedling you'll believe,
 They'll hourly study to deceive,
 But we will find out better Ways,
 In Musick, Singing, spend our Days.

S O N G

S O N G 431.

NO, Delia, no, what Man can range
From such seraphick Pleasure?

'Tis want of Charms that makes us change,

To grasp the Fairy Treasure:

What Man of Sense wou'd quit a certain Bill,

For Hopes, and empty Possibilities?

Vain Fools their sure Possessions spend,

In Hopes of chymick Treasure,

But for their fancy'd Riches find

Both Want of Gold and Pleasure.

Rich in my Delia, I can wish no more;

The Wand'rer, like the Chymist, must be poor.

S O N G 432.

NO Glory I covet, no Riches I want,

Ambition is nothing to me:

The one Thing I beg of Kind Heaven to grant,

Is a Mind independent and free.

By Passion unruff'd, untainted with Pride;

By Reason my Life let me square;

The Wants of my Nature are cheaply supply'd,

And the rest are but Folly and Care.

Those Blessings which Providence kindly has lent,

I'll justly and gratefully prize.

Whilst sweet Meditation and cheerful Content

Will make me both happy and wise.

How vainly thro' infinite Trouble and Strife

The Many their Labours employ?

When all that is truly delightful in Life

Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

S O N G 433.

NO longer boast your healing Tides,

Or the Chalybear's Stain;

When Chloris at these Springs presides,

They spend their Force in vain.

While for these Ills Relief is found

Which we with Ease endure,

The heedless Patient feels the Wound

No Mineral can cure.

So from the Heat the thirsty Swain
To the fresh Fountain flies,
There soon allays his former Pain,
But of a Fever dies.

S O N G 434

NO longer I'll bear,
In the Heart of the Fair,
A Rival thus happy to reign;
While I in Delpair,
Tormented with Care,
For ever must sigh and complain;

Affist me Lachesis,
Affist me Nemesis,
Ye Furies, ye Destinies aid;
Their Union divide,
And vanquish the Pride
Of this charming, this obstinate Maid.

S O N G 435

NO more let Sorrow pain you,
Here Love alone shall chain you,
And ev'ry Joy restore;
New Pleasure shall detain you,
No Liberty has more.

S O N G 436

NO more shall Buds and Branches spring,
Nor Violets paint the Grove;
Nor warbling Birds delight to sing,
If I forsake my Love;
The Sun shall cease to spread his Light,
And Stars their Orbits leave;
And fair Creation sink in Night,
When I my Dear deceive.

S O N G 437

NO more shall Meads be deck'd with Flow'rs,
Nor Sweetness dwell in rose Bow'rs;
Nor greenest Buds on Branches spring,
Nor warbling Birds delight to sing,
Nor April Violets paint the Grove,
If I forsake my Celia's Love.

The Fish shall in the Ocean burn,
 And Fountains sweet shall bitter turn,
 The humble Oak no Flood shall know,
 When Floods shall highest Hills o'erflow;
 Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave,
 If e'er my Cælia I deceive.
 Love shall his Bow and Shaft lay by,
 And Venus' Doves want Wings to fly,
 The Sun refuse to shew his Light,
 And Day shall then be turn'd to Night,
 And in that Night no Star appear,
 If once I leave my Cælia dear;
 Love shall no more inhabit Earth,
 Nor Lovers more shall love for Worth,
 Nor Joy above in Heaven dwell,
 Nor Pain torment poor Souls in Hell;
 Grim Death no more shall horrid prove,
 If e'er I leave bright Cælia's Love.

S O N G 438.

NO more, 'severely Kind, affect

To put that lovely Anger on; 2

Sweet Tyrant! if thou can'st suspect

Thy Lover's Eyes, yet trust thy own.

Aw'd by stern Honour, watchful Spies,

Dull, formal Rules I'm forc'd to obey;

Like Dungeon Slaves, my hasty Eyes

Just snatch a Glimpse of cheerful Day.

Absent, the Desert Walks I view;

Here went Eliza, there she sat;

With Tears my lonely Couch bedew,

And dreaming, sigh Eliza's Name.

"Where is his Soul? the Woman cry,

"The stupid Lump! the listless Earth!

"Where, say the Men, his brisk Reply,

"His crimson Glast, and noisy Mirth!"

Hast thou not mark'd my burning Kiss,

My lawless Pulse, my bounding Heart?

How oft, when wild for further Bliss,

All trembling from thy Arms I start?

Ah! spotless Fair, tho' well I find
 My Passion's strong, my Reason frail;
 Ah! can I stain that Angel Mind,
 And, Virtue lost, let Love prevail?
 No! down in Shades below we'll rove,
 A glorious miserable Pair;
 Gaz'd at thro' all the Myrtle Grove,
 For burning Love, and chaste Despair.
 Say, if thou lov'st, did ever Youth
 That wish'd like me, like me endure?
 Dost thou not blame this swainish Truth,
 And wish my Flame was not so pure?
 In Pity hate me, tempting Fair!
 An happy Exile let me fly.
 What ferv'ish Wretch his Thirst can bear,
 That sees the cooling Stream so nigh!
 Oh! I shall all my Vows unsay,
 If once I gaze——my Blood will glow;
 This virtuous Frost will melt away,
 And Love's wild Torrent overflow.

S : O N G 439.

W O M A N.

NO more Sir, no more, I'll ev'n give it o'er,
 I see it is all but a Cheat;
 Your soft wishing Eyes, your Vows, and your Lies,
 Which thus you so often repeat.

M A N.

'Tis you are to blame; who foolishly claim
 So silly a lean Sacrifice;
 But Lovers, who pray, must always obey,
 And bring down their Knees, and their Eyes.

W O M A N.

Of late you have made Devotion's Trade
 In Loving, as well as Religion;
 But you cannot prove, thro' ah' Ages of Love,
 Any Worship, was offer'd but on.

M A N.

That one let it be, in which we agree;
 Leave Forms to the Maids, who are younger:
 We're both of a Mind, make haste, and be kind,
 And continue a Goddess no longer.

S O N G 440.

N O more think me false;
 For the Flame never dies,
 Which Silvia has rais'd
 By such powerful Eyes;
 Ah! view but thyself,
 Then measure my Love,
 And think what a Passion
 Such Beauty must move.

Tho' first it was Beauty
 Which ravish'd my Sight,
 Yet now I regard
 As only the Light,
 Which kindly betrays
 The rich Charms of thy Mind;
 Where Sense and Good-nature
 So strongly are join'd;
 Then think me not false,
 For the Knot will e'er last,
 Which my Fancy has ty'd,

And my Reason made fast;
 So fast, that tho' Time
 Thy Eyes may disarm,
 Yet no Time shall my Faith
 Or my Love ever harm.

The Passion I have
 Can never grow less;
 Not tho' thy fair Self
 Shou'd that Passion oppress;
 For while I thy Face
 Or thy Mind have in View,
 Still, still I must love,
 And in loving be true.

S O N G

S O N G 442.

NO more will I my Passion hide,
 Tho' too presuming it appear;
 When long Despair a Heart has try'd,
 What other Torments can it fear?
 Unlov'd of her, I would not live,
 Nor die, 'till she the Sentence give.
 Why should the Fair offended be,
 If Virtue charm in Beauty's Dress;
 If where so much Divine I see,
 My open Vows the Saint confess?
 Awak'd by Wonders in her Eyes,
 My former Idols I despise.

S O N G 443.

NO, no, no, no, Resistance is but vain,
 And only adds new Weight to Cupid's Chains.
 A thousand Ways, a thousand Arts,
 The Tyrant knows, to captivate our Hearts:
 Sometimes he Sighs employs, and sometimes tries
 The universal Language of the Eyes:
 The Fierce with Fierceness he destroys;
 The Weak with Tenderness decoys:
 He kills the Strong with Joy, the Weak with Pain.
 No, no, no, no, Resistance is but vain.

S O N G 443.

NO, no, 'tis in vain, in this turbulent Town,
 To expect either Pleasure or Rest;
 To Hurry and Nonsense still tying us down,
 'Tis an over-grown Prison at best.
 From hence to the Country away,
 Leave the Croud and the Bustle behind,
 And then you'll see liberal Nature display
 A thousand Delights to Mankind:
 The Change of the Seasons, the Sports of the Fields,
 The sweetly diversify'd Scene,
 The Groves, and the Gardens, and every thing yields
 A Cheerfulness ever serene.
 Here, here from Ambition and Avarice free,
 My Days may I quietly spend;
 Whilst the Cits and the Courtiers, unenvy'd for me,
 May gather up Wealth without End,

No, I thank 'em, I wou'd not, to add to my Store,
 My Peace and my Freedom resign:
 For who, for the Sake of possessing the Ore,
 Wou'd be sentenc'd to dig in the Mine?

S O N G 444.

NO, Phillis, tho' you've all the Charms
 Ambitious Woman can desire;
 All Beauty, Wit, and Youth that warms,
 Or sets our foolish Hearts on fire:
 Yet you may practise all your Art
 In vain to make a Slave of me;
 You ne'er shall re-engage my Heart,
 Revolted from your Tyranny:
 You ne'er shall, &c.

When first I saw those dang'rous Eyes,
 They did my Liberty betray;
 But when I knew your Cruelties,
 I snatch'd my simple Heart away:
 Now I defy your Smiles to win
 My resolute Heart, no Pow'r th'ave got:
 Tho' once I suck'd their Poison in,
 Your Rigour prov'd an Antidote.
 Tho' once, &c.

S O N G 445.

NO scornful Beauty e'er shall boast
 She makes me love in vain;
 That Man's a Fool, when once he's crost;
 If e'er he loves again:
 To pine, or whine, I never can,
 Nor tell her I must die;
 'Tis something so beneath a Man,
 I cannot, no, not I.
 Tho' Phillis you have Charms enow
 To conquer where you please,
 You care not if my Heart you bow
 To such like Loves as these:
 But if to me some Hopes you'll give,
 That happy I shall be,
 I'll love my Phillis whilst I live,
 And think of none but the.

NO looner comes up a Country Clown,
 With his Leather Breeches to London Town,
 But he cocks his Hat, and strives to look big;
 He swaps his Acres for gaudy fine Cloaths,
 And flaunts it about 'mong Belles and Beaux,
 In a lac'd Coat, and Pig-Tail Wig.
 He makes his Country Relations his Sport,
 He rattles and rattles of Places at Court;
 He battles with Bailiffs, Watchmen and Whores,
 He runs in the Surgeon and Tallyman's Scores,
 And proves a downright modish Prig.

At length his Purse and Pockets grew low,
 His Habit all shabby. — Good-Bye to the Beau;
 Fate frowns, and Friends forsake.

He bids his Honour and Conscience Good-night,
 And the Country-Bubble becomes a Town-Bite,
 Some other Course does take.

He scours the Roads, and borrows a Purse,
 Or cheats at my Lord's, which is twenty times worse;
 He roguet it so fast, that they stop him at last,
 For his Tricks in a String he's destin'd to swing;
 And there's an End of a Country Rake.

NO Warning of th' approaching Flame,
 Swiftly, like sudden Death, it came;
 Like Travellers, by Light'ning kill'd,
 I burnt the Moment I beheld.

In whom so many Charms are plac'd,
 Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd;
 The Case so shining to behold,
 Is fill'd with richest Gems, and Gold.

To what my Eyes admir'd before
 I add a thousand Graces more;
 And Fancy blows into a Flame,
 The Spark that from her Beauty came.

The Object thus improv'd by Thought,
 By my own Image I am caught;
 Pygmalion so, with fatal Art,
 Polish'd the Form that stung his Heart.

Nonsensical Folks prepare
 To hear a Nonsensical Song,
 Each am'rous Beau with his Fair,
 Whose Charm's a Nonsensical Tongue.
 Were there no Nonsensical Flights,
 The Women would want what to say,
 The Poet want something to write,
 And the Actors want Farcies to play.
 Nonsense so reigns in this Age,
 Both over the Noble and Cit;
 The Town sends a Share on the Stage,
 And each Age sets up for a Wit.
 The Lover calls Nonsense his Mule,
 When smit by the am'rous Boy,
 Always gaining with that the first Use
 Of the Ladies Nonsensical Toy.
 The Parsons their Nonsense will preach
 To praise Nonsensical Fools;
 Worn Ladies choice Secrets will teach
 To Nonsensical bungling Tools.
 The Vulgar their Nonsense will prate,
 And let their Opinions be had,
 In Matters concerning the State,
 And neglect for a Party their Trade.
 A scribbling Poet with Nonsense,
 For a Dinner will Nobles asperse;
 Tho' his Wit is as thin as his Conscience,
 Or rather as bare as his Purse.
 A Parliament Member sometimes
 May make a Nonsensical Speech;
 The Whiggs may the Tories of Crimes
 For Nonsensical Reasons impeach.
 Debates full of Nonsense will rise,
 Upon a Nonsensical Theme,
 'Mongst those that pretend to be wise,
 And do their own Nonsense esteem.
 Since Nonsense is grown such a Charm
 With the Ladies, the Beaux, and the Poet
 Let each one his Reason alarm,
 And he that has Wit, let him show it.

NOR on the Beds of fading Flowers,
 Shedding soon their gaudy Pride;
 Nor with Swains in Syren Bowers,
 Will true Pleasure long reside.
 On awful Virtue's Hill sublime,
 Enthroned sits th' Immortal Fair;
 Who wins her Height, must patient climb,
 The Steps are Peril, Toil, and Care,
 So from the first did Joye ordain
 Eternal Bliss for transient Pain.

S O N G 450.

NOT an Angel dwells above
 Half so fair as her I love;
 Heaven knows how she'll receive me;
 If she smiles, I'm blest indeed;
 If she frowns, I'm quickly freed;
 Heaven knows she ne'er can grieve me.
 None can love her more than I,
 Yet she ne'er shall make me die.
 If my Flame can never warm her,
 Lasting Beauty I'll adore,
 I shall never love her more,
 Cruelty will soon deform her.

S O N G 451.

NOT Eden's Garden did disdain
 That pleasing Passion Love;
 Where free from Guilt, and ev'ry Pain,
 Adam did gaily rove.
 Nor Tides of Furies' raging Fires,
 That follow a wanton Chase,
 Meer Vapours rais'd by hot Desires,
 That vanish with Disgrace.
 How guiltless may I meet the Flame
 Of Cynthia's purest Breast,
 While Friendship makes us still the same,
 With ev'ry Virtue dress'd?
 Her Mind at first a Conquest made,
 Her graceful Mind I must approve;
 Her Wisdom chearful still appear'd,
 And justify'd my Love.

Trust

Trust not to Features, fleeting Charms;
 Nor hug a painted Toy;
 Those Age or Sickness soon disarms,
 Warm Air will this destroy.
 Let tender Passions take their Turn
 And Virtue lead the Way;
 Where Minds are match'd, they seldom mourn,
 Nor curse the Marriage Day.

S O N G 452.

NOT this blooming April Season
 Can relieve my aching Heart;
 Spite of all the Force of Reason,
 Still I act a frantick Part:
 As the Canker eats the Roses,
 And the springing Green destroys,
 So Despair my Rest opposes,
 And consumes my rising Joys.
 Ev'ry Valley, Field and Mountain,
 Flow'ry Plain and verdant Grove,
 Warbling Bird and sparkling Fountain,
 Minds me of my luckless Love:
 When the Cowslip I discover,
 Springing o'er the Primrose fan,
 There (I sigh) my gentle Lover
 Would have cropp'd to deck my Hair.

If I sadly sit reflecting
 By some bloomy Hawthorn Tree,
 All my Sorrows recollecting,
 Love, I cry, resembles thee:
 He all flow'ry can appear,
 To conceal his poison'd Dart;
 But the Wretch that trusts him near,
 Grasps a Thorn, and wounds the Heart.

S O N G 453.

NOW all my Friends are laid in Grave,
 And nothing they have left me,
 Not a Mark a Year my Mother gave,
 By which for to protect me:

* D d

Yet

Yet I live on the League still,
 As brave as any Lady,
 And all is with a Mark a Year,
 The which my Mother gave me.

I have my Pimps at my Command,
 My Coach upon me tending;
 If any one be cut or slash'd,
 Or any one offending,
 They'll bear me out of all the Rout,
 As brave, &c.

My high Commode, my Damask Gown,
 Lac'd Shoes of Spanish Leather,
 A Silver-Bodkin in my Head,
 And a dainty Plume of Feather;
 I'll take Tobacco with a Grace,
 As brave, &c.

A Lord, a Knight, a Gentleman,
 Is welcome to my Oven;
 The finical Courtier with his Trucks,
 Whose Beard's but newly shaven;
 All's one to me, whoe'er he be,
 He's welcome still as may be;
 God-a-mercy Mother, for thy Gift,
 It's a Portion for a Lady.

S O N G 454

NOW, as I live! I love thee much,
 And fain wou'd love thee more,
 Did I but know thy Temper such,
 That cou'd my Joy restore.
 But to ingage thy Virgin Heart,
 Then leave it in Distress,
 Were to betray thy true Desert,
 And make thy Glory less.
 Were all the eastern Treasures mine,
 I'd lay them at thy Feet;
 But to invite a Prince to dine
 On Air, it is not meet.

No,

No, let me rather pine alone;
 Then, if my Fate prove coy,
 I can dispense with Grief my own,
 While thou hast Showers of Joy,
 But if thro' my too niggard Fate
 Thou should'st unhappy prove,
 I shou'd grow mad and desperate,
 Thro' killing Grief and Love.
 Since then, tho' more I cannot love,
 Without thy Injury;
 As Saints that to an Altar move,
 My Thoughts to thee shall fly.
 And think not that the Flame is less,
 For 'tis upon this Score,
 Wer't not a Love beyond Express,
 My Dear, it might be more.

S O N G 455.

NOW fly, Discretion, to my Aid,
 See haughty Mira, sail and bright,
 In all the Pomp of Love array'd;
 Ah! how I tremble at the Sight!
 She comes, she comes---before her all
 Mankind does prostrate fall.
 Love, a Destroyer fierce and young,
 Advent'rous, terrible, and strong,
 Cruel and rash, delighting still to vex,
 Sparing nor Age nor Sex,
 Commands in chief; well fortify'd he lies,
 And from her Lips, her Cheeks and Eyes,
 All Opposition he defies.
 Reason, Love's old inveterate Foe,
 Scarce ever reconcil'd 'till now,
 Reason assists her too.
 A wise Commander he, for Council fit;
 In modern Synod, nor appear'd of late
 In Courts, nor Camps; nor in Affairs of State;
 Reason proclaims them all his Foes,
 Who such resistless Charms oppose,

My

My very Bosom Friends make War
 Within my Breast, and in her Interests are;
 Esteem and Judgment with strong Fancy join
 To court, and call the fair Invader in;
 My darling fav'rite Inclination too,
 All, all conspiring with the Foe.

Ah! whither shall I fly to hide
 My Weakness from the Conqueror's Pride?
 Now, now, Discretion be my Guide,
 But see, this mighty Archimedes too,
 Surrenders now.
 Presuming longer to resist,

His very Name, Discretion must disclaim;
 Folly and Madness only would persist.

S O N G 436.

NOW from Rusticity, and Love,
 Whose Flames but ever lowly burn,
 My gentle Shepherd must be drove,
 His Soul must take another Turn:
 As the rough Diamond from the Mine,
 In Breakings only shows its Light,
 Till polishing has made it shine,
 Thus Learning makes the Genius bright.

S O N G 437.

NOW God alone that made all things,
 Heaven and Earth and all therein;
 The Ships that in the Sea do swim,
 To keep our Foes from coming in.
 Then every one does what he can
 All for the good Use of Man.
 And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell
 That first invented the Leather Bottle.
 Now what d'ye say of Cans of Wood?
 Faith, they are naught, they cannot be good;
 For when a Man for Beer doth send,
 To have them full he doth intend;
 The Bearer stumbles by the Way,
 And on the Ground the Beer doth lay;
 Then doth the Man begin to ban,
 And swears 'twas long o' th' Wooden Can:

Bat

But had it been a Leather Bottle,
It had not been so, for all had been well,
And safe therein the Drink would remain,
Until the Man got up again.

Then I wish, &c.

What do you say to Glasses fine?
Faith they shall have no Praise of mine;
For when a Man's at Table set,
And by him several sorts of Meat,
The one loves Flesh, the other Fish;
Then with your Hand remove a Dish,
Touch but the Glas upon the Brim,
The Glas is broke and nought left in.
The Table Cloth, tho' ne'er so fine,
Is fully'd with Beer, or Ale, or Wine;
And doubtless for so small Abuse
A Servant may his Master lose.

Then I wish, &c.

What say you to the handled Pot?
No Praise of mine shall be his Lot;
For when a Man and Wife's at Stuff,
(As many have been in their Life)
They lay their Hands upon it both,
And break the same, although they're soth;
But woe to them shall bear the Guilt,
Between them both the Liquor's spilt;
For which they shall answer another Day,
For casting their Liquor so vainly away;
But if it had been Leather-bottle'd,
One might have tugg'd, the other have held,
Both might have tugg'd, till their Hearts should break,
No Harm the Leather-Bottle could take.

Then I wish, &c.

What say you to Flagons of Silver fine?
Why faith, they shall have no Praise of mine;
For when a Lord for Sack doth send,
To have them back he doth intend;
The Man with the Flagon runs away,
And never is seen after that Day;
The Lord then begins to swear and ban,
For having lost both Flagon and Man;

But had it been either Page or Groom,
With a Leather Bottle, it had come home.
And I wish, &c.

And when this Bottle is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold,
Out of the Side you may cut a Clout,
To mend your Shoes when they're worn out;
Then hang the rest upon a Pin,
'Twill serve to put odd Trifles in;
As Candle-ends, and Awls, and Rings,
For young Beginners need such things.
Then I wish his Soul in Heaven may dwell,
That first devis'd the Leather-Bottle.

S O N G 458.

NOW God be wi' old Symon,
For he made Cans to many a one,
And a good old Man was he;
And Jenkin was his Journeyman,
And he cou'd tipple off'er y' Can;
And thus he said to me:
To whom drink you, Sir Knave,
Turn the Timber like the lave;
Ho! jolly Jenkin,
I spy a Knave in drinking;
Come, troll the Bowl to me.

S O N G 459.

NOW, now the Tories all shall stoop,
Religion and the Laws,
And Whigs on Commonwealth get up,
To top the good old Cause.
Tantivy-boys shall all go down,
And haughty Monarchy,
The Leathern Cap shall brave the Throne,
Then hey, Boys, up go we.
When once that Antichristian Crew
Are crush'd and overthrown,
We'll teach their Nobles how to bow,
And keep their Gentry down.

Codd

Good Manners has a bad Repute,
And tends to Pride we see;
We'll therefore cry all Breeding down,
Then hey, &c.

The Name of Lord shall be abhor'd,
For ev'ry Man's a Brother;
What Reason then in Church or State
One Man should rule another?
Thus having peel'd and plunder'd all,
And levell'd each Degree,
We'll make their plump young Daughters fall,
And hey, &c.

What tho' the King and Parliament
Cannot accord together,
We have good Cause to be content
This is our Sun-shine Weather;
For if good Reason should take Place,
And they should both agree,
Dzounds who'd be in a Round-head's Case;
For hey then up go we.

We'll down with all the Verities
Where Learning is profess'd;
For they still practise and maintain
The Language of the Beast;
We'll exercise in ev'ry Grove,
And preach beneath a Tree,
We'll make a Pulpit of a Tub,
Then hey, Boys, up go we.

The Whigs shall rule Committee-chair,
Who will such Laws invent,
As shall exclude the lawful Heir
By Act of Parliament.
We'll cut his Royal Highness down,
Ev'n shorter by the Knee,
That he shall never reach the Throne,
Then hey, &c.

We'll smite the Idol in Guildhall,
And then, (as we were wont)
We'll cry, it was a Popish Plot,
And swear those Rogues have don't.

His Royal Highness to unthrone
 Our Interest will be,
 For if he e'er enjoy his own,
 Then hey, &c.
 We'll break the Windows which the Whore
 Of Babylon has painted;
 And when their Bishops are pull'd down,
 Our Elders shall be fainted:
 Thus having quite enslav'd the Throne,
 Pretending to set free,
 At length the Gallows claims its own,
 Then hey, &c.

S O N G 460.

NOW Phoebus advances on high,
 Nae Footsteps of Winter are seen;
 The Birds carrol sweet in the Sky,
 And Lambkins dante Reels on the Green.
 Thro' Plantings, by Burnies sae clear,
 We wander for Pleasure and Health,
 Where Buddings and Blossoms appear,
 Giving Prospect of Joy and Wealth.
 View ilka gay Scene all around,
 That are and that promise to be;
 Yet in them a' naithing is found,
 Sae perfect, Eliza, as thee.
 Thy Een the clear Fountains excel,
 Thy Locks they out-rival the Grove;
 When Zephyrs those pleasingly swell,
 Ilk Wave makes a Captive to Love.
 The Roses and Lilies combin'd,
 And Flowers of most delicate Hue,
 By thy Cheeks and dear Breast are out-shin'd,
 Their Tinctures are naithing sae true.
 What can we compare with thy Voice?
 And what with thy Humour sae sweet?
 Nae Musick can bless with sic Joys;
 Sure Angels are just sae complete,
 Fair Blossom of ilka Delight,
 Whose Beauties ten thousand out-shine;
 Thy Sweets shall be lasting and bright,
 Being mixt with sae many divine.

Ye Pow'rs who have given us Charms
To Eliza, your Image below,
O save her from all human Harms!
And make her Hours happily flow.

S O N G 461.

NOW Phoebus sinketh in the West,
Welcome Song, and welcome Jest,

Midnight Shout, and Revelry,

Tipfy Dance, and Jollity:

Braid your Locks with rose Twine,

Dropping Odours, dropping Wine,

Rigour now is gone to Bed,

And Advice with scrup'ulous Head;

Strict Age, and sower Severity,

With their grave Saws, in Slumber lie.

S O N G 462.

NOW that Love's Holiday is come,

And Madge the Maid hath swept the Room,

And trimm'd her Spit and Pot;

Awake my merry Muse and sing,

The Revels and that other Thing,

That must not be forgot.

As the gray Morning dawn'd, 'tis said,

Clarinda broke out of her Bed,

Like Cynthia in her Pride,

Where all the Maiden Lights that were

Comprisd within our Hemisphere,

Attended at her Side.

But wot you then, with much ado,

They dress'd the Bride from Top to Toe!

And brought her from the Chamber;

Deck'd in her Robes, and Garments gay,

More sumptuous than the live-long Day,

Or Stars inspirin'd in Amber.

The sparkling Bullets of her Eyes,

Like two eclipsed Suns, did rise

Beneath her chrystal Brow;

To shew, like those strange Accidents,

Some sudden changeable Events,

Were like to hap below.

(310)
Her Cheeks bestreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty Tell-tales of the Bed,
Prefag'd the blust'ring Night,
With his encircling Arms and Shade,
Resolv'd to swallow and invade,
And screen her Virgin Light.
Her Lips, those Threads of Scarlet Dye,
Wherein Love's Charms and Quiver lie,
Legions of Sweet did crown,
Which smilingly did seem to say,
O crop me! crop me! whilst you may,
Anon they're not mine own.
Her Breast, those melting Alps of Snow,
On whose fair Hills in open show,
The God of Love lay knapping;
Like swelling Buds of lively Wine,
Upon their ivory Tilts did shine,
To wait the lucky tapping.
Her Waist, that tender Type of Man,
Was but a small and single Span;
Yet I dare safely swear,
He that whole thousands has in Fee,
Would forfeit all, so he might be
Lord of the Manor there.
But now before I pass the Line,
Pray, Reader, give me leave to dine,
And pause here in the middle;
The Bridegroom and the Parson knock,
With all the Hymeneal Flock,
The Plum-cake and the Fiddle.
When as the Priest Clarinda sees,
He star'd, as't had been half his Fees,
To gaze upon her Face:
And if the Spirit did not move,
His Countenance was far above
Each Sinner in the Place.
With mickle Stir he join'd their Hands,
And hamper'd them in Marriage-Bands,
As fast as fast may be:

Where still methinks, methinks I hear,
That secret Sigh in ev'ry Ear,

Once Love, remember me!

Which done, the Cook he knockt again,
And up the Dishes in a Train

Came smoking, two and two:

With that they wip'd their Mouths and fat,
Some fall to quaffing, some to prate;

Ay, marry, and welcome too.

In Pairs they thus impail'd the Meat,
Roger and Margaret, and Thomas and Kate,

Ralph and Bels, Andrew and Maudlin,

And Valentine eke with Sybil so sweet,
Whose Cheeks on each Side of her Shufflers did meet,

As round and as plump as a Codling.

When at the last they had fetch'd their Frees,
And mired their Stomachs quite up to their Knees

In Claret and good Cheer;

Then, then began the merry Dip, O 2:
For as it was they were, all on the Pin:

O! what kissing and clipping was there.

But as Luck would have it, the Parson said Grace,
And to frisking and dancing they shuffled apace,

Each Lad took his Lais by the Fist;

And when he had squeez'd her, and gam'd her, until
The Fat of her Face ran down like a Mill,

He toll'd for the rest of the Grist.

In Sweat and in Dust having wasted the Day,
They enter'd upon the last Act of the Play,

The Bride to her Bed was convey'd.

Where Knee-deep each Hand fell down to the Ground,
And in seeking the Garter much Pleasure was found;

'Twould have made a Man's Arm have stray'd.

This Clutter o'er, Clarinda lay
Half bedded, like the peeping Day,

Behind Olympus' Cap:

Whilst at her Head each tittering Girl
The fatal Stocking quick did whirl,

To know the lucky Hap.

The

The Bridegroom in at last did ruffle,
All disappointed in the Buffle.

The Maidens had 'sav'd his Breaches;
But let us not complain, 'tis well,
In such a Storm, I can you tell,

He sav'd his other Stitches,
And now he bounce'd into the Bed,
Even just as if a Man had said,

Fair Lady have at all;
Where twisted at the Hing they lay,
Like Venus and the sprightly Boy,

Oh! who wou'd fear the Fall?
Thus both with Love's sweet Taper fir'd,
And thousand balmy Kisses tir'd,

They could not wait the rest;
But out the Folk and Candles fled,
And to't they went, and what they did,
There lies the Cream o' th' Jest.

S O N G 463.

NOW the good Man's from home,
I'll cast away Care;

And, with some brisk Fellow
Steal out to the Fair;

Though some are too bashful,
And others too bold,
Yet Womens Intentions
Are not to be told.

But if I should meet
With a Spark to my Mind,

One fit to be trusted,
I then may prove kind:

With him I would ramble
The Fair all round;

I'd eat, and I'd drink
Of the best could be found.

There's Fielding and Oates,
And Hipp'sly and Hall,

And Bullock and Lee,
And the Devil and all.

I'll have the best Place,
 And I'll see ev'ry Sight,
 And wanton in Pleasure
 From Morning 'till Night.
 Oh! there I shall see
 All the Gentlemen Rakes,
 And hear the sweet Cry
 Of Beer, Ale, Wine and Cakes;
 Whilst I in blue Apron
 And clean Linnen Gown,
 Draw all the fine Sparks
 From the Flirts of the Town.

S O N G 464.

NOW the hungry Lions roar,
 And howling Wolves behold the Moon;

Now the heavy Ploughmen snore,

After daily Labour's done.

Trip it, trip it, trip it softly round,
 Ever sacred be this Ground.

Now the Brands of Fire do glow,

Whilst the Screech-Owl, screeching loud,

Puts the Wretch that lies in Woe,

In remembrance of a Shroud.

Trip it, &c.

Now it is the Time of Night,

That the Graves are gaping wide,

Ev'ry one lets forth his Spright,

In the Church-way Paths to glide.

Trip it, &c.

And we Fairies, that do run,

By the triple Hecate's Team,

From the Presence of the Sun,

Following Darkness like a Dream.

Trip it, &c.

Tho' we frolick, let no Mouse,

Or boding Bird, or Beast of Prey,

Disturb the Quiet of this House,

But downy Sleep bring on the Day.

Trip it, &c.

•••••

Weaving

Weaving Spiders come not near,
 Spotted Snakes do no Offence:
 Beetles black, approach not here;
 Worm and Snail, be far from hence,
 Trip it, &c.

By the dead and drowsy Fire,
 Ev'ry Elf and fairy Spright,
 Hop, as little Bird from Bry'r,
 Nimbly, nimbly, and as light,
 Trip it, &c.

Now join all your warbling Notes
 In Chorus of sweet Harmony,
 Strain aloud your fairy Throats,
 Sing and dance it trippingly,
 Trip it, &c.

Hand in Hand, with fairy Grace
 We will sing, and bless this Place;
 May Plenty, Pastime, and sweet Peace,
 Daily in this House increase.
 Trip it, trip it, trip it softly round,
 Ever sacred be this Ground,

S O N G 465.

NOW the Sun's gane out o' Sight,
 Beet the Ingle, and snuff the Light;
 In Glens the Fairies skip and dance,
 And Witches wallop o'er to France,
 Up in the Air
 On my bonny grey Mare,
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet,
 Up in, &c.

The Wind's drifting Hail and Sna',
 O'er frozen Hags, like a Foot-ba';
 Nae Starns keek through the Azure Slit,
 'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony Pit.

The Man i' the Moon
 Is carousing aboon;
 D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet?
 The Man, &c.

Take your Glafs to clear your Een,
 'Tis the Elixir heals the Spleen,

Baith

Baith Wit and Mirth it will inspire,
And gently puffs the Lover's Fire.

Up in the Air

It drives away Care;

Ha'e wi'ye, ha'e wi'ye, and ha'e wi'ye Lads, yet

Up in, &c.

Steek the Doors, keep out the Frost;

Come Willie, gie's about ye'r Toft:

Til't Lads, and lift it out,

And let us ha'e a blythsome Bout.

Up wi't there, there,

Dinna chear, but drink fair:

Huzza, huzza, and huzza, Lads, yet.

Up wi't, &c.

S O N G 466.

NOW to you, ye dry Womers,

Old Beaus, and no Doers,

So doughty, so gouty,

So useless and toothless,

Your Blindness, cold Kindness,

Has nothing of Man:

Still doating, or gloating,

Still stumbling, or fumbling,

Still hawking, still baulking,

You flash in the Pan:

Unfit, like old Brooms,

For sweeping our Rooms,

You're sunk and you're shrunk:

Then repent and look to't;

In vain you're so uppish, in vain you're so uppish,

You're down ev'ry Foot.

S O N G 467.

NOW wat ye wha I met yestern,

Coming down the Street, my Jo?

My Mistress in her Tartan Screen,

Fou bony, braw and sweet, my Jo.

My Dear, quoth I, thanks to the Night,

That never wisht a Lover ill,

Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight,

Let's take a Wauk up to the Hill.

O Katy, wiltu gang wi' me,
 And leave the dunsome Town a while;
 The Blossom's sprouting frae the Tree,
 And a' the Simmer's gawn to smile:
 The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
 The bleeting Lambs and whistling Hind,
 In ilka Dale, Green, Shaw and Park,
 Will nourish Health, and glad ye'r Mind,
 Soon as the clear Goodman of Day
 Bends up his Morning Draught of Dew,
 We'll gae to some Burn-side, and play,
 And gather Flowers to buek ye'r Brow,
 We'll pou the Daisies on the Green,
 The lucken Gowans frae the Bog;
 Between Hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the velvet Fog.
 There's up into a pleasant Glen,
 A wee piece frae my Father's Tower,
 A canny, fast and slow'ry Den,
 Which circling Birks have form'd a Bower;
 Whene'er the Sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cauler Shade remove;
 There will I lock thee in mine Arm,
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

S O N G 462.

O Bell, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart,
 I pass the Day in Pain,
 When Night returns I feel the Smart,
 And wish for thee in vain.
 I'm starving cold, while thou art warm,
 Have Pity and incline,
 And grant me for that Hap, that charm-
 ing Petticoat of thine.
 My ravish'd Fancy in Amaze
 Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
 Delusive Dreamer ten thousand ways
 Present thee to my Arms.
 But, waking, think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline
 Those Pleasures that can only cure
 This panting Breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wilding rove,

Because you still deny

The just Reward that's due to Love,

And let true Passion die.

Oh! turn, and let Compassion seize

That lovely Breast of thine;

Thy Petticoat cou'd give me Ease,

If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heav'n has fitted for Delight

That beauteous Form of thine,

And thou'rt too good its Laws to slight,

By hind'ring the Design.

May all the Pow'rs of Love agree

At length to make thee mine,

Or loose my Chains, and let me free

From ev'ry Charm of thine.

S O N G 469

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,

They were two bonny Lassies,

They higg'd a Bower on yon burn Brae,

And theek'd it o'er wi' Rashes,

Fair Bessy Bell I look'd yestreen,

And thought I ne'er could alter

But Mary Gray's twa pawky Len's

They gar my Fancy falter.

Now Bessy's Hair's like a Lint-top;

She smiles like a May Morning,

When Phoebus starts frae Thee's Lap,

The Hills with Rays adorning;

White is her Neck, fast is her Hand,

Her Waist and Feet's fu' genty;

With ilka Grace she can command

Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's Locks are like a Caw;

Her Eyes like Di'monds glances;

She's ay sae clean redd up and braw,

She kills where'er she dances:

Blythe as a Kid, with Wit at Will,

She blooming, tight and tall is;

And guides her Airs sae gracefu' still,

O Jove! she's like thy Fille,

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair oppress us ;
Our Fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are sic bonny Lasses :
Wae's me ! for baith I canna get,
To ane by Law we're bented ;
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented.

S O N G 470.

O Blest Retreat ! O blissful Bow'rs !
Ye sunny Hills, and verdant Glades ;
Warbling Choirs, and verdant Springs,
Here, 'midst your Sweets, in full Content I reign,
Nor envy Juno on her starry Throne.

S O N G 471.

O Charming cunning Man ! thou hast been wondrous
kind,
And all thy golden Words do now prove true, I find ;
Ten thousand Transports wait,
To crown my happy Fate ;
Thus kiss'd, and prest,
And dearly blest,
In all his Pomp and State ;
New Scenes of Joy arise,
Which fill me with Surprise,
My Rock and Reel,
And Spinning-Wheel,
And Husband I despise ;
Then, Jobson, now adieu,
Thy Cobbling shall pursue,
For hence I cannot, will not, no, nor must I buckle on.

S O N G 472.

O Come away, come away,
Come away wi' me, Jenny !
Sic Frowns I canna bear frae ane,
Whae Smiles anes ravish'd me, Jenny !
If you'll be kind, you'll never find
That ought sal alter me, Jenny !
For you're the Mistress of my Mind,
Whae'er you think of me, Jenny.

First when your Sweets enflav'd my Heart,

You seem'd to favour me, Jenny;

But now, alas! you set a Part

That speaks Unconstancy, Jenny,

Unconstancy is sic a Vice,

'Tis not befitting thee, Jenny;

It suits not with your Virtue nice,

To carry sac to me, Jenny.

S O N G 473.

O Come, dear fatal Hour!

And all my Woes remove:

Death, lead me to thy Bow'r,

To which thou'st sent my Love.

There mixt with happy Shadows,

Once more our Souls shall join;

In blest Elyzian Meadows,

I'll live for ever thine.

S O N G 474.

O Cupid, gentle Boy,

Restore me to the Fair;

To Love's auspicious Joy

I'll fly from gloomy Care.

S O N G 475.

O Cupid, why art thou pursuing

Such endless Designs on my Heart,

To make me so fond of my Ruin,

And doat on the Cause of my Smart,

In vain do I strive to remove her,

Affection to Reason is blind;

In spite of her Failings I love her,

She's charming tho' false and unkind.

S O N G 476.

O Dear Peggy, Love's beguiling,

We ought not to trust his smiling;

Better far to do as I do,

Lest a harder Luck befall you,

Lasses when their Fancy's carried,

Think of nought but to be married;

Running to a Life destroys

Heartsome, free, and youthful Joys.

S O N G

S O N G 477.

O Fie! what mean I, foolish Maid,

In this remote and silent Shade,

To meet with you alone?

My Heart does with the Place combine,

And both are more your Friends than mine:

Oh! I shall be undone.

A savage Beast I would not fear;

Or, shou'd I meet with Villains here,

I to some Cave would run:

But such enchanting Arts you shew,

I cannot strive, I cannot go:

Oh! I shall be undone.

Ah! give those sweet Temptations o'er,

I'll touch those dang'rous Lips no more;

What, must we yet fool on?

Ah! now I yield; ah! now I fall;

And now I have no Breath at all;

And now I'm quite undone.

I'll see no more your tempting Face;

Nor meet you in this dang'rous Place;

My Fame's for ever gone.

But Fame, to speak the Truth, is vain,

And ev'ry yielding Maid does gain;

By being so undone.

In such a pleasing Storm of Bliss,

To such a Bank of Paradise,

Who wou'd not swiftly run?

If you but Truth to me will swear,

We'll meet again, nor do I care

How oft I am undone.

S O N G 478.

O Fly from this Place, dear Flora,

Thy Gaoler has set thee free;

And before the next Blush of Aurora,

You'll find a kind Guardian in me:

Dearest Creature, exchange for a better;

Confinement can have no Charms:

Think which of your Prisons is sweeter,

This, or a young Lover's Arms.

S O N G 479.

O Gentle Sleep! to thee alone,
 Is owing all our Peace!
 In thee our Joys are heighten'd showz,
 In thee our Sorrows cease.
 The Nymph whose Hand by Fraud or Force,
 Some Tyrant has possess'd;
 From the obtaining a Divorce,
 In her own Choice is bless'd.
 O stay! Arpasia bids thee stay!
 The sadly weeping Fair,
 Conjures thee not to lose a Day,
 The Object of her Care!
 To grasp whose pleasing Form she sought
 That Moment chas'd her Sleep;
 Thus by ourselves are oftrest wrought
 The Griefs for which we weep.

S O N G 480.

O Grant me, kind Bacchus,
 The God of the Vine,
 Not a Pipe nor a Tun,
 But an Ocean of Wine,
 With a Ship that's well man'd
 With such rare-hearted Fellows,
 Who ne'er left the Tavern
 For a portlerly Ale-house.
 Let the Ship spring a Leak,
 To let in the Tipple,
 Without Pump or Long-boat,
 To save Ship or People;
 So that each jolly Lad
 May always be bound,
 Or to drink, or to drink,
 Or to drink, or be drown'd.
 When Death does prevail,
 It is my Design
 To be nobly intomb'd
 In a Wave of good Wine;

So that living or Dead,
Both Body and Spirit;
May float round the World
In an Ocean of Claret.

S. O. N. G. 481.

O Greedy Midas, I've been told,
That what you touch'd you turn'd to Gold;
O had I but a Pow'r like thine,
I'd turn whate'er I touch to Wine,
I'd turn, &c.

Each purling Stream should feel my Force;
Each Fish my fatal Power mourn;
Each Fish, &c.

And wondering at the mighty Change,
And wondering, &c.
Should in their native Regions burn.
Should in, &c.

Nor should there any dare t'approach
Unto my mantling, sparkling Shrine;
Unto my, &c.
But first should pay their Vows to me,
But first, &c.
And stile me only God of Wine.
And stile, &c.

S. O. N. G. 482.

O Had away, had away,
Had away frae me, Donald;
Your Heart is made o'er large for aye,
It is not meet for me, Donald;
Some fickle Mistress you may find
Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald;
To ilka Swain she will prove kind,
And nae less kind to thee, Donald.
But I've a Heart that's naithing such,
'Tis fill'd with Honesty, Donald;
I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
I hate all Levity, Donald.
Therefore nae mair, with Art, pretend
Your Heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
For Words of Falshood ill defend
A roving Love like thine, Donald.

First

First when you courted, I must own,
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald;
 Apparent Worth and fair Renown
 Made me believe you true, Donald;
 Ilk Virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The Man esteem'd by me, Donald;
 But now the Mask fallen off, I scorn
 To ware a Thought on thee, Donald.
 And now, for ever, had away,
 Had away frae me, Donald;
 Gae seek a Heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald;
 For I'll reserve my sell for ane
 For ane that's liker me, Donald;
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er loo Man, nor thee, Donald.

D O N A L D.

Then I'm thy Man, and false Report
 Has only tald a Lie, Jenny;
 To try thy Truth, and make us Sport,
 The Tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

J E N N Y.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
 Then come away to me, Donald;
 I'm well content, ne'er to repent
 That I have smil'd on thee, Donald.

S O N G 483.

○ Had I been by Fate decreed
 Some humble Cottage Swain!
 In Rosalinda's Sight to feed
 My Sheep upon the Plain;
 How happy would those Days have past,
 Which now are fill'd with Woe!
 You envious Pow'rs! why have you plac'd
 My Fair One's Lot so low?
 How sottish Custom over-rules
 The Force of Nature's Law!
 Begun, and carry'd on by Fools,
 It keeps Mankind in Awe:

Nature

Nature to rule the World design'd
 The Generous and the Fair;
 But Custom has the Sway confin'd
 To such as Wealthy are.

Each Charm in Rosalinda's Face
 Convincingly declares,
 None can, but for the second Place,
 Contend, when she appears.

Then 'cause blind Fortune has not thrown
 Her Favours in her way,
 Shall I her Sov'reignty disown,
 And scruple to obey?

Ah! No:—Dominion is her Due,
 The Right which Nature gave;
 Let him who dares dispute, but view
 Her Eyes,—and be her Slave;
 And may the World, convinc'd by me,
 Before the Charmer fall,
 Whose Beauty makes her fit to be
 Acknowledg'd Queen of all.

S O N G 484.

○ How sweet are the cooling Breeze,
 And the blooming Trees,
 When into his Bower Love guides Musidora:
 When we meet there, the Nightingales
 Sing pretty Tales
 Mistaking my Dear for their Goddess Aprora.
 Jessamine and Roses,
 A thousand pretty Posies,
 The Summer's Queen discloses,
 And strews as she walks.

Oh how sweet are the cooling Breeze,
 And the shady Trees,
 When into his Bower Love guides Musidora.
 Passion, Devotion, she gains with each Motion, [Venus!
 Lutes too, and Flutes too, are heard when she talks, Oh

S O N G 485.

○ London is a dainty Place,
 A great and gallant City;
 For all the Streets are pav'd with Gold,
 And all the Folks are witty.

And

And there's your Lords and Ladies fine,
That ride in Coach and Six;
That nothing drink but Claret Wine,
And talk of Politicks.

And there's your Beaux, with powder'd Cloaths,
Bedaub'd from Head to Chin;
Their Pocket-holes adorn'd with Gold,
But not one Soule within.

And there the English Actor goes
With many a hungry Belly;
While Heaps of Gold are forc'd, God wot,
On Signior Farrinelli,

And there's your Dames, of dainty Frames,
With Skins as white as Milk;
Dress'd ev'ry Day in Garments gay,
Of Satin and of Silk.

And if your Mind be so inclin'd,
To have them in your Arms;
Pull out a handsome — Purse of Gold,
They can't resist its Charms.

S O N G 486.

O Love! what cruel Pangs are these,
The cold Effects of warm Desire;
Whose agonizing Tortures freeze,
Tho' sprung from your prevailing Fire?
Her Absence gave exceeding Pain;
But when from that I hop'd Relief,
You still, resolv'd I should complain,
With Jealousy augment my Grief.
Too bitter is the Lover's Part,
When sever'd from his Fair-one's Eyes;
But if he's banish'd from her Heart,
Stabb'd with Despair, at once he dies.

S O N G 487.

O Loveliest Fair! to you my Song
In warbling Numbers flows,
For you inspire my grateful Tongue,
And dissipate my Woes:
My Mind, when you with Rays divine
Inspire, does like you shine.

(320)
At once reveal my cruel Fate,
And let me know the worst ;
I'll arm my self against your Hate,
And bear to be accurst !
If 't must be so, my Doom I'll hear :
These Doubts I cannot bear !
Soo as my drooping Eyes I raise
To view your charming Face,
O'erwhelm'd with Joy, lost in Amaze,
I bless each sparkling Grace !
My raptur'd Soul springs to my Eyes,
And tells my Fears and Joys.
How long, O loveliest Fair ! how long
Shall I my Suff'rings bear ?
Why do you thus my Passion wrong,
And sink me in Despair ?
Now list'd high, now sunk as low,
You plunge me still in Woe.
Poor Mariners, when Storms run high,
Like Terrors undergo ;
Sometimes they're wafted to the Sky,
Then plung'd in Sands below :
No more torment me ; but be kind,
And cure my troubled Mind.

S O N G 488.

O Lovely Maid ! how dear's this Pow'r ?

At once I love, at once adore :
With Wonder are my Thoughts possess'd,
While softest Love inspires my Breast.
This tender Look, these Eyes of mine,
Confess their am'rous Master thine :
Thine Eyes with Strephon's Passion play ;
First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming Victor, I am thine ;
Poor as it is, this Heart of mine
Was never in another's Pow'r ;
Was never pierc'd by Love before.
In thee I've treasur'd up my Joy ;
Thou can'st give Bliss, or Bliss destroy :
And thus I've bound myself to Love,
While Bliss or Misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy Charms,
 Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms;
 Were Hopes of dear Enjoyment gone,
 Still would I love, love thee alone.
 But like some discontented Shade,
 That wanders where its Body's laid,
 Mournful I'd roam, with hollow Glare,
 For ever exil'd from my Fair.

S O N G 489.

O Mary! thy Graces and Glances,
 Thy Smiles so enchantingly gay,
 And Thoughts so divinely harmonious,
 Clear Wit and good Humour display.
 But say not thou'lt imitate Angels:
 Ought fairer, tho' scarcely, ah me!
 Can be found equalizing thy Merit,
 A Match amongst Mortals for thee.
 Thy many fair Beauties shed Fires
 May warm up ten thousand to love,
 Who, despairing, may fly to some other,
 While I may despair, but ne'er rove.
 What a Mixture of Sighing and Joys
 This distant adoring of thee,
 Gives to a fond Heart too aspiring,
 Who loves in sad Silence like me?
 Thus looks the poor Beggar on Treasure,
 And shipwreck'd on Landships on Shore:
 Be still more divine, and have Pity;
 I die soon as Hope is no more.
 For, Mary, my Soul is thy Captive,
 Nor loves, nor expects to be free:
 Thy Beauties are Fetters delightful;
 Thy Slav'ry's a Pleasure to me.

S O N G 490.

O Mither dear, I gin to fear,
 Tho' I'm baith good and bonny,
 I winna keep; for in my Sleep
 I start and dream of Johny.

When Johnny then, comes down the Glen
 To woo me, dinna hinder ;
 But with Content 'gi' your Consent ;
 For we twa ne'er can funder.

Better to marry, than milcarray ;
 For Shame and Skaith's the Clink o't,
 To thole the Dool, to mount the Stool,
 I downa bide to think o't :
 Sae while 'tis Time, I'll thun the Crime,
 That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
 With Hainches fow, and Een fae blew,
 To a' the Bedrel's binging.

Had Eppy's Apron bidden down,
 The Kirk had ne'er a ken'd it ;
 But when the Word's gane thro the Town,
 Alake ! how can the mend it ?
 Now Tam maun face the Minister,
 And she maun mount the Pillar ;
 And that's the Way that they maun gae,
 For poor Folk has na Siller.

Now ha'd ye'r Tongue, my Daughter young,
 Reply'd the kindly Mither ;
 Get Johnny's Hand in haly Band,
 Syne way your Wealth together.
 I'm o' the Mind, if he be kind,
 Ye'll do your Part discreetly ;
 And prove a Wife, will gar his Life,
 And Barrel run right sweetly.

S O N G 491.

O My Heart, my heavy, heavy Heart,
 Swells as't wou'd burst in Twain !
 No Tongue can e'er describe its Smart ;
 Nor I conceal its Pain.
 Blow on ye Winds, descend soft Rains,
 To sooth my tender Grief ;
 Your solemn Music lulls my Pain,
 And yields me short Relief.
 O my Heart, &c.

In some lone Corner would I sit,
Retired from human Kind;
Since Mirth, nor Show, nor sparkling Wit,
Can ease my anxious Mind.

O my Heart, &c.

The Sun which makes all Nature gay,
Torments my weary Eyes,
And in dark Shades I pass the Day,
Where Echoe sleeping lyes.

O my Heart, &c.

The sparking Stars which gayly shine,
And glittering deck the Night,
Are all such cruel Foes of mine,
I sicken at their Sight.

O my Heart, &c.

The Gods themselves their Creatures love,
Who do their Aid implore;
O learn of them, and bless the Nymph
Who only you adore.

O my Heart, &c.

The strongest Passion of the Mind,
The greatest Bliss we know,
Arises from successful Love,
If not, the greatest Woe.

O my Heart, &c.

S O N G 492.

Col. O My little Punchinello,
My little dapper Fellow,
Have you heard that Farinello
is coming over?

Punch. O no----my Columbino,
I hear that Caristino,
The famous Caristino,
Who has pleas'd both the King and Queen-o,
Sets out for Dover.

Col. But I hope my Senefino
Is no such Rover?

Punch. O, no, your Senefino
Has lick'd himself quite clean-o,
Has, of Thousands, made fifteen-o,
And lives in Clover.

Col. After Porpora or Handel,
Where d'ye think the Town will dandle ;
Or who shall hold the Candle ?

Punch. -----I care not a Farthing,
But Harlequini's Lun-o
Has cook'd a deal of Fun-o
Of Pantomime and Pun-o,
And expects a mighty Run-o
At Covent-Garden.

Col. Shall us go and see the Fun-o
At Covent Garden.

Punch. In Play-houses, full fix-o,
One knows not where to fix-o,
Till they let us in for Nix-o,
That's Punch's Bargain.

Both. In Play-houses, &c.
S O N G 493.

O My Treasure,
Crown my Pleasure,
Let this be the happy Night :
Bless, oh ! bless me,
Kindly press me,
Let me die with dear Delight,
With dear Delight.

Leave this Trembling,
And Dissembling,
Lay aside all Female Art ;
Love's soft Pleasure,
Beyond Measure,
Will atone for all its Smart,
For all its Smart.

S O N G 494.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn ?
Thy Presence cou'd ease me,
When nothing can please me :
Now dowie I sigh on the Bank of the Burn,
Or through the Wood, Laddie, until thou return.

Tho' Woods now are bonny, and Mornings are clear,
 While Lav'rocks are singing,
 And Primroses springing;
 Yet none of them pleases my Eye or my Ear,
 When through the Wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear.
 That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;
 I'm fash'd wi' their Scorning,
 Baith Ev'ning and Morning;
 Their Jeering gaes aft to my Heart wi' a Knell,
 While through the Wood, Laddie, I wander my sell.
 Then stay, my dear Sandy, 'nae langer away,
 But quick as an Arrow,
 Haste here to thy Marrow,
 Wha's living in Languor, till that happy Day,
 When through the Wood, Laddie, we'll dance, sing and
 play.

S O N G 495.

O Say what is that Thing call'd Light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy?
 What are the Blessings of the Sight,
 Tell me your poor blind Boy.
 You talk of wond'rous Things you see:
 You say the Sun shines bright.
 I feel him warm; but how can he
 Then make it Day or Night?
 My Day or Night myself I make,
 Whene'er I wake or play;
 And could I ever keep awake,
 With me 'twere always Day.
 With heavy Sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hopeless Woe;
 But sure with Patience I may bear
 A Loss I ne'er can know.
 Then let not what I cannot have
 My Cheer of Mind destroy;
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a King,
 Altho' a poor blind Boy!

S O N G 496.

O Sleep, kind God, thou Friend to Sorrow,
Come bind me in thy peaceful Chains;
From thee alone the Wretch can borrow
Short Release from lasting Pains.

S O N G 497.

O Steer he up, and had her gawn,
Her Mither's at the Mill, Jo;
But gin she winna tak a Man,
E'en let her tak her Will, Jo.
Prithee, Lad, leave silly thinking,
Cast thy Cares of Love away:
Let's our Sorrows drown in drinking;
'Tis Daffin langer to delay,
See that shining Glas of Claret;
How invitingly it looks!
Tak it aff, and let's have mair o't;
Pox on Fighting, Trade, and Books.
Let's have Pleasure while we're able;
Bring us in the meikle Bowl;
Plac't on th'Middle of the Table;
And let Wind and Weather growl.
Call the Drawer, let him fill it
Fou as ever it can hold:
O tak tent ye dinna spill it;
'Tis mair precious far then Gold.
By you've drank a Dozen Bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
Spite of Venus and her Mumpers,
Drinking better is than Love.

S O N G 498.

O Surprising lovely Fair!
Who with Chloe can compare?
Sure she's form'd for Beauty's Queen,
Her Wit, her Shape, her Grace, her Mein,
By far excells all Nymphs I've seen;
No mortal Eye
Can view her nigh,
Too exquisite for Human sight to see;

Tho'

Tho' she ne'er may be kind,
 Nor for me e'er design'd,
 Yet I love, I love, I love
 The charming she.

S O N G 499.

O That I was young again,
 I'd frisk it beyond Measure,
 Kifs, and dance, and sport amain,
 And wanton it at leisure.
 Free and gay
 I'd pass the Day,
 At Night I'd hug my Treasure;
 Then I'd bed,
 But never wed,
 For Marriage damps the Pleasure.

S O N G 500.

O The Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom
 The Broom of Cowden-knows:
 I wish I were with my dear Swain,
 Milking my Daddy's Ewes.
 How blith ilk Morn was I, to see
 The Swain come o'er the Hill;
 He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me;
 I met him with Good-will.
 He tun'd his Pipe and Reed sae sweet,
 The Birds sat list'ning by;
 E'en the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his Melody.
 I neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb,
 While his Flock near me lay:
 He gather'd in my Sheep at Een,
 And cheer'd me a' the Day.
 He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
 Cou'd I but thankful be?
 He staw my Heart, cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?
 While thus we spent our Time by Turns,
 Betwixt our Flocks and Play,
 I envy'd not the fairest Dame,
 Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.

Hard

Hard Fate that I should banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn.
 Because I lov'd the kindest Swain
 That ever yet was born.

Adieu, ye Cowden-knows adieu,
 Farewel a' Pleasures there ;
 Ye Gods, restore to me my Swain,
 Is a' I crave or care.

S O N G 501.

O The Lads of Edinbro!
 They are blith and jolly ;
 Fine as Lairds from Top to Toe,
 Free fra Melancholy.
 Had I one wi' me to lig,
 I would be contented ;
 I'd nae longer care a Fig,
 What my Kin resented.
 Willie he's a bonny Lad ;
 O I wish he'd wed me !
 He should ken, Ise nae afraid,
 When he gangs to bed me.
 A' Night-long Ise ne'er complain,
 Tho' he jogg'd me sprightly ;
 But wad buckle top amain,
 When he meant to slight me.
 Mither she a Wife has been,
 Fourteen Bearn she weaned ;
 Time it is I should begin,
 Nature she sae meant.
 O some Lad of Edinbro !
 Tak me 'fore I'm fading ;
 If you lag, the Fault's on you,
 That I lig a Maiden.

S O N G 502.

O Venus! Beauty of the Skies,
 To whom a thousand Temples rise ;
 Gaily false in gentle Smiles,
 Full of Love-perplexing Wiles ;
 O Goddess! from my Heart remove
 The wasting Cares and Pains of Love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A Song in soft Distress preferr'd ;
Propitious to my tuneful Vow,
O gentle Goddess! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright immortal Guest,
In all thy radiant Charms confest.

Thou once didst leave Almighty Jove,
And all the Golden Roofs above:
The Car thy wanton Sparrows drew,
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew ;
As to my Bow'r they wing'd their Way,
I saw their quivering Pinions play.

The Birds dismiss (while you remain)
Bore back their empty Car again :
Then you with Looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new Complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my Aid :

What Frenzy in my Bosom rag'd ?
And by what Cure to be assuag'd ?
What gentle Youth I wou'd allure ?
Whom in my artful Toils secure ?
Who does thy tender Heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sapho, tell me who ?

Tho' now he shuns thy longing Arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted Charms ;
Tho' now thy Off'rings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice ;
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy Victim in his Turn.

Celestial Visitant, once more
Thy needful Presence I implore !
In Pity, come and ease my Grief,
Bring my distemper'd Soul Relief ;
Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,
And give me all my Heart desires.

S O N G 503.

O Waly, waly up the Bank,
And waly, waly down the Brae ;
And waly, waly yon Burn-side,
Where I and my Love went to gae.

I lean'd my Back unto an Aik,
 I thought it was a trusty Tree,
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
 Sae my true Love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but Love be bonny,
 A little Time while it is new ;
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like Morning Dew.

O wherefore shou'd I buse my Head ?
 Or wherefore shou'd I kame my Hair ?

For my true Love has me forlook,
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my Bed,
 The Sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me ;

Saint Anton's Well shall be my Drink,
 Since my true Love has forsaken me.

Martinmas Wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green Leaves off the Tree ?

O gentle Death, when wilt thou come ?
 For of my Life I am weary.

'Tis not the Frost that freezes fell,
 Nor glawing Shaw's Inclemency ;

'Tis not the Cauld that makes me cry,
 But my Love's Heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow Town,
 We were a comely Sight to see ;

My Love was clad in the black Velvet,
 And I my sell in Cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd,
 That Love had been sae ill to win,

I'd lock'd my Heart in a Case of Gold,
 And pinn'd it with a Silver Pin.

Oh, oh! if my young Babe were born,
 And set upon the Nurse's Knee,

And I my sell were dead and gane ;
 For a Maid again I'll never be.

S O N G 504.

O Were Thursday but come,
 How I'd run from my Room,
 and throw off my Gown and my Cap!

To Abingdon go,
 As spruce as a Beau,
 To dance with my fair Fanny Knapp.

Let other Men strole,
 From hence to the Pole,
 And travel all over the Map,
 I'm sure they'll ne'er find,
 Among Womankind,
 One so lovely as fair Fanny Knapp.

Had I Genius and Fire,
 Such as erst did inspire
 The Bosoms of Blackmore and Trapp,
 Oh! how like any thing
 Would I carrol and sing
 The Praises of fair Fanny Knapp.

Not gay Wilks's Heart,
 When he tops Wildair's Part,
 Receives so much Joy from a Clap,
 As I, could Gold Finches,
 And a Man of my Inches
 Commend me to fair Fanny Knapp.

Let the Sot boast his Pleasure,
 Who drinks beyond measure,
 And sits the long Day at the Tap;
 He's not half so happy,
 Tho' drown'd in his Nappy,
 As I with my fair Fanny Knapp.

As you often have seen
 A Faggot, when green,
 In the Fire boiling over with Sap;
 So my foolish fond Heart
 Ferments in each Part,
 While inflam'd by my fair Fanny Knapp.

Not a Baby in Town,
 When Nurse-Maid is gone,
 So whimpers and cries for his Pap,
 As I, when away
 The least Part of a Day,
 Lament for my fair Fanny Knapp.

When Duns at my Door,
 At least half a Score,
 Successively ply the loud Rapp,
 I bid 'em away ;
 For what can he pay,
 That's undone by his fair Fanny Knapp.

The Cobler in's Hole
 Waxes sad to the Soul,
 If he chances to lose but his Strap ;

Alas ! so I shall
 Lose my End and my All,
 If at last I lose fair Fanny Knapp.

The Butcher his Meat,
 That we sweetly may eat,
 From Fly-blows defends with a Flap ;

So I'd have you to know
 I'll butcher that Beau
 That dares fly-blow my fair Fanny Knapp.

Some, inflam'd with Desire
 Of sweet Figs in the Fire,
 Burn boldly at fam'd Dragon-Snap ;

More vent'rous am I,
 Thro' the Flames of her Eye
 To catch at my fair Fanny Knapp.

I saw, t'other Day,
 And envy'd poor Tray,
 When she threw from her Table a Scrap ;

I'll be hang'd for a Rogue,
 If I'd not be a Dog,
 To be fed by my fair Fanny Knapp.

Were she once set to Sale,
 As her Charms cou'd not fail
 To bring her in many a Chap,

I'd defy any Pow'r
 Less than Jove and his Show'r
 To out-bid me for fair Fanny Knapp.

Tho' of all things I hate
 To be damnably beat,
 Yet methinks I could bear a good Slap,

Were

Were the Bargain but this,
To be heal'd by a Kiss
From the Lips of my fair Fanny Knapp.

Hark, officious bright Sun,
When this Stage you have run,
And retire to your Thetis's Lap,
To Eternity stay,
We can never want Day,
While enlight'ned by fair Fanny Knapp.

Poor Swift, on a time,
At a Loss for a Rhime,
Was supply'd by a very good Hap;
Let him now, by his Skill,
Or the Help of his De'el,
Find another for fair Fanny Knapp.

POSTSCRIPT.

My Muse ran so fast,
She had like, in her Haste,
To have left in my Sonnet a Gap;
Tho' I doubt not the Dean,
If this——he had seen,
He'd have stopp'd it for fair Fanny Knapp.

S O N G 505.

O Wha's that at my Chamber-door?
" Fair Widow, are ye wawkin'?"
Auld Carle, your Suite give o'er,
Your Love lies a' in tawkin'.
Gi'e me the Lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an April Meadow;
'Tis sic as he can bless the Sight
And Bosom of a Widow.

" O Widow, wilt thou let me in,
" I'm pawky, wise and thrifty,
" And come of a right gentle Kin;
" I'm little mair than fifty."

Daft Carle dit your Mouth,
What signifies how pawky,
Or gentle born ye be,----hot Youth,
In Love you're but a Gawky.

* G g 2

" Then,

" Then, Widow, let these Guineas speak,

" That pow'rfully plead clinkan,

" And if they fail, my Mouth I'll seek,

" And nae mair Love will think on."

These court indeed, I maun confess,

I think they make you young, Sir,

And ten times better can express

Affection, than your Tongue, Sir.

S O N G 506.

O H! what Pangs are felt in Love!

Swains complaining,

Nymphs disdain,

Oh! what Pangs are felt in Love!

'Tis a Passion there's no refraining:

But when-e'er the Nymph proves kind,

And relieves the tortur'd Mind,

What endless Bliss the Captives find,

Reliev'd from their complaining!

Haste, thou blind deluding Boy,

Wing'd with Pleasure,

Seek my Treasure,

Chloe to my Arms-decoy;

Fly, give her Thoughts no Leisure;

Bind her with the softest Chain,

Tho' too long she's given me Pain,

Oh make her too indulge her Swain,

For she alone's my Treasure.

S O N G 507.

O Why did e'er my Thoughts aspire

To wish for that no Crown can buy?

'Tis Sacrilege, but to desire

What she in Honour will deny.

As Indians do the eastern Skies,

I at a Distance must adore

The brighter Glories of her Eyes,

And never dare pretend to more.

S O N G 508.

O Ye bless'd Pow'rs! propitious be

Unto my growing Love;

None can create my Misery,

If Chloe constant prove;

Tell

Tell her, if that she'll pity me,
 From her you'll ne'er remove.
 Each Breeze of Air my Groans shall bear
 Unto her gentle Breast;
 Silently whisp'ring in her Ear,
 I never can be blest;
 If she refuse to be my Dear,
 I never can have Rest.
 Ye Groves that hear each Day my Grief,
 Bear witness of my Pain:
 Tell her, I die, if no Relief
 I from her Pow'r can gain:
 Tell her, ah! tell that pretty Thief,
 I die through her Disdain.
 Perhaps she may, with piteous Eyes,
 When dead, my Hearse survey;
 And when my Soul 'mongst Deities
 Doth melt in Sweats away,
 Then may she curse those Victories
 That did my Heart betray.

S O N G 509.

O Bserve the fragrant blossoming Rose,
 Tho' in the humble Vale it spring,
 It smells as sweet, as fair it blows,
 As in the Garden of a King:
 So calm Content as oft is found compleat
 In the low Cott, as in the lofty Seat.

S O N G 510.

O Bserve the num'rous Stars which grace
 The far-expanded Skies;
 So many Charms has Lesbia's Face,
 A thousand more her Eyes.
 Whene'er the beauteous Maid appears,
 We cannot but admire;
 But when she speaks she charms our Ears,
 And sets our Souls on Fire.
 What Pity 'tis a Creature,
 By Nature form'd so fair,
 Divine in ev'ry Feature,
 Should give Mankind Despair.

She gazes all around her,
 And gains a thousand Hearts :
 But Cupid cannot wound her,
 For she has all his Darts.

S O N G 511.

O'ER the Desert, cross the Meadows,
 Hunters blew the merry Horn ;
 Phœbus chas'd the flying Shadows ;
 Eccho she reply'd in Scorn ;
 Still adoring,
 And deploring,
 Why must Thyrsis lose his Life ?
 Rivers murmur'd from their Fountains,
 Acorns dropping from the Oaks ;
 Fawns came tripping o'er the Mountains ;
 Fishes bit the naked Hooks :
 Still admiring,
 And desiring ;
 When shall Phillis be a Wife.

S O N G 512.

He. O F all Comforts I miscarry'd,
 When I play'd the Sot and marry'd.
 'Tis a Trap there's none need doubt on't,
 Those that are in would fain get out on't.

She. Fie ! my Dear, pray come to Bed,
 That Napkin take and bind your Head ;
 Too much Drink your Brains has dos'd,
 You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He. Oons ! 'tis all one if I'm up or lie down,
 For as soon as the Cock crows I'll be gone.

She. 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me ;
 Was I, was I made a Wife to lie alone ?

He. From your Arms myself divorcing,
 I this Morn must ride a courting ;
 A Sport that far excels a Madam,
 Or all the Wives have been since Adam.

She. I, when thus I've lost my Due,
 Must hug my Pillow, wanting you ;
 And whilst you tope it all the Day,
 Regale in Cups of harmless Tea.

He. Pox, what care I, drink your Slops till you die,
Yonder's Brandy will keep me a Month from home.

She. If thus parted, I'm broken-hearted;
When I, when I send for you, my Dear, pray come.

He. Ere I'll be from rambling, hinder'd,
I'll renounce my Spouse and Kindred;
To be sober I've no Leisure;
What's a Man without his Pleasure?

She. To my Grief then I must see,
Strong Wine and Nantz my Rivals be;
Whilst you carouze it with your Blades,
Poor I sit stitching with my Maids.

He. Oons! you may go to your Gossips you know,
And there, if you meet with a Friend, pray do.

She. Go, you Joker, go, Provoker,
Never, never shall I meet a Man like you.

S O N G 513.

OF all Occupations

A Toper's far the best,
For when the World's Affairs run cross
Good Liquor gives him Rest.

And a toping we will go, will go, will go,
And a toping we will go.

Here's to thee, honest Jack, my Boy,

This Wine will chear our Heart;

And if the Bottle's almost out,

We'll call for t'other Quart.

And a toping, &c.

What tho' your sober Sneakers

Call jolly Topers Swine;

Because they wallow in the Dirt,

And we do swim in Wine:

And a toping, &c.

The Musick that delights us most,

Is when the Bar-bell rings;

For when the Wine's got in our Heads

We fancy that we're Kings.

And a toping, &c.

Good

Good Liquor drives away all Cares
Which do perplex Men's Lives ;
For when we've drank our Courage up,
We fear no scolding Wives.
And a toping, &c.

We'll drink at Morn, at Noon, at Night,
The Glas shall still go round ;
And when we cannot sit upright,
We'll drink upon the Ground.
And a toping, &c.

See how the shining Sparkles rise,
When you fill your Glasses high ;
Tho' gouty Pains attack our Limbs,
We'll drink until we die.
And a toping, &c.

The Lover lives by Calia's Smiles,
And if she frowns he dies ;
But what are Woman's Smiles or Frowns
To jolly drinking Boys :
And a toping, &c.

Let Misers heap up sordid Gold,
To please their greedy Souls ;
We value not their Mass of Dirt,
Give us but flowing Bowls.
And a toping, &c.

Let Whigs and Tories plague their Heads
To settle State Affairs,
We'll drink and ne'er regard their Noise,
If we live a thousand Years.
But a toping, &c.

S O N G 514.

OF all our fond Diversions,
A Hunter is the best,
In spite of Wars and Party Jars,
That Sport has stood the Test.
And a hunting we will go, &c.
Of Nimrod, and of Esau,
What gallant Feats they tell !
On Foot they follow'd hunting,
They lov'd the Sport so well. And, &c.

O hadst thou, brave Actæon,
But minded more thy Game,
Thou ne'er hadst paid so dearly,
For peeping at — that same.

And, &c.

Herself, Diana, Goddess,
The Pride of female Race,
Prefer'd to am'rous fooling
The Pleasures of the Chase.

And, &c.

Orion, foolish Hunter,
Lur'd by a Petticoat,
In the mid Chase he loiter'd,
And so his Fate he got.

And, &c.

But after his Disaster,
He's made a heav'nly Sign,
That he at least may view the Sport
He can no longer join.

And, &c.

And hence it is we Hunters
Ne'er break our Leg or Arm;
For this our fellow Sportsman
Protects us all from Harm.

And, &c.

Had Dido not lov'd hunting,
The am'rous Trojan brave
Her Highness ne'er had solac'd
In Juno's friendly Cave.

And, &c.

Euripides, had hunting
Been lov'd but like thy Books,
The Hounds had not devour'd thee,
They know a Sportsman's Looks.

And, &c.

If Friend, you're call'd a hunting,
Throw all your Books aside,
(The * Poet thus advises) * Æn. IV. v. 174.
And mount your Horse and ride.

And, &c.

Brisk Action cures the Vapours,
Th' Effect of lazy Sloth,
And Musick makes us chearful,
So Hunting's good for both.

And, &c.

The Sport of Hunting renders
Our Days so sweet and long,
It makes us better relish
Our Glasses and a Song.

And, &c.

Our Laws prohibit hunting
To the Plebeian Race,
Nor is it meet the Vulgar
Should Royal Sports debase.

And, &c.

The British Kings are Hunters,
And frequent in the Chase,
They fear no more than we do,
A Weather-beaten Face.

And, &c.

Then fill a sparkling Bumper,
I'll take it off with glee,
To all our Brother Hunters,
In Course his Majesty.

And a hunting we will go, &c.

S O N G 515.

OF all the Birds, whose tuneful Throats
Do welcome in the verdant Spring,
I far prefer the Stirling's Notes,
And think she does most sweetly sing:
Nor Thrush nor Linnet, nor the Bird
Brought from the far Canary Coast;
Nor can the Nightingale afford
Such Melody as she can boast.

When Phœbus southward darts his Fires,
And on our Plains he looks askance,
The Nightingale with him retires,
My Stirling makes my Blood to dance.
In spite of Hyem's nipping Frost,
Whether the Day be dark or clear,
Shall I not to her Health entreat,
Who makes it Summer all the Year?

Then by thyself, my lovely Bird,
I'll stroke thy Back and kiss thy Breast;
And if you'll take my honest Word,
As sacred as before the Priest,
I'll bring thee where I will devise
Such various Ways to pleasure thee,
The Velvet-fog thou wilt despise,
When on the Downy-hills with me.

S O N G

S O N G 516.

O F all the Girls in our Town,
 Or Black, or Yellow, or Fair, or Brown,
 With their soft Eyes, and Faces so bright,
 Give me a Girl that's blithe and gay,
 As warm as June, and as sweet as May,
 With her Heart free, and faithful as Light.
 What lovely Couple than could be,
 So happy and so blest as we ?
 On whom eternal Joys would smile,
 And all the Cares of Life beguile,
 Entranc'd in Bliss each rapt'rous Night.

S O N G 517.

O F all the Girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally ;
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley :
 There is no Lady in the Land
 Is half so sweet as Sally :
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley,
 Her Father he makes Cabbage-Nets,
 And thro' the Streets doth cry 'em ;
 Her Mother she sells Laces long
 To such as please to buy 'em ;
 But sure such Folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a Girl as Sally ;
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.
 When she is by, I leave my Work,
 I love her so sincerely ;
 My Master comes, like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely :
 But let him bang his Belly full,
 I'll bear it all for Sally ;
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.
 Of all the Days are in the Week,
 I dearly love but one Day ;
 And that's the Day that comes betwixt
 The Saturday and Monday :

For then I'm dress'd all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally ;
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

My Master carries me to Church,
 And often am I blamed ;
 Because I leave him in the Church,
 As soon as Text is named :

I leave the Church in Sermon-time,
 And sink away with Sally ;
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
 Oh then I shall have Money ;
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
 And give it to my Honey :

I wou'd it were Ten Thousand Pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally ;
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

My Master, and the Neighbours all,
 Make Game of me and Sally ;
 And (but for her) I'd better be
 A Slave, and row a Galley :

But when my seven long Years are out,
 Oh then I'll marry Sally ;
 Oh ! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our Alley.

S O N G 518.

O F all the Joys we e'er possess,
 Love and Wine are still the best ;
 Sweetly they by Turns controul,
 Wine the Heart, and Love the Soul.
 Wealth and Power do strive in vain,
 Equal Happiness to gain,
 Wine superior Joy doth prove,
 And in sober Seasons, Love.
 Of all Joys we e'er possess,
 Love and Wine are still the best.

S O N G

S. O. N. G. 519.

OF all the Lads in London Town,
 There's none I love like Johnny,
 He walks so stately on the Ground,
 I like him for my Honey;
 And none but him I e'er will wed,
 So long's my Name is Sally.
 I still will dress me in my best,
 In spite of all our Alley.

There's Nan and Sue, those wicked Jades,
 Who live in our Alley,
 They laugh, and flaunt, and loud they cry,
 Look there goes ragged Sally;
 But let them know, tho' they say so,
 That I have Store of Money,
 And can an' hundred Pounds bestow
 On John, my dearest Honey.

'Tis true, my Father deals in Nets,
 My Mother in long Laces;
 But what of that, if Johnny's pleas'd,
 'Twon't hinder our Embraces;
 For Johnny he does often swear,
 He dearly loves his Sally;
 And for the Neighbours, I don't care,
 We will live in our Alley.

There is one Day in every Week
 That Johnny does come to me,
 And then I own I am well pleas'd,
 When he does kiss and woo me:
 Then in the Fields we walk and talk,
 He calls me dearest Sally.
 I love him, and I'll have him too,
 In spite of all our Alley.

His Cheeks are of a crimson Red,
 Black Eye-brows he does carry,
 His Temper is so sweet and good,
 For Johnny I will tarry.
 Tho' all the Neighbours spite us sore,
 'Cause Johnny loves his Sally;
 But I love Johnny still the more,
 And a Fig for all the Alley.

Old Women grumble, and the Maids
 Are all in love with Johnny,
 Their Guts to Fiddle-strings they fret,
 Yet he'll not leave his Honey;
 At Midsummer his Time is out,
 Then hand in hand with Sally,
 Unto the Parson he will go,
 In spite of all our Alley.

S O N G 520.

O F all the mighty Pow'rs above,
 First Damon su'd to that of Love,
 And fondly begg'd a Nymph to find,
 Both fair and constant to his Mind:
 The little God, with waggish Ear,
 Heard all, but granted half the Pray'r;
 A Fair inconstant Damon found,
 She cha'n'd him fast, then left him bound.
 In hopes his Freedom to retrieve,
 Since charming Chloe cou'd deceive,
 Young Damon Bacchus next address,
 And pray'd to drive her from his Breast;
 The jolly God the Dose apply'd,
 But Damon's Love its Force defy'd;
 The more he drunk, the more he found,
 That Wine inflam'd, not heal'd his Wound.
 To Phœbus then he thus complains,
 With Musick's Charms unbind my Chains,
 Or make my Chloe faithful prove;
 For what can Love reward, but Love?
 But in soft Notes he try'd in vain
 To ease his Mind, and sooth his Pain;
 For when the Swain his Lyre had stung,
 He thought on Chloe whilst he sung.
 At last young Damon try'd if Mars
 Wou'd take his Love or Life in Wars;
 But on the March, and in the Fight,
 False Chloe's ever in his Sight:
 With fetter'd Art what can he do?
 His Body's made a Captive too:
 Thus doubly bound he makes his Moan,
 And begs Relief of her alone.

Call me not false, because I strove
 To cure my own, or fix thy Love ;
 Cease to be jealous of three Gods,
 Since still in spite of all the Odds,
 My Chloe's Charms more pow'rful prove,
 Than all the Deities above,
 Your Chains, with Pleasure, let me wear ;
 However those of State I bear.

S N O G 521.

O F all the Plagues in human Life,
 A Shrew is sure the worst ;
 Scarce one in ten that takes a Wife,
 But with a Shrew is curst.
 Since then the Plague in Marriage lies,
 Who'd rush upon his Fate ?
 When he for Freedom, Bondage buys,
 And still repents too late.

S O N G 522.

O F all the Recreations which
 Attend on human Nature,
 There's none that's of so high a Pitch,
 Or is of such a Stature,
 As is the subtil Angler's Life,
 In all Mens Approbation :
 For Anglers Tricks do daily mix
 In every Corporation.
 Whilst Eve and Adam liv'd in Love,
 And had no Cause of jangling,
 The Devil did the Waters move,
 The Serpent went to angling :
 He baits his Hook with God-like Look ;
 Thought he this well entangle her.
 By this ye all may plainly see,
 That the Devil was first an Angler.
 Physicians, Lawyers, and Divines,
 Are all most neat Entanglers ;
 And he that looketh fine, will find,
 That most of them are Anglers :

Whilst grave Divines do fish for Souls,
Physicians like Curmudgeons,
They bait with Health; we fish for Wealth,
And Lawyers fish for Gudgeons.

Upon the Exchange, 'twixt Twelve and One,
Meets many a peat Entangler:

'Mongst Merchantmen, not one in ten,
But what's a cunning Angler:

For like the Fishes in the Brook,
Brother doth swallow Brother:

There's a golden Bait hangs at the Hook,
And they fish for one another.

A Shopkeeper I next prefer;

He's a formal Man in black, Sir;

He throws his Angle ev'ry where,

And cries, What is't you lack, Sir?

Fine Silks or Stuffs, Cravats or Cuffs.

But if a Courtier prove th' Entangler,

My Citizen must look to't then,

Or the Fish will catch the Angler.

But there's no such angling as a Wench,

Stark naked in the Water;

She'll make you leave both Trout and Tench,

And throw yourself in after.

Your Hook and Line she will confine;

Thus tangled is th' Entangler;

And this, I fear, hath spoil'd the Gear

Of many a jovial Angler.

But if you'll trowl for a Scrivener's Soul,

Cast in a rich young Gallant.

To take a Courtier by the Poll,

Throw in a golden Talent:

But yet I fear the Draught will ne'er

Compound for half the Charge on't

But if you'll catch the Devil at stretch,

You must bait him with a Serjeant.

Thus I have made my Angler's Trade

To stand above Defiance;

For, like the Mathematick Art,

It runs thro' ev'ry Science.

If with my Angling Song I can,
 To Mirth and Pleasure seize you,
 I'll bait my Hook with Wit again,
 And angle still to please you.

S O N G 523

O F all States in Life so various,
 Marriage sure is most precarious
 'Tis a Maze so strangely winding,
 Still we are new Mazes finding ;
 'Tis an Action so severe,
 That nought but Death can set us clear,
 Happy's the Man from Wedlock free,
 Who knows how to prize his Liberty ;
 Were Men wary
 How they marry,
 We should not be by half so full of Misery.

S O N G 524.

O F all the simple Things we do
 To rub over a whimsical Life,
 There's no one Folly is so true
 As that very bad Bargain a Wife :
 We're just like a Mouse in a Trap,
 Or Vermin caught in a Gin ;
 We sweat and fret, and try to escape,
 And curse the sad Hour we come in.
 I gam'd, I drank, I play'd the Fool,
 And a thousand mad Frolicks more ;
 I rov'd and rang'd, despis'd all Rule,
 But I never was marry'd before ;
 This was the worst Plague could ensue ;
 I'm mew'd in a smoaky House ;
 I us'd to tope a Bottle or two,
 But now 'tis small Beer with my Spouse,
 My darling Freedom crown'd my Joys,
 And I never was vex'd in my Way ;
 If now I cross her Will, her Voice
 Makes my Lodging too hot for my Stay :
 Like a Fox that is hamper'd, in vain
 I fret at my Heart and Soul ;
 Walk to and fro the Length of my Chain,
 Then am forc'd to creep into my Hole. • H b 3

O F all the Things beneath the Sun,
To love's the greatest Curse ;

If one's deny'd, then he's undone,
If not, 'tis ten Times worse.

Poor Adam, by his Wife, 'tis known,
Was trick'd some Years ago ;
But Adam was not trick'd alone,
For all his Sons were so.

Lovers the strangest Fools are made,
When they their Nymphs pursue,
Which they will ne'er believe, till wed,
But then ! alas ! 'tis true.

They beg, they pray, and they adore,
Till weary'd out of Life ;
And pray, what's all this Trouble for ?
Why truly, for a Wife.

How odd a Thing's a whining Sot,
Who sighs, in greatest Need,
For that, which soon as ever got,
Does make him sigh indeed.

Each Maid's an Angel while she's woo'd,
But when the Wooing's done,
The Wife, instead of Flesh and Blood,
Proves nothing but a Bone.

Ills, more or less, in human Life,
No mortal Man can shun ;
But when a Man has got a Wife,
He has them all in one.

The Liver of Prometheus
A gnawing Vulture fed ;
A Fable, but the Thing was thus,
The poor old Man was wed.

A Wife, all Men of Learning know,
Was Tantalus's Curse ;
The Apples which did tempt him so,
Were nought but a Divorce.

Let no Fool dream, that to his Share
A better Wife will fall ;
They're all the same faith, to a Hair,
For they are Women all.

When

When first the senseless empty Nokes
 With woing does begin,
 Far better he might beg the Stocks,
 That they would let him in.
 Yet for a Lover we may say,
 He wears no cheating Phiz :
 Tho' other's Looks do oft betray,
 He looks like what he is.

More Joys a Glas of Wine does give,
 (Wife take him that gainsays)
 Than all the Wenchies sprung from Eve,
 E'er gave in all their Days.
 But come, to Lovers here's a Glas,
 God-wot, they need no Curse :
 Each wishes he may wed his Lass ;
 No Soul can wish him worse.

S O N G 526.

OF all the Toasts that Britain boasts,
 The grim, the gent, the jolly,
 The brown, the fair, the debonair,
 There's none cry'd up like Polly ;
 Sh'as fir'd the Town, has quite cut down
 The Opera of Rolli ;
 Go where you will, the Subject still
 Is pretty, pretty Polly.
 There's Madam Faustina Catso,
 And eke Madam Cusoni,
 Likewise Signior Senesino,
 Are tutte abandonni.
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, do re mi fa,
 Are now but Farce and Folly !
 We're ravish'd all with toll, loll, loll,
 And pretty, pretty Polly.
 The Sons of Bays, in Lyric Plays,
 Sound forth her Fame in Print-o,
 And as we pass, in Frame and Glas
 We see her Metzotinto :
 In Ivy-Lane, the City Strain
 Is more on strait-lac'd Dolly ;
 And all the Brights at Man's and White's
 Of nothing talk but Polly.

Ah!

Ah! Johnny Gay, thy lucky Play
 Has made the Criticks grin-a,
 They cry, 'tis flat, 'tis this, 'tis that,
 But let them laugh that win-a:
 I swear parbleu', 'tis naif and new;
 Ill Nature is but Folly,
 'Thas lent a Stitch to Rent of Rich,
 And set up Madam Polly.

Ah! tuneful Fair, beware, beware;
 Nor toy with Star and Garter;
 Fine Cloaths may hide a foul Inside,
 And you may catch a Tartar:
 If powder'd Fop blow up your Shop,
 'Twill make you melancholy,
 Then left to rot, you'll die forgot,
 Alas! alas! poor Polly.

S O N G 527.

O F all the Torments, all the Cares,
 With which our Lives are curs'd,
 Of all the Plagues a Lover bears,
 Sure Rivals are the worst:
 By Partners of another Kind,
 Afflictions easier grow;
 In Love alone we hate to find
 Companions of our Woe.
 Cynthia, for all the Pains you see
 Are lab'ring in my Breast,
 I beg not you would favour me,
 Would you but slight the rest:
 How great soe'er your Rigours are,
 With them alone I'll cope;
 I can endure my own Despair,
 But not another's Hope.

S O N G 528.

O F all the Trades, from East to West,
 The Cobler's past contending;
 He's like in time to prove the best,
 Who ev'ry Day is mending.
 How great his Praise who can amend
 The Soles of all his Neighbours?
 Nor is unmindful of his End,
 But to his Last still labours.

S O N G

OF all the World's Enjoyments
 That ever valu'd were,
 There's none of our Employments
 With Fishing can compare :
 Some preach, some write,
 Some swear, some fight,
 All golden Lucre courting ;
 But Fishing still
 Bears off the Bell,
 For Profit, or for Sporting.
 Then who a jolly Fisherman, a Fisherman would be,
 His Throat must wet,
 Just like his Net,
 To keep out Cold at Sea.
 The Country 'Squire loves running
 A Pack of well-mouth'd Hounds ;
 Another fancies gunning
 For Wild-ducks in his Ground :
 This hunts, that fowls,
 This hawks, Dick bowls,
 No greater Pleasure wishing ;
 But Tom, that tells
 What Sport excels,
 Gives all the Praise to Fishing.
 Then who, &c.
 A good Westphalia Gammon
 Is counted dainty Fare ;
 But what is that to Salmon
 Just taken from the Ware ?
 Wheat-ears and Quails,
 Cocks, Snipes, and Rails,
 Are priz'd while Season's lasting ;
 But all must stoop
 To Craw-fish Soop,
 Or I've no Skill in tasting,
 Then who, &c.
 Keen Hunters always take too
 Their Prey with too much Pains ;
 Nay, often break a Neck too,
 A Penance for no Brains :

Thy

They run, they leap,
 Now high, now deep;
 Whilst he that Fishing chuses,
 With Ease may do't,
 Nay more to boot,
 May entertain the Muses.
 Then who, &c.
 And tho' some envious Wranglers
 To jeer us will make bold,
 And laugh at patient Anglers,
 Who stand so long i' the Cold:
 They wait on Mifs,
 We wait on this,
 And think it easy Labour;
 And if you'd know
 Fish Profits too,
 Consult our Holland Neighbour.
 Then who, &c.

S Q N G 530.

OF Anna's Charms let others tell,
 Or bright Eliza's Beauty:
 My Song shall be of Blouzibel,
 To sing of her's my Duty:
 The Fair, who arm'd with Cupid's Darts,
 His Flames, and other Matters,
 Is all around behung with Darts,
 As Beggars are with Tatters.
 To lavish Nature much she owes,
 And much to Education:
 The Girls and Boys, and Belles and Beaux,
 Are struck with Admiration:
 For blended in her Cheek there lies
 The Carrot and the Turnip;
 And who beholds her blazing Eyes,
 His very Heart they burn up.
 Her dainty Hands are red and blue;
 Her Teeth all black and yellow!
 Her curling Hair of Saffron Hue!
 Her Lips like any Tallow:

Her Voice so loud, and eke so shrill,
 Far off it is admir'd !
 Her Tongue !----which never yet lay still,
 And yet was never tired !

Ten thousand Wonders rise to view
 All o'er the lovely Creature !
 The pearly Sweat, like Morning Dew,
 Gilds ev'ry shining Feature !

As Isaac of his Esau said,
 She like a Forest favours :
 Thrice happy Man for whom the Maid
 Reserves her hidden Favours.

O Blouzibel ! for thee we pant,
 To thee our Hopes aspire ;
 For thou hast all that Lovers want
 To quench their raging Fire.

Then kindly take us to thine Arms,
 And in Compassion save us
 From Anna's and Eliza's Charms,
 Which cruelly enslave us.

S O N G 531.

O F Leinster, fam'd for Maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the Grace ;

Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid Stream
 Reflect so sweet a Face :

Till luckless Love, and pining Care,
 Impair'd her rosy Hue ;

Her coral Lips, and damask Cheeks,
 And Eyes of glossy blue.

Oh ! have you seen a Lilly pale,
 When beating Rains descend ?

So droop'd the slow consuming Maid,
 Her Life now near its End.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering Swains
 Take heed, ye easy Fair :

Of Vengeance due to broken Vows,
 Ye perjur'd Swains, beware.

Three Times, all in the dead of Night,
 A Bell was heard to ring ;

And shrieking at her Window thrice,
 The Raven flap'd his Wing :

Too

Too well the love-lorn Maiden knew
 The solemn boding Sound ;
 And thus, in dying Words, bespoke
 The Virgins weeping round.

" I hear a Voice you cannot hear,

" Which says I must not stay ;

" I see a Hand you cannot see,

" Which beckons me away.

" By a false Heart, and broken Vows,

" In early Youth I die :

" Was I to blame, because his Bride

" Was thrice as rich as I ?

" Ah, Collin ! give not her thy Vows,

" Vows due to me alone ;

" Nor thou, fond Maid, receive his Kiss,

" Nor think him all thy own.

" To-morrow in the Church to wed,

" Impatient, both prepare ;

" But know, fond Maid, and know, false Man,

" That Lucy will be there.

" Then bear my Coarse, my Comrades, bear,

" This Bridegroom blithe to meet ;

" He in his Wedding Trim so gay,

" I in my Winding-sheet."

She spoke, she dy'd ; her Coarse was borne,

The Bridegroom blithe to meet ;

He in his Wedding Trim so gay,

She in her Winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Collin's Thoughts ?

How were these Nuptials kept ?

The Bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,

And all the Village wept.

Confusion, Shame, Remorse, Despair,

At once his Bosom swell :

The Damps of Death bedew'd his Brow ;

He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain Bride (ah Bride no more !)

The varying Crimson fled,

When stretch'd before her Rival's Coarse,

She saw her Husband dead.

Then

Then to his Lucy's new-made Grave,
 Convey'd by trembling Swains;
 One Mold with her, between one Sod,
 For ever now remains.

Of at this Grave the constant Hind,
 And plighted Maid are seen;
 With Garlands gay, and True-love Knots,
 They deck the sacred Green.

But, Swain, forbear, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd Spot forbear;
 Remember Collin's dreadful Fate,
 And fear to meet him there.

S O N G 532.

OF noble Race was Shinken,
 Of the Line of Owen Tudor;
 But her Renown is fled and gone,
 Since cruel Love pursu'd her.
 Fair Winny's Eyes bright shining,
 And lilly Breasts alluring,
 Poor Shinkin's Heart, with fatal Dart,
 Have wounded, past all curing.

Her was the prittiest Fellow,
 At Foot-ball, or at Cricket;
 At Hunting-Chace, or Prison-Bafe,
 Cotspit how her could kick it.

But now all Joys are flying,
 All pale and wan her Cheeks to;
 Her Heart so akes, her quite forsakes
 Her Herrings and her Leeks too.

No more must dear Metheglin
 Be top'd at good Montgomery;
 And if Love sore smart one Week more,
 Adieu Cream-cheese and Flummery.

S O N G. 533.

OF old Soldiers, the Song you would hear,
 And we old Fidlers have forgot who they were;
 But all we remember shall come to your Ear,
 That we are old Soldiers of the Queen's,
 And the Queen's old Soldiers.

With the old Drake, that was the next Man
To old Franciscus, who first it began
To sail through the Streights of Magellan,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

That put the proud Spanish Armada to wreck,
And travell'd all o'er the old World, and came back
In his old Ship, laden with Gold and old Sack ;
Like, &c.

With an old Cav'ndish that seconded him,
And taught his old Sails the same Passage to swim,
And did him therefore with Cloth of Gold trim,
Like, &c.

Like an old Raleigh, that twice and again
Sail'd over most Part of the Seas, and then
Travell'd all o'er the old World with his Pen ;
Like, &c.

With an old John Norris, the General,
That old Gaunt made his Fame immortal,
In spite of his Foes, with no Loss at all ;
Like, &c.

Like old Brest Fort, an invincible Thing,
When the old Queen sent him to help the French King,
Took from the proud Fox, to the World's wond'ring ;
Like, &c.

Where an old stout Friar, as goes the Story,
Came to push off a Pike with him in vain Glory,
But he was almost sent to his own Purgatory
By this old Soldier, &c.

With an old Ned Norris that kept Offend,
A Terror to Foe, and a Refuge to Friend,
And left it impregnable to his last End ;
Like, &c.

That in the old unfortunate Voyage of all,
March'd o'er the old Bridge, and knock'd at the Wall
Of Lisbon, the Mistress of Portugal ;
Like, &c.

With an old Tim Norris, by the old Queen sent,
Of Munster in Ireland, Lord President,
Where his Days and his Blood in her Service he spent ;
Like, &c.

With an old Harry Norris in Battle wounded
In his Knee, whose Leg was cut off, and he said,
You have spoil'd my dancing, and dy'd in his Bed,
Like, &c.

With an old Will Norris, the oldest of all,
Who went voluntary, without any Call,
To th' old Irish Wars, to s Fame immortal ;
Like, &c.

With an old Dick Wenman, the first in his Prime,
That over the Walls of old Calais did climb ;
And there was knighted, and liv'd all his Time ;
Like, &c.

Like an old Nando Wenman, when Brest was o'erthrown,
Into the Air, into the Seas, with Gunpowder blown,
Yet bravely recov'ring, long after was known
For an old, &c.

With an old Tom Wenman, whose bravest Delight
Was in a good Cause for his Country to fight,
And dy'd in Ireland, a good old Knight,
And an old, &c.

With a young Ned Wenman, so valiant and bold
In the Wars of Bohemia, as with the Old,
Deserves for his Valour to be enroll'd
An old, &c.

And thus of old Soldiers ye hear the Fame,
But ne'er so many of one House and Name,
And all of old John Lord Viscount of Thame,
An old, &c.

S O N G 334.

OF old we read of Nymphs that stray'd
Parnassus' Heights upon-a,
And Bards of Fame that sipp'd the Stream,
Of heav'nly Helicon-a ;

But now alas ! 'tis come to pass,
Such Beings are all flown-a,
Both Muse and Bard without Regard,
Have left us all alone-a.

OF Race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee ;
 For Heaven's Sake, oh ! favour me,
 Who only lives to love thee.

Ann thou wert my ain Thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee ;
 Ann thou were my ain Thing,
 How dearly would I love thee !

The Gods one Thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save ;
 Oh ! for their Sake, support a Slave,
 Who only lives to love thee.

Ann thou wert, &c.

To Merit I no Claim can make,
 But that I love, and for your Sake,
 What Man can name, I'll undertake,
 So dearly do I love thee.

Ann thou wert, &c.

My Passion, constant as the Sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 Till Fates my Thread of Life have spun,
 Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

Ann thou wert, &c.

Like Bees, that suck the Morning Dew
 Frae Flowers of sweetest Scent and Hew,
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy Mou,
 And gar the Gods envy me.

Ann thou wert, &c.

Sae lang's I had the Use of Light,
 I'd on thy Beauties feast my Sight,
 Syne in fast Whispers through the Night,
 I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.

Ann thou wert, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean,
 She moves a Goddess o'er the Green ;
 Were I a King, thou should be Queen,
 Nane but mysell aboon thee.

Ann thou wert, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this Breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like Ivy, or the Vine,
 Around my stronger Limbs shou'd twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Ann thou wert, &c.

Time's on the Wing, and will not stay;
 In shining Youth let's make our Flay,
 Since Love admits of no Delay,
 Q let our Scorn undo thee.

Ann thou wert, &c.

While Love does at his Altar stand,
 Hae there's my Heart, gi'e me thy Hand,
 And, with ilk Smile, thou shalt command
 The Will of him who loves thee.

Ann thou wert, &c.

S O N G 536.

OFT I'm by the Women told,
 Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old;
 See how thy Hairs are falling all!
 See, poor Anacreon, how they fall!
 Whether I grow old or no,
 By th' Effects I do not know.
 This I know without being told,
 'Tis Time to live, if I grow old;
 'Tis Time short Pleasures now to take;
 Of little Life the best to make;
 And manage wisely the last Stake.

S O N G 537.

OFT on the troubled Ocean's Face
 Loud stormy Winds arise;
 The murm'ring Surges swell apace,
 And Clouds obscure the Skies:
 But when the Tempest's Rage is o'er,
 Soft Breezes smooch the Main;
 The Billows cease to lash the Shore,
 And all is calm again.
 Not so, in fond and am'rous Souls,
 If tyrant Love once reigns;
 There one eternal Tempest rolls,
 And yields unceasing Pains.

Ah ! cruel God ! our Peace restore,
And wound us with thy Shafts no more.
Ah ! cruel God ! &c.

S O N G 538.

OH cease, cease, urge no more the God to swell my
Breast !

The Mansion dreads the greater Guest :
But lo ! he comes ! I shake ! I feel, I feel his Sway,
And now he hurries me along ;
Then, Crouds believe, and Kings obey,
'Tis Heaven inspires the Song.

Haste ! to the Gods due Vengeance give,
Hark ! from their Seats they cry,
Who lets Blasphemers live
Shall by Blasphemers die.

Haste, haste, due Vengeance give,

“ Let the Sound

“ Echo all round,

Haste, haste, due Vengeance give.

Beware ! ten thousand thousand threat'ning Ills I see !
Invasions ! Wars ! Plagues ! Ruin ! endless Woes !

Ah wretched Isle ! I weep for Thee :
Save, save thyself ; resign the Gods blaspheming Foes.
Now, now the Thunder roars,
The Earth now groans and quakes ;
The rising Main a Deluge pours,
The World's Foundation shakes.

Hell gapes ! the Fiends appear !
Oh hold ! ye angry Pow'rs relent, or we despair,
See, we fulfil

On your Foes your dreadful Will.

See the Throng
Hoot 'em as they're dragg'd along.
Now they tear 'em, now they die ;
All applaud, and shout for Joy.

Peace returns, all Nature smiles ;
Happy Days now bless our Isles :
Now we laugh, with Plenty crown'd ;
Merry Sports and Love go round.

OH! Cælia, recal thy lost Hours,
And Duty and Reason obey;
Despise Love, and all those false Pow'rs,
That first gave young Strephon the Sway.

Believe me, the Swain is a Rover,
Nor constant to any can be;
Then prithee discharge such a Lover,
And once more resolve to be free.

OH Fate, must I my Hopes resign?
And will Climene ne'er be mine?
Why do her Charms my Soul surprize?
Why does her Beauty wound my Eyes?
Each Look and Motion all divine!
Each Grace does with such Lustre shine!

In vain I strove her Charms to shun,
I found I lov'd, and was undone;
I strove to fly, but all in vain;
My Passion drove me back again.
From those bright Eyes I ne'er can part;
I wear her Image in my Heart.

OH! happy, happy Groves!
Witness of our tender Loves!
Oh! happy, happy Shade,
Where first our Vows were made,
Blushing, sighing, melting, dying:
Looks would charm a Jove:
A thousand pretty things she said,
And all, and all was Love.

But Corinna perjur'd proves,
And forsakes the shady Groves:
When I speak of mutual Joys,
She knows not what I mean:
Wanton Glances, fond Caresses,
Now no more are seen,
Since the false deluding Fair
Left the flow'ry Green.

Mourn, ye Nymphs, that sporting play'd,
Where poor Strephon was betray'd;
There the secret Wound she gave,
When I first was made her Slave.

S O N G 542.

OH how cou'd I venture to love one like thee,
Or thou not content in a poor Conquest like me;
On Lords thy Admirers couldst look with Disdain,
And know I was nothing, yet pity my Pain:
You said while they tear'd you with Nonsense and Dress,
When real the Passion the Vanity's less;
You saw thro' that Silence which others despise,
And while Beaux were talking read Love in my Eyes.
Oh when shall I fold you, and kiss all your Charms,
'Till fainting with Pleasure, I die in your Arms;
Thro' all the wild Raptures of Extacy tost,
'Till sinking together, together we're lost:
Oh where is the Maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whose Wit can enliven the dull Pause of Joy;
And when the short Transports are all at an End,
From beautiful Mistress, turn sensible Friend.

In vain cou'd I praise you, or strive to reveal,
Too nice for Expression what only we feel;
In all that you do, in each Look and each Mien,
The Graces in waiting adorn you unseen;
When I see you, I love you, but hearing adore,
I wonder, and think you a Woman no more,
'Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And kissing those Lips, you grow Woman again.

With thee in my Bosom, how can I despair,
I'll gaze on thy Beauty, and look away Care;
I'll ask thy Advice, when with Trouble oppress,
Which never displeases; yet always is best:
In all that I write, I'll thy Judgment require,
Thy Taste shall correct what thy Love did inspire,
I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till Youth is all o'er,
And then live on Friendship, when Passion's no more.

S O N G

OH how I languish ! what a strange,
 Unruly, fierce Desire !
 My Spirits feel some wond'rous Change,
 My Heart is all on Fire.

Now all my wiser Thoughts, away ;
 In vain your Tale ye tell
 Of patient Hopes, and dull Delay ;
 Love's foppish 'art, farewell.

Suppose one Week's Delay wou'd give
 All that my Wishes move,
 Oh ! who so long a Time can live,
 Stretch'd on the Rack of Love ?

Her Soul, perhaps, is too sublime
 To like such slavish Fear ;
 Discretion, Prudence, all is Crime,
 If once condemn'd by her.

When Honour does the Soldier call
 To some unequal Fight,
 Resolv'd to conquer, or to fall,
 Before his Gen'ral's Sight ;

Advanc'd the happy Heroe lives ;
 Or if ill Fate denies,
 The noble Rashness Heav'n forgives,
 And gloriously he dies.

OH ! how you protest and solemnly swear,
 Look humble, and fawn like an As ;
 I'm pleas'd, I must own, whenever I see
 A Lover that's brought to this pass :
 Keep, keep further off, you're naughty I fear ;
 I vow I will never, will never, will never yield to't ;
 You ask me in vain ; for never I swear,
 I never, no never, I never, no never,
 I never, no never will do't.
 For when the Deed's done, how quickly you go,
 No more of the Lover remains,
 In haste you depart, whate'er we can do,
 And stubbornly throw off your Chains :

Desist

Desist then in time, let's hear no't no more,
 I vow I will never yield to't ;
 You promise in vain, in vain you adore,
 For I will never, no never do't.

S O N G 545.

Molly. OH! Jenny, Jenny, where hast thou been?
 Father and Mother are seeking for thee;
 You have been ranting, playing the Wanton,
 Keeping of Jockey Company.

Jenny. Oh! Molly, I've been to hear the Mill clack,
 And grind Grist for the Family;
 Full as it went I've brought home my Sack,
 For the Miller has taken his Toll of me.

Molly. You hung your Smackets abroad to bleach,
 When that was done, where could you be?

Jenny. I slipt down in the quickset Hedge,
 And Jockey the Loon fell after me.

Molly. My Father you told you'd go to Kirk,
 When Pray'rs were done, where could you be?

Jenny. Taking a Kiss of the Parson and Clerk,
 And of other young Laddies some two or three.

Molly. Oh! Jenny, Jenny, what wilt thou do,
 If Belly should swell, where wilt thou be?

Jenny. Look to yourself, for Jockey is true,
 And whilst Clapper goes, will take Care of me.

S O N G 546.

OH! I'll have a Husband, ah, marry,

For why should I longer tarry,

For why should I longer tarry

Than other brisk Girls have done?

For, if I stay,

'Till I grow grey,

They'll call me old Maid,

And fusty old Jade;

So I'll no longer tarry,

But I'll have a Husband, ah, marry,

If Money will buy me one.

My Mother she says I'm too coming,

And still in my Ears she is drumming,

And still in my Ears she is drumming,

That I such vain Thoughts should shun;

My Sisters they cry

Oh fie ! and oh fie !

But yet I can see,

They're as coming as me ;

So let me have Husbands in plenty,

I'd rather have twenty times twenty,

Than die an old Maid undone.

S O N G 547.

OH ! lead me to some peaceful Glorn,

Where none but sighing Lovers come ;

Where the shrill Trumpets never sound,

But one eternal Hush goes round.

There let me sooth my pleasing Pain,

And never think of War again ;

What Glory can a Lover have

To conquer, yet be still a Slave ?

S O N G 548.

OH ! lead to some peaceful Room,

Where none but honest Fellows come ;

Where Wives loud Clappers never sound,

But an eternal Laugh goes round.

There let me drown in Wine my Pain,

And never think of home again :

What Comfort can a Husband have,

To rule the House where he's a Slave ?

S O N G 549.

OH ! London is a fine Town, and a gallant City,

'Tis govern'd by the Scarlet Gown, come listen to
my Ditty.

This City has a Mayor, this Mayor he is a Lord,

And governeth the Citizens all by his own accord.

Oh ! London, &c.

He boasteth his Gentility, and how nobly he was born,

His Arms they are three Ox-heads, and his Crest a ram-
pant Horn.

The first Journey his Lordship takes, is to Westminster
Hall.

Attended by twelve Companies, for he must have them

Oh ! London, &c.

[all.

The

The Barges are made fine and gay, for his Lordship and the best,

And Dung-boats and Lighters provided for the rest :

Then at the Exchequer he's sworn upon a Shoe-Sole,

That he will be no wiser Man than his Brother Jobber-

Oh ! London, &c. [nolle,

The Sword is borne before him up and down the Stairs,

To fright away the little Boys that laugh at our Lord

And when that is ended, home again he comes, [Mayors.

With joyful Noise upon the Thames of Trumpets and of

Oh ! London, &c. [Drums.

His Lordship lands at Black-Fryars, and on along he jogs,

Attended by his Companies, as hungry as Dogs,

Then in comes the Carver, and boldly falls to Work,

With Knife like to a Scimeter, as fierce as any Turk,

Oh ! London, &c.

He hit upon the Goose-Bone, and turn'd both Edge and Point,

'Till he look'd upon my Lord-Mayor he could not hit the

Then up came Custard with Twenty-four Nooks, [Joint.

As you may find recorded in Johnny Stow's Books.

Oh ! London, &c.

And why it was so big, if you would know the Reason,

It was to keep their Chaps at work that would be prating Treason.

Then they go to Greenwich all in the City Barge,

And there they have a noble Treat all at the City Charge.

Oh ! London, &c.

And when they come to Cuckold's-Point, they make a gallant Show,

Their Wives bid the Musick play Cuckolds all a-row.

Then they go to Paul's Church, ere Morning Prayer begins,

And as they go along the Street, they stoop to pick up

Oh ! London, &c. [Pins.

But if you'd know, I'll tell you the moral Reason of it,

They that would to Riches grow, must stoop for little Profit.

My

My Lord May's rides along the Street like unto a Law-
maker,

With forty Catch-Poles at his Arse, to prosecute the
Oh! London, &c. [Baker.

And when he comes to the Baker's Stall, and finds his
Bread too light,

He sends it home to his own House, to feast both Lord
and Knight.

Then to the Session-House they go, the Sessions there to
keep,

Until that the Recorder comes, they all are fast asleep.

Oh! London, &c.

They call up all their Juries by twelves and by twelves,
And if they hang up no Man, they may go themselves.

So then they borrow Boots and Spurs, and out of Town
To see the Bears bated on the Bank-Side. [they ride,

Oh! London, &c.

And when that they have done, they all return again,
Like so many Apes on Horse-back, with each his golden
Chain.

Then, to hear a Sermon once a Year he rides unto the
Spittle,

And there he sits full three Hours long, and brings away

Oh! London, &c.

[but little.

And when that he comes home, he sits down at his Board,

And if he has not minc'd Pyes, his Chear's not worth a
T—d.

My Lady says unto my Lord, when all the Guests are gone,
I do intend to-morrow to invite my Friend Sir John.

Oh! London, &c.

For I don't think it fit always to have Tradesmen,

I pray therefore let me rub in a Courtier now and then.

My Lady boldly ask'd my Lord what Dishes she should
have,

To entertain her Friend Sir John, that was so fine and

Oh! London, &c.

[brave.

My Lord he nam'd a Calf's-Head, at which she made a
Pish,

And said, she'd have a Turkey-Cock, 'cause she lov'd
a standing Dish.

* K k

Next,

Next, once a Year into Essex a hunting they do go,
To see 'em pass along, oh! 'tis a pretty Show!

Oh! London, &c.

Through Cheapside, and Fenchurch-Street, and so to
Aldgate Pump,

Each Man with's Spurs in's Horse's Sides, and Back-
Sword cross his Rump :

My Lord he takes a Staff in Hand, to beat the Bushes o'er,
I must confess it was a Work he ne'er had done before.

Oh! London, &c.

A Creature bounces from a Bush, which made them all to
laugh,

My Lord he cry'd a Hare, a Hare ! but it prov'd an Essex
Calf.

And when they had done their Sport, they came to
London, where they dwell,

Their Faces all so torn and scratch'd their Wives scarce

Oh! London, &c. [knew them well,

For 'twas a very great Mercy so many 'scap'd alive,

For of twenty Saddles carry'd out, they brought again but

Oh! London, &c. [five.

S O N G 550.

OH Mother, Roger with his Kisses

Almost stops my Breath, I vow ;

Why does he gripe my Hand to Pieces,

And yet he says he loves me too ?

Tell me, Mother, pray now do,

Pray now do, pray now do !

Tell me, Mother, pray now do,

What Roger means when he does so ?

For never stir I long to know.

Nay more, the naughty Man beside it,

Something in my Mouth did put

I call'd him Beast, and try'd to bite it,

But for my Life I cannot do't :

Tell me, Mother, pray now do, &c.

He sets me in his Lap whole Hours,

Where I feel I know not what ;

Something I never felt in yours :

Pray

Pray tell me Mother what is that ?
 Tell me, Mother, what is that ?
 For never stir I long to know.

S O N G 551.

OH! my panting, panting Heart,
 Why so young, and why so sad ?
 Why does Pleasure seem a Smart,
 Or I wretched while I'm glad ?
 Oh! Love's Goddess, who wert form'd
 From cold and icy, icy Seas,
 Instruct me why I am thus warm'd ?
 And Darts at once can wound and please.

S O N G 552.

Widow. OH! my poor Husband, for ever he's gone.
 Alas! alas! alas I am undone!

I sigh and I moan,
 Must I these cold Nights lie alone ?
 Alas! I'm undone.

I did what I list,
 We kiss'd and we kiss'd.

Till his Vigour he mis'd,
 Till his jolly fat Face grew as small as my Fist ;
 And his Calves, his poor Calves, as thin as my Wrist.
 We wrangl'd and jangl'd, when in an ill Mood ;
 But a Nights, like two Pigeons, we bill'd and we coo'd ;
 We whisk'd and we frisk'd, alack! and alack!
 Why must he for ever, why must he for ever now lie on
 Why must he for ever now lie on his Back ? [his Back ?

Rake. Why Widow, why Widow, what makes thee
 so sad ?

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, art thou mad ?
 If one Husband's dead, there are more to be had ;
 Come, I'll be thy Honey, leave keeping a Pother ;
 One Man, like one Nail, serves to drive out another.

Widow. How! talk so to me ? what think you I'll
 wed ?

'Tis scarce a Month yet since my poor Husband's dead.

Rake. A Month! 'tis an Age ; you're mad to delay ;
 Most Widows now chuse ere the Funeral Day.

Widow. Not I, I'll ne'er do't: Lard! what would
 People say ?

Rake. They'll say you're a Woman ; come off with
this Black :
Come, come, come, come off, come, come off with
this Black ;
See, see, here's a Shape, here's an Arm, here's a Leg,
here's a Back ;
I'll get thee with Twins till a hundred and ten.

Widow. You lye ; you will talk at another Rate then.

Rake. Then try me,

Widow. Leave fooling.

Rake. I'll do't by this Kiss,
By this, this, and this, I'll be hang'd if I miss.

Widow. Lard ! should I do this ?

Rake. 'Twill ease you of Pain.

Widow. Go, go, you're a sad Man ; ay, do if you can ;
Ay, do if you can, ay, do, do, do,
I'll kill thee with Kindness, I'll kill thee with Kindness,
I'll kill thee, I'll kill thee, I'll kill thee, I'll
Do, do, do, do if you can ; ay do, do, do, do, do, do,
do if you can,
Kill thee, I'll kill thee with Kindness, I'll kill thee,
I'll kill thee, I'll kill thee with Kindness.

S O N O 553.

OH ! my Treasure,
Crown my Pleasure ;
Let this be the happy Night ;
Bless, oh ! bless me,
Kindly press me,
Let me die with dear Delight.

Leave this Trembling,
And Dissembling,
Lay aside all Female Art ;
Love's soft Pleasure,
Beyond Measure,
Will atone for all its Smart.

S O N O 554.

Man. OH Sight ! the Mother of Desires ;
What charming Objects do'st thou yield !
'Tis sweet, when tedious Night expires,
To see the rosy Morning gild
The Mountain Tops, and paint the Field :

But

But when Clorinda comes in Sight,
She makes the Summer's Day more bright ;
And when she goes away, 'tis Night.

Chorus. When fair Clorinda, &c.

Wom. 'Tis sweet the blushing Morn to view :
And Plains adorn'd with pearly Dew ;
But such cheap Delights to see,

Heav'n and Nature

Give each Creature ;

They have Eyes as well as we :

This is the Joy, all Joys above,

To see, to see,

That only she,

That only she we love !

Chorus. This is the Joy, &c.

Man. And if we may discover

What charms both Nymph and Lover,

'Tis when the Fair at Mercy lies,

With kind and am'rous Anguish,

To sigh, to look, to languish

On each other's Eyes !

Chorus of all. And if we may, &c.

S O N G 555.

OH! the charming Month of May,

When the Breezes

Fan the Trees, is

Full of Blossoms fresh and gay ;

Oh! the charming Month of May,

Charming, charming Month of May.

Oh! what Joys our Prospects yield,

When in new Livery,

We see every

Bush and Meadow, Tree and Field :

Oh! what Joys, &c. charming Joys, &c.

Oh! how fresh the Morning Air,

When the Zephyrs,

And the Heifers,

Their odorif'rous Breath compare :

Oh! how fresh, &c. charming fresh, &c.

* K k 3 Oh!

Oh ! how sweet at Night to dream,
 On mossy Pillows,
 By the Trillows
 Of a gentle, purling Stream,
 Oh ! how sweet, &c. charming sweet, &c.
 Oh ! how kind the Country Lass,
 Who, her Cow bilking,
 Leaves off her milking,
 For a green Gown on the Grass.
 Oh ! how kind, &c. charming kind, &c.
 Oh ! how sweet it is to spy,
 At the Conclusion,
 Her deep Confusion,
 Blushing Cheeks, and down-cast Eye,
 Oh ! how sweet, &c. charming sweet, &c.
 Oh ! the charming Curds and Cream,
 When all is over,
 She gives her Lover,
 Who on the Skimming-Dish carves her Name:
 Oh ! the charming Curds and Cream,
 Charming, charming, &c.

S O N G 556.

OH ! the Time that is past,
 When she held me so fast,
 And declar'd that her Honour no longer could last,
 No Light but her languishing Eyes did appear,
 To prevent all Excuses of Blushing and Fear.
 How she sigh'd and unlac'd,
 With such Trembling and Haste,
 As if she had long'd to be closer embrac'd,
 My Lips the sweet Pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd,
 While my Hands were in search of hid Treasure employ'd.
 With my Heart all on Fire,
 In the Flames of Desire,
 When I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require,
 She cry'd, Oh ! for Pity's sake change your ill Mind,
 Pray, Amyntas, be civil, or I'll be unkind.
 All your Blifs you destroy,
 Like a naked young Boy,
 Who fears the kind River he came to enjoy :

Let's

Let's in, my dear Chloris, I'll save thee from Harm,
And make the cold Element pleasant and warm.

Dear Amyntas! she cries,
Then she cast down her Eyes,
And with Kisses confess'd what she faintly denies.
Too sure of my Conquest, I purpos'd to stay
Till her free Consent did more sweeten the Prey.

But too late I begun;
For her Passion was done;
Now, Amyntas, she cry'd, I will never be won;
Thy Tears and thy Courtship no Pity can move,
Thou hast slighted the critical Minute of Love.

S O N G 557.

OH! think not the Maid whom you scorn
With Riches delighted can be;
Had I a great Princess been born,
My Billy had dear been to me:
In Grandeur and Wealth we find Woe,
In Love there is nothing but Charms,
On others your Treasures bestow,
Give Billy alone to those Arms.
In Title and Wealth what is lost,
In Tenderness oft is repaid;
Too much a great Fortune may cost,
Well purchas'd may be the poor Maid;
Let Gold's empty Show cheat the Great.
We more real Pleasure will prove,
While they in their Palaces hate,
We in our poor Cottage will love.

S O N G 558.

OH! what Pain it is to see;
Can I bear it, can I bear it?
Oh! what Pain it is to see;
Can Flesh and Blood e'er bear it?
When Cælia does to me deny
A Kiss, which would give Extacy,
A Dog my happy Rival be,
Can Flesh and Blood e'er bear it?

Hopes

Hopes in Complaisance I plac'd,
They deceive me, they deceive me,

Hopes in Complaisance I plac'd;
But all those Hopes deceive me.

I bow, I cringe, but spite, alas!
Of courtly Airs, and artful Face,
Tray fawns with such superior Grace,
That all those Hopes deceive me.

When I Skill in Musick show,
'Twill not please her, 'twill not please her,

When I Skill in Musick show,
Yet still it will not please her.

My Tune, tho' soft, my Voice, tho' low,
'Tis vain, my chiefest Notes must bow

To sweet enchanting Bow-wow-wow,
That Air alone will please her.

Grant, I cry'd, to cure my Woe,
Balmy Kisses, balmy Kisses,

Grant, I cry'd, to cure my Woe
Some precious balmy Kisses.

In vain my Sighs to move her rose,
From me she flew, and cruel chose

T' apply her Lips to warm Tray's Nose,
And lavish there her Kisses.

Yet my Heart is fix'd to try,
If she'll love me, if she'll love me,

Yet my Heart is fix'd to try,
If she at length will love me:

For if thus kind, thus tender she
Can to so mean a Creature be,

How vastly, vastly more to me,
If once she'd change and love me.

S O N G 559.

OH! what a Plague is Love,
I cannot bear it;

She will unconstant prove,
I greatly fear it;

It so torments my Mind,
That my Heart faileth;

She wavers with the Wind,
As a Ship faileth;

Please

Please her the best I may,
 She loves still to gainsay,
 Alack, and well-a-day,

Phillada flouts me.

At the Fair t'other Day,
 As she pass'd by me,
 She look'd another Way,
 And wou'd not spy me.
 I woo'd her for to dine,
 But cou'd not get her;
 Dick had her to the Vine,
 He might entreat her.
 With Daniel she did dance,
 On me she wou'd not glance;
 Oh thrice unhappy Chance!

Phillada flouts me.

Fair Maid be not so coy,
 Do not disdain me;
 I am my Mother's Joy;
 Sweet, entertain me:
 I shall have, when she dies,
 All Things that's fitting;
 Her Poultry, and her Bees,
 And her Goose fitting;
 A Pair of Matres Beds,
 A Barrel full of Shreds:
 And yet, for all these Goods,

Phillada flouts me.

I often heard her say,
 That she lov'd Posies;
 In the last Month of May
 I gave her Roses;
 Cowslips, and Gilly-flowers,
 And the sweet Lilly,
 I got to deck the Bowers
 Of my dear Philly.

She did them all disdain,
 And threw them back again;
 Therefore 'tis flat, and plain,

Phillada flouts me.

Thou

Thou shalt eat Curds and Cream
 All the Year lasting,
 And drink the chrystal Stream,
 Pleasant in tasting;
 Swig Whey, until you burst,
 Eat Bramble-berries,
 Pye-lid, and Pastry Crust,
 Pears, Plumbs, and Cherries;
 Thy Garments shall be thin,
 Made of a Weather's Skin;
 Yet all's not worth a Pin.

Phillada flouts me.

Which Way soe'er I go,
 She still torments me;
 And whatsoe'er I do,
 Nothing contents me:
 I fade, and pine away,
 With Grief and Sorrow;
 I fall quite to decay,
 Like any Shadow;
 I shall be dead, I fear,
 Within a thousand Year,
 And all because my dear

Phillada flouts me.

Fair Maiden, have a Care,
 And in Time take me;
 I can have those as fair,
 If you forsake me;
 There's Doll, the Dairy-maid,
 Smil'd on me lately,
 And wanton Winnifred
 Favours me greatly;
 One throws Milk on my Clothes,
 T'other plays with my Nose;
 What pretty Toys are those!

Phillada flouts me.

She has a Cloth of mine,
 Wrought with blue Coventry,
 Which she keeps as a Sign
 Of my Fidelity

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But if she frowns on me,
 She shall ne'er wear it;
 I'll give it my Maid Joan,
 And she shall tear it.
 Since 'twill no better be,
 I'll bear it patiently;
 Yet all the World may see

Phillada flouts me.

S O N G 560.

OH! what Pleasures will abound,
 When I've got ten thousand Pound;
 O how courted I shall be!
 O what Lords will kneel to me!
 Who'll dispute my
 Wit and Beauty
 When my golden Charms are found?
 O what Flattery
 In the Lottery,
 When I've got ten thousand Pound!

S O N G 561.

OH! where will you hurry my Dearest,
 Say, say to what Clime or what Shore?
 You're tearing from me the sincerest,
 That ever lov'd Mortal before.
 A cruel hard-hearted to press him,
 And force the dear Youth from my Arms;
 Restore him that I may caress him,
 And shield him from future Alarms.
 In vain you insult and deride me,
 And make but a Scoff at my Woes;
 You ne'er from my Dear shall divide me,
 I'll follow wherever he goes.

Think not of the merciless Ocean
 My Soul any Terror can have;
 For soon as the Ship makes its motion.
 So soon shall the Sea be my Grave.

S O N G 562.

OH! where's the Plague in Love,
 That you can't bear it?
 If Men wou'd constant prove,
 They need not fear it,

Young

Young Maidens, soft and kind,
 Are most in Danger ;
 Men waver with the Wind,
 Each Man's a Ranger :
 Their Falshood makes us know,
 That two Strings to our Bow
 Is best, I find it so :

Barnaby doubts me.

'Tis I that shou'd despair,
 'Tis you that slight me.
 What tho' when at the Fair
 Dick did invite me ;
 Tho' Daniel with me danced
 You may believe me,
 I often on thee glanc'd,
 I'd not deceive thee ;
 I saw thee look awry,
 I know the Reason why,
 I can see with one Eye,

Barnaby doubts me.

Thou young and silly Boy,
 Do I disdain thee ?
 Because thou'rt Mother's Joy,
 I'd entertain thee ;
 Yet, wish I not her Death,
 For ought she'd leave thee,
 Nor, when 'Time stops her Breath,
 Will I deceive thee.
 What care I for her Geese,
 Or Beds of carded Fleeces ?
 Since this quite breaks my Peace.

Barnaby doubts me.

What tho' when I did say
 That I lov'd Posies,
 You, in the Month of May,
 Brought me sweet Roses ?
 You never shew'd the Thing
 That most wou'd please me ;
 A gay gold Wedding-Ring
 Wou'd soon have eas'd me.

I should not with Disdain
Have thrown it back again;
I think 'tis flat, and plain,
Barnaby doubts me.

Talk not of Curds and Cream,
Pears, Plumbs, and Cherries;
Nor of the chrystal Stream,
Or Bramble-berries:
Most surely you forget
Our wonted Frisking,
The Cock'ril on the Spit,
And the Pork Grilking;
With more that might be said,
When I got Dame to Bed;
Yet, oh! unhappy Maid,

Barnaby doubts me.

You say, whate'er you do,
Nothing contents thee;
I pray it may be so,
Whilst thou torment'st me.
I pine, and sigh, all Night,
And wish for Morrow;
I can have no Delight,
I'm full of Sorrow.

Oh! if I die, I fear,
Within a thousand Year,
My Ghost will make't appear,

Barnaby doubts me.

I knit thy worsted Hose,
To save the Penny,
But wou'd not spot thy Clothes,
Like idle Winny:
Yet wanton Winnifred
You like much better;
Or Doll, the Dairy-maid,
If you cou'd get her.

Ungrateful Barnaby,
How can'st thou threaten me?
But I knew how 'twould be,

Barnaby doubts me.

The Cloth I have of thine,
 Wrought with blue Coventry,
 Which thou gav'st as a Sign
 Of thy Fidelity,
 I'll give it back again,
 To thee as Token,
 That by a perjur'd Swain
 My sad Heart's broken,
 Oh! Barnaby unkind,
 Thou'lt quite distract my Mind,
 Too late, alas! I find,

Barnaby doubts me,

S O N G 563.

OH yes! oh yes! oh yes! I cry,
 Pray tell, you gentle Swains hard by,
 If you a roving Heart did see,
 Which lately took its flight from me.
 Some Marks to know it I'll express,
 It comes of loyal honest Race,
 By Nature kind, and prone to Love,
 And constant as the Turtle-Dove.
 Upon the Out-side of the same,
 You'll find the charming Damon's Name,
 By Love engrav'd, and plain to show,
 From which fresh Drops of Blood do flow.
 'Tis tender as soft Down can be,
 Or Beauty in its Infancy;
 No Wealth can make it e'er untrue,
 Such Hearts as mine you'll find but few.
 That 'twas confin'd, I late was told,
 Amongst the Lambs in Cupid's Fold;
 If so, pray seek that Deity,
 And carry this Resolve from me.
 If he'll restore my Heart again,
 I'll keep it from Deceits of Men;
 From wily Wits and am'rous Tongues,
 And all that to their Sex belongs.
 But if this Heart he'll me refuse,
 For 'tis a Jewel few would lose;

Pray

OLD
 A
 Still go
 Yet

Pray let him tell dear Damon this,
And in Exchange command me his.

S O N G 564.

OLD Adam, it is true,
No Care in Eden knew,
Yet his Sons live more gay and more airy;
For he tippl'd Water,
While we, who come after,
Drink Claret and racy Canary.
Then let each take his Glass,
And drink to his Lass,
But ne'er be a Slave unto either;
For they are only wise,
Who both equally prize,
And join Bacchus and Venus together.
Whenever thus they meet,
All our Joys are compleat,
And our Jollity ne'er can expire;
They our Faculties warm,
And us mutually charm,
While each from the other takes Fire.

S O N G 565.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his Pupil Achilles;
I'll tell you, young Gentleman, what the Fates
Will is:

You, my Boy, must go,
The Gods will have it so,
To the Siege of Troy;
Thence never to return to Greece again;
But before those Walls to be slain.

Let not your noble Courage be cast down,
But all the while you lie before the Town,
Drink and drive Care away, drink and be merry:
You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian Ferry.

S O N G 566.

OLD Saturn, that Drone of a God,
And Father of all the Divine,
Still govern'd the World with a Nod,
Yet fancy'd brisk Women and Wine;

And when he was whimsical grown,
 By sipping his plentiful Bowl,
 Then frankly the Truth he would own,
 That a Wench was the Joy of his Soul,
 Great Jupiter, like his old Dad,
 To love and a Bottle inclin'd,
 When mellow, was constantly glad
 To find a plump Girl to his Mind;
 And then, as the Story is told,
 He'd conjure himself in her Arms;
 As once in a Shower of Gold
 He rifled fair Danae's Charms.
 Stern Mars, the great God of the Field,
 All Day tho' delighting in Blood,
 At Night his fierce Godship would yield
 To Beauty and Wine that was good;
 With Nectar he'd cherish his Heart,
 And raise up his wanton Desires,
 Then to Venus, his Darling, impart
 The Warmth of his amorous Fires,
 Apollo, the Patron of Bays,
 Full Goblets would merrily drain,
 And sing forth poetical Lays,
 When the Fumes had got in his Brains;
 But still as he whimsical grew,
 By toping the Juice of the Vine,
 To Parnassus daily he flew,
 To kiss all the musical Nine.
 Sly Mercury too, like the rest,
 Made Wenching and Wine his Delight,
 And thought himself perfectly blest
 With a Bottle and Mistress at Night;
 No wonder Debauches he lov'd,
 And Cheating his Pleasure he made,
 For the Gods have ev'ry one prov'd
 That Pimping was always his Trade.
 Plump Bacchus, that fat-belly'd God,
 His Thirst could but seldom allay,
 Till astride o'er a Hoghead he got,
 And drunk all the Liquor away.

As long as upright he could sit,
 He'd strenuously bellow for more;
 When drunk, then the Vessel would quit;
 And reel to some Bacchanal Whore.

S O N G 567.

ON a Bank of Flowers in a Summer's Day,
 Inviting, and undrest,
 In her Bloom of Years bright Celia lay,
 With Love and Sleep oppress'd;
 When a youthful Swain, with admiring Eyes,
 With'd he durst the fair Maid surprize,
 With a fa, la, la, &c.
 But fear'd approaching Spies.

As he gaz'd, a gentle Breeze arose,
 That fann'd her Robes aside,
 And the sleeping Nymph did the Charms disclose,
 Which waking she would hide:
 Then his Breath grew short, and his Heart beat high;
 He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to spy,

With a fa, la, la, &c.
 But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood, with her Beauties fir'd,

And blest'd the courteous Wind;
 Then in Whispers sigh'd, and the Gods desir'd,

That Celia might be kind:
 When with Hope grown bold, he advanc'd again,
 But she laugh'd aloud in a Dream, and again,

With a fa, la, la, &c.
 Repell'd the tim'rous Swain.

Yet when once Desire has inflam'd the Soul,
 All modest Doubts withdraw;

And the God of Love does each Fear controul,
 That would the Lover awe.

Shall a Prize like this, says the vent'rous Boy,
 'Scape, and I not the Means employ?

With a fa, la, la, &c.
 To seize the profer'd Joy?

Here the growing Youth, to relieve his Pain,
 The slumb'ring Maid caress'd;

And with trembling Hands (O the simple Swain!)
 Her snowy Bosom prest;

When the Virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,
 Yet look'd as wishing he would pursue,
 With a fa, la, la, &c.
 But Damon miss'd his Cue,
 Now repenting that he had let her fly,
 Himself he thus accus'd ;
 What dull and stupid Thing was I,
 That such a Chance abus'd ?
 To thy Shame, 'twill soon on the Plain be said,
 Damon a Virgin asleep betray'd,
 With a fa, la, la, &c.
 Yet let her go a Maid.

S O N G 569.

ON a Bank beside a Willow,
 Heav'n her Covering, Earth her Pillow,
 Sad Aminta sigh'd alone.
 From the cheerless Dews of Morning,
 'Till the Dews of Night returning,
 Singing, thus she made her Moan :
 Hope is banish'd,
 Joys are vanish'd,
 Damon, my belov'd is gone.
 Time, I dare thee to discover
 Such a Youth, and such a Lover :
 Oh ! so true, so kind was he !
 Damon was the Pride of Nature,
 Charming in his ev'ry Feature,
 Damon liv'd alone for me :
 Melting Kisses,
 Murm'ring Blisses,
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we ?
 Never shall we curse the Morning,
 Never bless the Night returning,
 Sweet Embraces to restore ;
 Never shall we both be dying,
 Nature failing, Love supplying
 All the Joys he drain'd before :
 To befriend me,
 Death, come end me,
 Love and Damon are no more.

ON a grassy Pillow
 The youthful Myrtillo
 Transported was laid ;
 In his Arms a Creature,
 Whose every Feature
 For Conquest was made ;
 To his Side he clasp'd her,
 And fondly grasp'd her,
 While she cry'd, O! dear,
 O! dear Myrtillo,
 Had I known your Will-o,
 I'd never come here.
 Streams gently flowing,
 And Zephyrs blowing
 Ambrosial Breeze ;
 A Swain admiring,
 And all conspiring
 The Charmer to please :
 The dear Nymph complying,
 No more denying,
 A silent Grove ;
 O blest Myrtillo,
 You may if you will-o,
 Be as happy as Jove.
 Now, the Devil's in it,
 If such a Minute
 The Shepherd could lose :
 No, no, Myrtillo
 Has better Skill-o,
 His Moments to chuse.
 The delightful Treasure
 Of Love and Pleasure,
 He boldly seiz'd ;
 And young Myrtillo,
 He had his Fill-o
 Of what he pleas'd.

ON Belvidera's Bosom lying,
 Wishing, panting, sighing, dying,
 The

The cold regardless Maid to move;
 With unavailing Pray'rs I sue :
 " You first have taught me how to love,
 " Ah, teach me to be happy too!
 But she, alas! unkindly wife,
 To all my Sighs and Tears replies,
 " 'Tis ev'ry prudent Maid's Concern;
 " Her Lover's Fondness to improve ;
 " If to be happy you shall learn,
 " You quickly would forget to love.

S O N G 571.

ON dear Zelinda's Charms I gaze,
 And drink Destruction from her Eye;
 In those bright Orbs Love gaily plays,
 And laughing bids his Arrows fly :
 He wounds without ceasing,
 The Pain is yet pleasing ;
 So sweet is the Anguish,
 I love and I languish ;
 And when from my Charmer, methinks I could die.
 And when, &c.

With Venus, when on Ida's Grove,
 For Charms Zelinda may compare :
 She looks and moves the Queen of Love,
 As fair her Face, divine her Air.
 Bright Youth and good Nature
 Light up ev'ry Feature :
 With Wit all inviting
 She's gay and delighting,
 Inviting, delighting ;
 O Cupid! assist me my Charmer to move.
 O Cupid! &c.

S O N G 572.

ON Etrick Banks, in a Summer's Night,
 At glowming when the Sheep drave hame,
 I met my Lassy, braw and tight,
 Came wading, barefoot, a' her Lane :
 My Heart grew light, I ran, I sang
 My Arms about her lilly Neck,
 And kiss'd and clap'd her there fou lang ;
 My Words they were na mony feck.

I said

I said, my Lassy, will ye go
 To the Highland Hills, the Earle to learn;
 I'll baith gi'e thee a Cow and Ew,
 When ye come to the Brigg of Earn.
 At Leith auld Meal comes in, ne'er fast,
 And Herrings at the Broomy Law,
 Chear up your Heart, my bony Lass,
 There's Gear to win we never saw.
 All Day when we have wrought enough,
 When Winter Frosts and Snaw begin,
 Soon as the Sun gaes west the Loch,
 At Night when you sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my Pipes and play a Spring;
 And thus the weary Night we'll end,
 Till the tender Kid and Lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant Summer back again.
 Syne when the Trees are in their Bloom,
 And Gowans glent o'er ilka Field,
 I'll meet my Lass amang the Broom,
 And lead you to my summer Shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' Din,
 That make the kindly Hearts their Sport,
 We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,
 And gar the longest Day seem short.

S O N G 573.

ON every Hill, in every Grove,
 Along the Margin of each Stream,
 Dear conscious Scenes of former Love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my Theme:
 The Hills, the Groves, the Streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.
 Now to the mossy Cave I fly,
 Where to my Swain I oft have sung,
 Well pleas'd the browsing Goats to spy,
 As o'er the airy Steep they hung.
 The mossy Cave, the Goats remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.
 Now thro' the rambling Vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well-known Shade.
 I weep, and kiss the bending Grass,
 Where Love and Damon fondly play'd.

The Vale, the Shade, the Grass remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.
 From Hill, from Dale, each Charm is fled,
 Groves, Flocks, and Fountains please no more;
 Each Flower in Pity droops its Head,
 All Nature does my Loss deplore.
 All, all reproach the faithless Swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Love, the greatest Bliss below,
 How to taste few Women know;
 Fewer still the Way have hit
 How a fickle Swain to quit.
 Simple Nymph, then learn of me,
 How to treat Inconstancy.

S O N G 574.

ON, on, my dear Brethren, pursue the great Lecture,
 And refine on the Rules of old Architecture:
 High Honour to Masons the Craft daily brings,
 To those Brothers of Princes, and Fellows of Kings.
 We drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the Stage;
 And reviv'd the old Arts of Augustus' fam'd Age;
 And Vespasian destroy'd the vast Temple in vain,
 Since so many now rise under Montagu's Reign.
 The noble five Orders, compos'd with such Art,
 Shall amaze the swift Eye, engage the whole Heart:
 Proportion, sweet Harmony, gracing the Whole,
 Gives our Work, like the glorious Creation, a Soul.
 Then, Master and Brethren, preserve your great Name:
 This Lodge so majestic shall purchase you Fame;
 Rever'd it shall stand, 'till all Nature expire,
 And its Glories ne'er fade, 'till the World is on Fire.
 See, see, behold here what rewards all our Toil,
 Inspires our Genius, and makes Labour smile:
 To our Grand-Master let a Bumper be crown'd,
 To all Masons a Bumper, so let it go round.
 Again, my lov'd Brethren, again let it pass,
 Our ancient firm Union cement with a Glass,
 And all the Contention 'mongst Masons shall be,
 Who better can work, or who better agree.

SONG 575.

ON the Banks of a River, close under the Shade,
 Young Cleon and Sylvia one Ev'ning were laid;
 The Youth pleaded strongly for Proof of his Love,
 But Honour had won her his Flame to reprove.
 She cry'd, Where's the Lustre when Clouds shade
 the Sun?

Or what is rich Nectar, the Taste being gone?
 'Mongst Flowers on the Stalk sweetest Odours do dwell,
 But if gather'd, the Rose itself loses the Smell.
 Thou dearest of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd,
 If e'er thou wilt argue, begin on Love's Side.
 In Matters of State let grave Reason be shown,
 But Love is a Pow'r will be ruled by none.
 Nor should a coy Beauty be counted so rare,
 For Scandal can blast both the Chaste and the Fair:
 Most fierce are the Joys Love's Alembick do fill,
 And the Roses are sweetest when put to the Still.

SONG 576.

ON the Bank of a River so deep,
 Whose Waters glide silently on,
 Sad Rosalind sat down to weep,
 For Damon, her Lover, was gone:
 The fairest and faithfullest she,
 Of all that tripp'd over the Plains;
 But alas! the most fickle was he,
 Among all the Shepherds and Swains.

Down each Cheek ran her Tears in a Stream:

All his Vows are forgotten, she cries,
 Regarded no more than a Dream,
 Though for him this fond Shepherdess dies:

He's gone, the false Creature is gone,
 To deceive some fresh Nymph of the Plain,
 Whose Fate will, like mine, be to moan
 The Loss of a perjured Swain.

Beware, you bright Maidens, beware,
 If my treacherous Shepherd you meet,
 For alas! he's bewitchingly fair;
 When he speaks, there's no Musick so sweet:

As the Spring he is blooming and gay,
 As the Summer delightful and kind;
 But believe not one Word he can say,
 For he's false as the wavering Wind.

Foolish Maid! whilst I thought he was true,
 I sent up no Looks to the Skies;
 All the Sunshine or Gloom that I knew,
 Was the Gloom or the Shine of his Eyes.
 He alone was my Joy, and my Care,
 I with'd for no Heaven above;
 No Sorrow, no Pain could I fear,
 No Hell, but the Loss of his Love.

How fondly endearing was he,
 'Till I granted whate'er he desir'd;
 But, you Virgins, take Warning by me,
 For his Flame from that Moment expir'd.
 Now I ne'er shall embrace him again,
 He, ungrateful, is flown from my Arms;
 Far away, o'er the flowery Plain,
 And despises these soiled Charms.

Sure the Gods have some Vengeance in store,
 For the Breach of those Vows which he made,
 Though by him they're remember'd no more,
 Than the Wretch who by them was betray'd.
 But forgive him, ye Powers above,
 Though he's false, bring no Harm on his Head:
 But crown him with Beauty and Love,
 Long after poor Rosalind's dead.

Thus she mourn'd: what a Scene all around!
 The Birds flag their Wings at her Sighs,
 The Valleys her Sorrows resound,
 And the Stream shows her blubbered Eyes:
 All Nature takes part in her Woe,
 A black Cloud o'er the Heaven is spread,
 The Winds have forgotten to blow,
 And the Willows bend over her Head.

S O N G 577.

ON the Banks of the Severn, a desperate Maid,
 (Whom some Shepherd, neglecting his Vows, had
 betray'd;)

Stood

Stood resolving to banish all Sense of the Pain,
 And pursue, thro' her Death, a Revenge on the Swain,
 Since the Gods, and my Passion, at once he defies;
 Since his Vanity lives, whilst my Character dies;
 No more (did she say) will I trifle with Fate,
 But commit to the Waves both my Love and my Hate.

And now to comply with that furious Desire,
 Just ready to plunge, and alone to expire;
 Some Reflections on Death, and its Terrors untry'd,
 Some Scorn for the Shepherd, some Flashings of Pride,
 At length pull'd her back, and she cry'd, why this Strife,
 Since the Swains are so many, and I've but one Life?

S O N G 578.

ON the Brow of Richmond Hill,
 Which Europe scarce can parallel,
 Every Eye such Wonders fill,
 To view the Prospect round;
 Where the silver Thames does glide,
 And stately Courts are edify'd,
 Meadows deck'd in Summer's Pride,
 With verdant Beauties crown'd.

Lovely Cynthia passing by,
 With brighter Glories blest my Eye;
 Ah! then in vain, in vain, said I,
 The Fields and Flow'rs do shine;
 Nature in this charming Place
 Created Pleasure in Excess;
 But all are poor to Cynthia's Face,
 Whose Features are divine.

S O N G 579.

ON Whitsunday Morning
 I went to the Fair,
 My yellow hair'd Laddie
 Was selling his Ware
 He gied me sic a blyth Blink
 With his bonny black Eye,
 And a dear Blink, and a fair Blink
 It was unto me.

* M m

I wist

I wist not what ail'd me
 When my Laddie came in,
 The little wee Starnies
 Flew ay frae my Een ;
 And the Sweat it dropt down
 Frae my very Eye-brie,
 And my Heart play'd ay
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

I wist not what ail'd me,
 When I went to my Bed,
 I tossed and tumbled,
 And Sleep hae me fled.
 Now its sleeping and waking
 He is ay in my Eye,
 And my Heart play'd ay
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

S O N G 580.

ON yonder Bed, supinely laid,
 Behold thy lov'd expecting Maid :
 In Tremor, Blushes, Half in Tears,
 Much, much she wishes, more she fears.
 Take, take her to thy faithful Arms,
 Hymen bestows thee all her Charms,
 Heav'n to thee bequeaths the Fair,
 To raise thy Joy, and lull thy Care :
 Heav'n made Grief, if mutual, cease,
 But Joy divided to increase :
 To mourn with her exceeds Delight,
 Darkness with her, the Joys of Light.

S O N G 581.

ONce fair Serena panting lay,
 With Thoughts of Love oppress'd ;
 Hoping that Slumber might allay
 The Fever in her Breast,
 Her sleeping Sense at last was caught,
 And Slumber-foam made known ;
 The Transports she enjoy'd in Thought,
 She waking durst not own.

Smiling

Smiling she lay with longing Arms,
 Grasping the fleeting Air;
 Melting with thousand am'rous Charms,
 Fancy cou'd e'er declare:
 Her Swain surpriz'd this Sight to view
 And hear her Love repeat,
 Straight to her Arms like Light'ning flew,
 Her Wishes to compleat.
 The Maid aſham'd to be thus caught,
 Sigh'd, bluſh'd, and ſtrove to riſe;
 Accuſing that her Swain was nought,
 Her Virtue to ſurprize:
 She vow'd by all the Gods above,
 Her Scorn ſhe wou'd not hide;
 But melting ſoon with rapturous Love,
 The Nymph forgot to chide.

S O N G 532.

ONce I lov'd a charming Creature,
 But the Flame with which I burn
 Is not for each tender Feature,
 Nor for her Wit and ſprightly Turn,
 But for her Down, derry, down derry,
 But for her Down, derry, down derry.
 On the Graſs I ſaw her lying,
 Strait I ſeiz'd her tender Waift;
 On her Back ſhe lay complying,
 With her lovely Body plac'd
 Under my Down, &c.
 But the Nymph being young and tender,
 Cou'd not bear the dreadful Smart,
 Still unwilling to ſurrender,
 Call'd Mamma to take her Part
 Of her Down, &c.
 Out of Breath, Mamma came running,
 To prevent poor Nancy's Fate;
 But the Girl, now grown more cunning,
 Cry'd Mamma, you're come too late,
 For I am Down, &c.

* M m 2

S O N G

ONce in Summer Ev'ning fair,
 Sirena took the Country Air,
 Myrtillo led the Way:
 Four other Nymphs attendant shone,
 Like Stars around the full-orb'd Moon,
 Rob'd in superior Day.
 A Hat, of plaited Straw-work, made
 Aptly to ev'ry Damsel's Head,
 Supply'd a decent Screen;
 Each lin'd with Silk of diff'rent Hue,
 Of fiery Red, of milder Blue,
 And Heart-refreshing Green.
 Thro' Pastures green, o'er Walks of Grass,
 Thro' Fields of ripen'd Corn they pass,
 In mirthful Chat along:
 No stand'ring Wit, nor idle Tale,
 Which oft in Female Talk prevail,
 Employ'd each busy Tongue.
 Their Theme was the descending Sun,
 Who now in soften'd Glory shone,
 Tho' ampler to behold:
 They wonder'd at the western Skies,
 Stain'd with a thousand diff'rent Dyes,
 And wash'd in Streams of Gold.
 Here might you see a stretching Fan,
 Mark the fair Landscape (as it ran)
 Confus'dly laid in Blue;
 And there a waving Hat explains
 The Colours of the nearer Plains,
 Distinguish'd to the View.
 One prais'd the calm and breathless Air,
 One the sweet Smells beyond compare,
 Diffus'd from Greens around.
 All mingl'd, with a pleasant Strife,
 Their Praises of a Country Life,
 With peaceful Pleasures crown'd.
 But oft Myrtillo, to be blest,
 Would steal Sirena from the rest,

And

And ease his wounded Mind:
 From Ovid would he take his Cue,
 And talk such Things as Lovers do,
 To make the fair One kind.

Now' gan the sinking Day to fail,
 And Night kickt up the doubtful Scale,

The Wand'ers haste along:
 A-while they stop, a-while they rest,
 The sweet Sirena they request
 To tune the sprightly Song.

The Nymph comply'd; but oh!--to tell
 What Musick from her Warbles fell,
 To Angels only's giv'n:

For sure such Melody of Sound,
 As ne'er in mortal Voice was found,
 Is likest that of Heav'n.

Myrtillo stood in sweet Surprise,
 Gay Pleasure wanton in his Eyes,
 His Ears unusual Transports prove;
 While Beauty all her Rays diffus'd,
 While Harmony her Chains unloos'd,
 And fasten'd those of Love.

He gaz'd upon the tuneful Fair;
 Her Charms serene, her easy Air,

His Heart by silent Treach'ry stole:
 He listen'd to her silver Song,
 He caught it dropping from her Tongue,
 And in Exchange resign'd his Soul.

Sirena, conscious of her Pow'r,
 With Smiles her endless Song gave o'er,
 That ended half his Bliss:

The Damsels all exprest their Joys;
 Myrtillo bow'd in lowly wise,
 And thank'd her in a Kiss.

S O N G 584.

ONce in our Lives,

Let us drink to our Wives,
 Tho' their Numbers be but small;
 Heaven take the best,
 And the Devil take the rest,
 And so we shall get rid of them all.

To this hearty With,
Let each Man take his Dish,
And drink, drink till he fall.

S O N G 585.

ONCE more I'll tune the Vocal Shell,
To Hills and Dales my Passion tell,
A Flame which Time can never quell
But burn for thee, my Peggy.
Yet Guitar Bars the Lyre should hit,
For say what Subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling Wit,
And Bloom of lovely Peggy.

The Sun first rising in the Morn,
That paints the Dew-bespangl'd Thorn,
Does not so much the Day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy.

And when in Thetis' Lap to rest
He streaks with Gold the ruddy West,
She's not so beauteous, as undrest
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyrs, on the Violet blows,
Or breathes upon the Damask Rose,
He does not half the Sweets disclose,
As does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a Kiss, the other Day,
And trust me none but Truth I say,
The Fragrance of the blooming May,
Is not so sweet as Peggy.

Were she array'd in Rustic Weed,
With She the bleating Flock I'd feed,
And pipe upon the Oaken Reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a Cottage would delight,
All's happy when she's in my Sight,
But when she's gone 'tis endless Night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

While Bees from Flow'r to Flow'r shall rove,
And Linnets warble through the Grove,
Or stately Swains the Water love,
So long shall I love Peggy.

And

And when Death, with his pointed Dart
 Shall strike the Blow that rives my Heart,
 My Words shall be when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

S O N G 586.

ONCE on a time, as old Stories rehearse,
 A Friar wou'd needs shew his Talent in Latin,
 But was sorely put to't in the midst of a Verse,
 Because he cou'd find no Word to come pat in.

Then at the Place

He left a void Space,

And so went to Bed in a desperate Case:
 When behold, the next Morning, a wonderful Riddle,
 He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.

C H O R U S.

Let censuring Criticks then think what they list on't,
 Who wou'd not write Verses with such an Assistant?

This put the good Friar into an Amazement,

For he wisely consider'd it must be a Sprite,
 That came thro' the Key-hole, or in at the Casement,
 And it needs must be one that cou'd both read and
 Yet he did not know [write:

If it were Friend or Foe,

Or whether it came from above or below.

Howe'er it was civil in Angel or Elf,

For he ne'er cou'd have fill'd it so well of himself.

C H O R U S.

Let censuring Criticks then think what they list on't,

Who wou'd not write Verses with such an Assistant?

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his Brains,

In making a Ballad, but was at a Stand;

He had mix'd little Wit with a great deal of Pains,

When he found a new Help from invisible Hand;

Then good Dr. Swift,

Pay Thanks for the Gift,

For you freely must own you were at a dead List;

And tho' some malicious young Spirit did do't,

You may know by the Hand it had no cloven Foot.

C H O R U S.

Let censuring Criticks then think what they list on't,

Who would not write Verses with such an Assistant?

S O N G 587.

ONE April Ev'ning, when the Sun
 Had journey'd down the Sky,
 Poor Marian with joyless Chear,
 Walk'd out most heavily.

Tears trickled down her faded Cheeks,
 Soft Sighs her Bosom heav'd ;
 Soft Sighs confest her inward Woe :
 Alas ! sh'ad been deceiv'd.

Ah ! what a Wretch am I become,
 Poor luckless Lass ! said she ;
 The Cowslip, and the Violet's Bloom,
 Have now no Charms for me.

The setting Sun, which decks each Cloud
 With Streaks of purple Dye,
 Brings no Relief to my Discase,
 Nor Pleasure to my Eye.

This little River, when I dress'd,
 Once serv'd me for a Glas ;
 And now it serves to shew how Love
 Has ruin'd this poor Face.

How often, Collin, have you swore,
 That none you lov'd but me ;
 Yet Perjur'd now, those Oaths you scorn,
 And slight my Misery.

What Charms can happy Mopsa boast,
 To change thy faithless Mind ?
 What Beauty more in her, than me,
 Ungrateful ! can'st thou find ?

All other Shepherds think me fair ;
 But what is that to me,
 The Praise of all the Neighb'ring Youth ?
 I, hopeless, die for thee !

Yet I would change my rosie Cheeks,
 For Mopsa's fallow Hue ;
 And be content with blubber Lips,
 Since they have Charms for you.

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Have I not told you twenty times,
I could not bear Deceit?
And who'd have guess'd those harmless Looks
Were form'd to hide a Cheat?

But now, alas! too late I find
Those Looks have me betray'd;
Yet I'll not spend my dying Hours
Thy Falshood to upbraid.

But what remaining Breath I have
Shall intercede with Heav'n,
That all thy broken Vows to me
At last may be forgiv'n.

And one small Boon, of thee unkind,
I, ere I die, require;
Ah! do not thou refuse to grant
A Wretch her last Desire.

When thou with Mopsa shalt have fixt
Thy fatal Marriage-Day,
Oh! do not o'er my Green-Grass Grave,
Inhuman, track thy Way.

S O N G 588.

ONE April Morn, as from the Sea
Phœbus was just appearing;
Damon and Cælia, young and gay,
Long-settl'd Love endearing;
Met in a Grove to vent their Spleen
On Parents unrelenting;
He bred of Tory Race had been,
She of the Tribe Dissenting.

Cælia, whose Eyes out-shone the God
Newly the Hills adorning;
Told him Mamma would run stark mad,
She missing Prayers that Morning;
Damon, his Arm around her Waist,
Swore that nought should them sunder;
Should my rough Dad know how I'm blest,
'Twould make him roar like Thunder.

Great ones whom proud Ambition blind,
By Faction still support it;
Or, where vile Money taints the Mind,
They for Convenience court it;

But

But mighty Love, that scorns to shew
 Party should raise his Glory,
 Swears he'll exalt a Vassal true,
 Let him be Whig or Tory.

S O N G 589.

ONE Day I heard Mary say,
 How shall I leave thee?

Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,
 Why wilt thou grieve me:

Alas! my fond Heart will break,
 If thou should leave me;

I'll live and die for thy Sake;
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
 Has Mary deceiv'd thee?

Did e'er her young Heart betray
 New Love, that has griev'd thee;

My constant Mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may believe me;

I'll love thee, Lad, Night and Day,
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming Youth,
 What can relieve thee?

Can Mary thy Anguish sooth?
 This Breast shall receive thee.

My Passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee:

Delight shall drive Pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, Lad,
 How shall I leave thee?

O! that Thought makes me sad,
 I'll never leave thee.

Where would my Adonis fly?
 Why does he grieve me?

Alas! my poor Heart will die,
 If I should leave thee.

S O N G

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S O N G 590.

ONE Ev'ning having lost my Way,
 By chance I came into a Wood,
 Sol had been very hot that Day;
 I under a Covert stood:
 Long time I had not tarry'd there,
 Before I heard a Rustling nigh,
 A Female Voice said, stay my Dear;
 The Man cry'd, Zoons, not I.
 Don't offer to hold me, but let go my Hand,
 Thou'st tore off a Button, and rumpl'd my Band;
 Don't squeeze me, let me goo, for I wanna be fool'd by
 thee.

These Words, I own, did make me stare,
 No Person being to be seen;
 When thro' the Leaves a Damsel fair
 I spy'd lying on the Green.
 A lussy Clown did by her stand,
 Endeavouring for to get away;
 The Lads as strongly held his Hand,
 And thus to him did say.
 My dearest sweet Dickie, why wilt thou be
 So cross and so cruel unto me,
 When thou know'st I love, I languish, I sigh, I die for
 thee?

And then the Tears did trickle down
 From her bright Eyes exceeding fast:
 The Sight of which so mov'd the Clown,
 He stood like one aghast.
 Why wilt thou, Joany, tempt me soo,
 Mayhaps we may a young one get,
 Then I must for a Soldier goo,
 And thou know'st I hate to fight.
 My dearest, my Dickie, be rul'd by me,
 They neither shall press thee by Land nor by Sea,
 But love me, dearest Dickie, and I'll save thee from the
 Wars.

At this the Clown began to grin,
 And learingly on her did look;
 And after having wip'd his Chin
 From her a Kiss he took.

And

And wilt thou then, my dearest Joan,
Secure me that I shan't be prest,
If so, I wish we two were one.

Ah Dickie ! then I am blest.

She pull'd him down by her, saying, be not afraid,
Gods ! who cou'd deny so charming a Maid ?
Such Breasts, such Lips, such Eyes, wou'd charm a
modern Saint.

Had you but seen with how much Art
She manag'd him in Love's Contest,
And how well Dickie plaid his part,
You'd swear that each lov'd best.

Now both agree to rest a while,
Being tired with extream Delight ;
She soon reviv'd him with a Smile,
And Dickie renew'd the Fight.

She hugg'd him, she kiss'd him from Head to Heel,
Such Joy and such Transport the Clown did ne'er feel,
My Dear, my Joan, he cry'd, I never can from thee part.
They toy'd while they cou'd, and they both consent,
To meet the next Ev'ning ; so home they went,
Dick fears no pressing now, and Joan has her Longing sav'd.

S O N G 591.

ONE Ev'ning the loveliest Pair
That ever frequented the Plain,
Bright Lydia, th'all-conquering Fair,
And Damon the beautiful Swain,
Sat down in a Jessamine Grove,
Where a murmuring Rivulet stray'd,
When Damon, to kindle old Love,
Thus softly reproached the Maid.

Dam. O Lydia ! while I was that he
That ever was blest with your Charms,
And never a Shepherd but me
Clasp'd in that soft Circle your Arms ;
Then Damon all chearful did sing,
And his Happiness yielding to none,
Despis'd all the Pomp of a King,
And slighted a glittering Throne.

Lyd.

Lyd. False Damon! the Virgin reply'd,
 Whilst you true and constant did prove,
 Consuming whole Days by my Side,
 In fighting and talking of Love;
 Whilst Phillis's Beauty did yield
 To mine in your delicate Eye,
 Then I was the Pride of the Field,
 No Queen was so happy as I.

Dam. Ah name not that beautiful Dame!
 She has totally ravish'd my Heart;
 Her Charms set me all in a Flame
 Which she fans with her musical Art;
 One Touch of that powerful Breath
 Wounds a Heart as it pierces an Ear;
 For her I would freely meet Death,
 Would the Powers my Goddess but spare.

Lyd. Alexis, the bloomingest Youth
 That treads on the flowery Plains,
 With innocent Arts and pure Truth
 My Heart not unwilling detains:
 Still burning with mutual Desire,
 Unbroken Delights we enjoy;
 Far oft'ner than once I'd expire
 To save the adorable Boy.

Dam. But now if my Heart should return
 To the Duty it owes thee again;
 Leave Phillis to sorrow and mourn,
 A Conquest she could not maintain:
 If humbly thy Pardon he'll crave,
 And sigh when he thinks on the Time
 He slighted thy Love, wilt thou leave
 Thy Damon to die for his Crime?

Lyd. Ah! no, tho' Alexis the Fair
 His Charms like a Planet displays,
 And thou art unconstant as Air,
 And wrathful as bellowing Seas:
 Yet with thee a long Series of Years
 Like a Minute of Joy I'd consume,
 And at Death, not lament thee with Tears,
 But lay myself down in thy Tomb.

ONE long Whitsun Holiday,
 Holiday, Holiday, 'twas a jolly Day,
 Young Ralph, buxom Phillida,
 Phillida, a-well-a-day!

Met in the Pease:

They long had Community,
 He lov'd her, she lov'd him,
 Joyful Unity, nought but Opportunity
 Scanting, was wanting,
 Their Bosoms to ease.

But now Fortune's Cruelty,
 Cruelty, you will see; for as they lie
 In close Hug, Sir Domini,
 Gemini! Gemini!

Chanc'd to come by.

He read Prayers in the Family,
 No way now to frame a Lye,
 They, scar'd at old Homily,
 Homily, Homily,

Both away fly.

Home, soon as he saw the Sight,
 Full of Spite as a Kite, runs the Rechabite,
 Like a noisy Hypocrite,
 Hypocrite, Hypocrite,

Mischief to say.

Save he would fair Phillida,
 Phillida, Phillida, dress that Holiday,
 But poor Ralph, ah! well-a-day,
 Well-a-day, well-a-day!

Turn'd was away.

Adsnigs! cries Sir Domini,
 Gemini! Gemini! shall a Rogue stay,
 To baulk me, as commonly,
 Commonly, commonly.

Has been his way:

No, I serve the Family,
 They know nought to blame me by,
 I read Prayers and Homily,
 Homily, Homily,

Three times a Day.

S O N G

S O N G 593.

ONE Night in my Ramble I chanced to see

A Thing like a Spirit it frightened me ;

I cock'd up my Hat, and resolv'd to look big,

And strait fell a tuning the Irish Jig.

The Devil drew nearer and nearer ; in short,

I found it was one of the Petticoat Sort :

My Fears being over, I car'd not a Fig,

But still I kept tuning the Irish Jig.

And then I went to her, resolving to try her ;

I put her agog of a longing Desire ;

I told her I'd give her a Whip for her Gig,

And a Scourge to the Tune of the Irish Jig.

Then nothing but dancing our Fancy could please,

We lay on the Grass, and danc'd at our Ease ;

I down'd with my B---s, and off with my Wig,

And we fell a dancing the Irish Jig.

I thank you, kind Sir, for your Kindness, said she,

The Scholar's as wise as the Master can be ;

For if you should chance to get me a Kid,

I'll lay the poor Brat to the Irish Jig.

The Dance being ended, as you may say,

We rose by Consent, and we both went away ;

I put on my Cloaths, and left her to grow big,

And so went roaring the Irish Jig.

S O N G 594.

ONE Night when all the Village slept,

Myrtillo's sad Despair

The wand'ring Shepherd waking kept,

To tell the Woods his Care.

Be gone, said he, fond Thought be gone ;

Eyes, give your Sorrows o'er !

Why shou'd you waste your Tears for one

That thinks on you no more ?

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Pow'rs,

That dwell within the Grove,

Can tell how many tender Hours

○ We have pass'd in Love.

You Stars above (my cruel Foes)
 Have heard how she has sworn
 A thousand Times, that like to those
 Her Flame shou'd ever burn.
 But since she's lost, Oh ! let me have
 My Wish, and quickly die :
 In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
 And there for ever lie.
 Sad Nightingales the Watch shall keep,
 And kindly here complain :
 Then down the Shepherd lay to sleep,
 But never wak'd again.

S O N G 595.

ONE Summer's Eve, as Strephon rov'd,
 Wrapt up in Thought profound,
 Surpriz'd, he saw his best belov'd
 Lye sleeping on the Ground.
 Awake, my pretty Sleeper, wake !
 Awake to Strephon's Call ;
 Be careful for your Lover's Sake :
 'Tis Night, the Dew-Drops fall.
 Then to her Cheek his Lips he laid,
 And gently stole a Kiss.
 She still slept on. He not dismay'd,
 Repeats the transient Bliss.
 She wakes, and thus with angry Tone,
 Away, away, she cries :
 Then fault'ring bids the Swain be gone :
 Then sigh'd, and clos'd her Eyes.
 Tho' cruel are your Words, sweet Maid,
 Can Sighs proceed from Hate ?
 My Doubts are gone. Then down he laid,
 Resolv'd to share her Fate.
 Defended from the noxious Air,
 Within his Arms she lay :
 And tho' the Swain oft wak'd the Fair,
 She said no more till Day.

S O N G

ONE Sunday after Mass,
 Dermot and his Lass
 To the Greenwood did pass,
 All alone, all alone,
 All alone, all alone, all alone.

He ask'd for a Pogue,
 And she call'd him a Rogue,
 And struck him with her Brogue.
 Ahon! ahon! ahon!

Said he, my Dear shoy,
 Why will you prove coy?
 Let us play, let us toy,

All alone, all alone,
 All alone, all alone, all alone.

If I were so mild,
 You are so very wild,
 You would get me a Shild.

Ahon! ahon! ahon!

He brib'd her with Fruits,
 And he brib'd her with Nuts,
 'Till a Thorn prick'd her Foots.

Haloo! haloo! haloo! haloo!

Shall I pull it out!
 You will hurt me, I doubt,
 And make me to shout.

Haloo! haloo! haloo!

OTHERS false Tongues can you believe,

Yet not my truer speaking Eyes;

Mens Tongues Love teaches to deceive,

But with his Looks no Lover lies.

The less I boast my real Flame,

The more my Passion Truth bespeaks;

Not what the Tongue but Eyes proclaim,

Love's Infidel a Convert makes.

For Lovers, like professing Friends,

Are more believ'd, the less they say;

Who more our artful Speeches minds,

Than Looks, does her own Faith betray. • N n 3

Believe not my loud Rivals then,
 Whilst they to thee such Love profess;
 True Love is, like true Courage, seen,
 But more as we pretend to't less.

S O N G 598.

OVER the Mountains,
 And over the Waves;
 Over the Fountains,
 And under the Graves:
 Over Rocks which are steepest,
 Which do Neptune obey;
 Over Floods which are the deepest,
 Love will find out the Way.

Where there is no Place
 For the Glow-worm to lie;
 Where there is no Space
 For Receipt of a Fly:
 Where the Gnat she dare not venture,
 Lest herself fast she lay:
 But if Love come he will enter,
 And will find out the Way.

You may esteem him
 A Child by his Force;
 Or you may deem him
 A Coward, which is worse:
 But if he whom Love doth honour,
 Be conceal'd from the Day,
 Set a thousand Guards upon him,
 Love will find out the Way.

Some think to lose him,
 Which is too unkind;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor Heart; to be blind:
 But if ne'er so close you wall him,
 Do the best that you may,
 Blind Love, if so you call him,
 Will find out the Way.

Well may the Eagle
 Stoop down to the Fift:
 Or you may inveigle
 The Phoenix of the East;

With Tears the Tiger's moved,
 To give over his Prey ;
 But never stop a Lover,
 He will post on his Way.
 From Dover to Berwick,
 And Nations throughout,
 Brave Guy of Warwick,
 That Champion stout :
 With his warlike Behaviour,
 Thro' the World he did stray ;
 To win his Phillis' Favour,
 Love will find out the Way.

In Order next enters
 Bevis so brave ;
 After Adventures,
 And Policy grave :
 To see whom he desired,
 His Josian so gay ;
 For whom his Heart was fired,
 Love found out the Way.

S O N G 599.

OUR Polly is a sad Slut ! nor heeds what we taught her,
 I wonder any Man alive will ever rear a Daughter !
 For she must have both Hoods and Gowns,
 And Hoops to swell her Pride,
 With Scarfs and Stays, and Gloves and Lace ;
 And she will have Men beside ;
 And when she's dress'd with Care and Cost,
 All tempting fine and gay,
 As Men should serve a Cucumber,
 She flings herself away.
 Our Polly is a sad Slut, &c.

S O N G 600.

OUR selves, like the great, to secure a retreat,
 When Matters require it, must give up our Gang :
 And good Reason why,
 Or, instead of the Fry,
 Ev'n Peachum and I.
 Like poor petty Rascals, might hang, hang ;
 Like poor petty Rascals, might hang.

S O N G 601.

OUR Shopkeepers Wives are so polish'd of late,
 That each has her Card and her Visiting-day;
 And whilst the tame Husband toils hard with his Fate,
 She ruins his Credit and Pocket at Play,
 Quadrille, Picquet,
 Ombre, Basslet,
 Alternative charm and promote her Delight;
 The Children are squalling,
 And Creditors bawling,
 That force the poor Bankrupt away in the Night.

S O N G 602.

OUR Susan is pretty,
 She's merry and witty,
 She has got Sweethearts three;
 But such as they are,
 I now shall declare
 To all this Company.
 The first a Monsieur,
 With a capering Air,
 With a Sword and a smart Toupee;
 Be Gar, Madem'selle,
 Me love you ver'vell,
 Dat all the Varl may see.
 Me late come from Fraunce,
 Me teach you de Daunce,
 And de alamode Figure in;
 Me show you de Vay
 How de bright and de gay
 Spend de Time, ven da tink no ting.
 The next, a Dear Joy,
 A Bogtrotting Boy,
 Of the County of Tipperary,
 With fine borrow'd Clothes,
 He inlists among Beaus,
 Is as brisk and as light as a Fairy.
 Urra, Joy, do you see,
 Teague is coming to thee,
 To make Love upon you, I will swear,

I have

I have gotten at Home
 (But no House nor Room)
 Five hundred Pounds by the Year.

The last comes from Wales,
 Which Country ne'er fails
 To produce many Gentlemen born;
 Tho' their Cloathing is rent,
 And Money all spent,
 To be thought less than Gent they all scorn.

Hur comes see hur Lahdy,
 And cot hurself ready
 To court her, and make her a Jointure
 Of one Pound a Year,
 In Glamorganshire,
 Sure hur Lahdyship must have a Mind t'bur.

Now whether to chuse,
 Or which to refuse,
 Our Susan at present can't tell,
 But does in her Heart
 With all three in a Cart
 Driven under their passing Bell.

S O N G 603.

PALE Faces, stand by,
 And our bright ones adore;
 We look like our Wine,
 You worse than our Score.
 Come, light up your Pimples,
 All Art we out-shine,
 When the plump God doth paint,
 Each Streak is divine.
 Clean Glasses are Pencils,
 Old Claret is Oil,
 He that sits for his Picture
 Must sit a good while.

S O N G 604.

PAin'd with her slighting Jamie's Love,
 Bell dropt a Tear——Bell dropt a Tear:
 The Gods descending from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear——well pleas'd to hear:

They

They heard the Praises of the Youth
 From her own Tongue——from her own Tongue,
 Who now converted was to Truth,
 And thus she sung——and thus she sung.

Blest Days when our ingenuous Sex,
 More frank and kind——more frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd Adorers vex;
 But spoke their Mind——but spoke their Mind,
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Wou'd he return——wou'd he return,
 She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
 Or cause him mourn——or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving Swain,
 Yet still thought shame,——yet still thought shame,
 When he my yielding Heart did gain,
 To own my Flame——to own my Flame?
 Why took I Pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy——and seem too coy?
 Which makes me now alas! lament
 My slighted Joy——my slighted Joy.
 Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
 Own your Desire——own your Desire,
 While Love's young Power with his soft Wing
 Fans up the Fire——fans up the Fire.
 O do not with a silly Pride,
 Or low Design——or low Design,
 Refuse to be a happy Bride,
 But answer plain——but answer plain.

Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime,
 With flowing Eyes——with flowing Eyes:
 Glad Jamie heard her all the Time,
 With sweet Surprise——with sweet Surprise.
 Some God had led him to the Grove,
 His Mind unchang'd——his Mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, My Love,
 I am reveng'd——I am reveng'd!

S O N G 605.

PAN leave piping, the Gods have done Feasting,
 There's never a Goddess a Hunting to Day:
 Mortals marvel at Corydon's jesting,
 That gives the Assistance to entertain May.

The

The Lads and the Lasses, with Scarfs on their Faces,
 So lively as passes, trip over the Down :
 Much Mirth and Sport they make, running at Barley-
 break ;

Lord what Haste they make for a Green-gown.

John with Gillian, Harry with Frances,
 Meg and Mary, with Robin and Will,
 George and Margery lead all the Dances,
 For they were reported to have the best Skill :
 But Cic'ly and Nancy, the fairest of many,
 That came last of any from out of the Towns,
 Quickly got in among the Midst of all the Throng,
 They so much did long for their Green-gowns.

Wanton Deborah whisper'd with Dorothy,
 That she would wink upon Richard and Sym ;
 Mincing Maudlin shew'd her Authority,
 And in the Quarrel would venture a Limb.
 But Sibel was sickly, and could not come quickly,
 And therefore was likely to fall in a Swoon ;
 Tib would not tarry for Tom, nor for Harry,
 Lest Christian should carry away the Green-gown.

Blanch and Beatrice, both of a Family,
 Came very lazy lagging behind ;
 Annise and Aimable noting their Policy ;
 Cupid is cunning, altho' he be blind :
 But Winny the witty, that came from the City,
 With Parnel the pretty, and Bessie the brown ;
 Clem, Joan, and Isabel, Sue, Alice, and bonny Nell,
 Travell'd exceedingly for a Green-gown.

Now the Youngsters had reach'd the green Meadow,
 Where they intended to gather their May ;
 Some in the Sun-shine, some in the Shadow,
 Singled in Couples did fall to their Play ;
 But constant Penelope, Faith, Hope, and Charity,
 Look'd very modestly, yet they lay down ;
 And Prudence prevented what Rachel repented,
 And Kate was contented to take a Green-gown.
 Then they desir'd to know of a Truth,
 If all their Fellows were in the like Case.

Nem call'd for Edy, and Edy for Ruth,
 Ruth for Mercy, and Mercy for Grace ;
 But there was no Speaking, they answer'd with
 Squeaking,

The pretty Lads breaking the Head of the Clown ;
 But some were wooing, while others were doing ;
 Yet all their going was for a Green-gown.

Bright Apollo was all this while peeping,
 To see if his Daphne had been in the Throng ;
 But missing her, hastily downwards was creeping,
 For Thetis imagin'd he tarry'd too long :
 Then all the Troop mourned, and homeward returned,
 For Cynthia scorned to smile, or to frown ;
 Thus they did gather May, all the long Summer-day,
 And at Night went away with a Green-gown.

S O N G 606.

PAnthea all the Senses treats,
 The Eye with Objects dear,
 The Smell with Nature's purest Sweets,
 With Harmony the Ear :
 The Taste with Food ambrosial :
 But oh! the Touch is all in all ;
 But oh! the Touch is all in all ;
 Is all in all, &c.

S O N G 607.

PASTORA'S Beauties when unblown,
 E'er yet the tender Bud did cleave,
 To my more early Love were known,
 Their fatal Power I did perceive :
 How often in the Dead of Night,
 When all the World lay hush'd in Sleep ;
 Have I thought this my chief Delight,
 To sigh for you, for you to weep !
 Upon my Heart, whose Leaves of White
 No Letter did ever stain :
 Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
 The fair Pastora here must reign :
 Her Eyes, those darling Suns, shall prove
 Thy Love to be of noblest Race ;
 Which took its Flight so far above
 All human Things, on her to gaze.

How

How can you then a Love despise,
 A Love that was infus'd by you ?
 You gave Breath to its infant Sighs,
 And all its Grievs that did ensue :
 The Pow'r you have to wound I feel,
 How long shall I of that complain ?
 Now shew the Pow'r you have to heal,
 And take away my tort'ring Pain.

S O N G 608.

PEace, babling Muse !

I dare not sing what you indite ;
 Her Eyes refuse

To read the Passion which they write :
 She strikes my Lute ; but if it sound,
 Threatens to hurl it on the Ground :
 And I no less her Anger dread,
 Than the poor Wretch that feigns him dead,
 While some fierce Lion does embrace
 His breathless Corps, and lick his Face :
 Wrapt up in silent Fear he lies,
 Torn all in Pieces if he cries.

S O N G 609.

PEggy in Devotion

Bred from tender Years,
 From my loving Motion
 Still was call'd to Pray'rs.
 I made muckle Bufile
 Love's dear Fort to win ;
 But the Kirk Apostle
 Told her 'twas a Sin.

Fasting and Repentance,
 And such whining Cant,
 With the Doomesday Sentence,
 Frighted my young Saint.

He taught her the Duty
 Heav'nly Joys to know ;
 I, who lik'd her Beauty,
 Taught her those below.

Nature took my Part still,
 Sense did Reason blind,

That, for all his Art still,
 She to me inclin'd.
 Strange Delights hereafter
 Did so dull appear,
 She, as I had taught her,
 Yow'd to share 'em here.
 Faith 'tis worth your Laughter,
 'Mong' st the chanting Race,
 Neither Son nor Daughter
 Ever yet had Grace.

Peggy on the Sunday
 With her Daddy vext,
 Came to me on Monday,
 And forgot his Text.

S O N G 610.

Peggy, now the King's come,
 Peggy, now the King's come,
 Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
 Peggy, since the King's come.
 Nae mair the Hawkies thou shalt milk,
 But change thy Plaiding-coat for Silk,
 And be a Lady of that Ilk,
 Now, Peggy, since the King's come.

S O N G 611.

PHœbe, the Rose, the Meadows adorning,
 Pride of the Plain, and Queen of the May;
 Silvio more cold than Dew of the Morning,
 When to his Sports he wakes with Day.
 He laughs at wanton Cupid's Dart,
 She still in vain pursues his Heart,
 Thro' Groves and Plains she roves alone,
 And Echo answers to her Moan,
 Echo. Answers to her Moan.
 Echo, she cries, my Sorrow returning,
 Sweetest of Nymphs that liv' st unseen:
 Lik'ning in that the Cause of my Mourning.
 For my Unkind ne'er comes on the Green.
 Ah! tell me, wanton Prattler, tell
 Near what remote, what murmuring Rill;

In what cool Shade, what silent Bow'r, S.
 Say, where he wastes the sultry Hour? S.
 Echo. Here he wastes the sultry Hour.
 Turning aside, she views the Boy lying,
 Sunk in Repose, beneath the cool Shade;
 Taught by her Love to make him complying,
 All her sly Arts employs the sad Maid.
 To Echo first her Thanks she pays,
 And thus her kind Assistance prays:
 What Strain, kind Echo, shall I prove,
 To wake and rouse my Swain to Love?
 Echo. Wake and rouse thy Swain to Love.
 Silvio, his Head on his Elbow reclining,
 Started amaz'd at Notes so divine;
 List'ning he view'd the Damsel repining,
 While she pursu'd her artful Design.
 Kind Echo, call him from the Field,
 Say Love will nobler Pleasures yield;
 Kind Swain, this softer Pastime chuse,
 And whilst thou fly'st, see who pursues.
 Echo. Whilst thou fly'st, see who pursues.
 Love in the Form of Phoebe, betraying,
 Sweetly reveng'd proud Silvio's D disdain;
 Quickly he found a Joy in delaying;
 Try'd to depart, but soon came again.
 Kind Echo, cry'd the weeping Dame,
 If Silvio e'er should own Love's Flame;
 Bid him, when curs'd with cold Despair,
 But think on wretched Phoebe's Care,
 Echo, Think on wretched Phoebe's Care.
 Peace, cry'd the Swain, and cease this upbraiding,
 Silvio shall ne'er be the Cause of her Tears:
 Then from his Covert flies to the Maiden,
 And on her Lips his Constancy swears.
 The Maid did all his Vows applaud,
 She own'd, and he forgave the Fraud;
 And both agreed, with grateful Heart,
 To thank kind Echo for her Part.
 Echo. Thank kind Echo for her Part.

PHœbus, now short'ning ev'ry Shade,
Up to the Northern Trepick came,
And thence beheld a lovely Maid
Attending on a Royal Dame.

The God laid down his feeble Rays,
Then lighted from his glitt'ring Coach ;
But fenc'd his Head with his own Bays,
Before he could the Nymph approach.

Under those sacred Leaves secure
From common Light'ning of the Skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The Flashes of Ardelia's Eyes.

The Nymph, who oft had read in Books,
Of that bright God whom Bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his Looks,
And guess'd his Bus'ness ere he spoke.

He, in the old celestial Cant,
Confess'd his Flame, and swore by Styx,
Whate'er she would desire to grant ;
But wise Ardelia knew his Tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of stroling Gods, whose usual Trade is,
Under Pretence of taking Air,
To pick up sublunary Ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat Denial,
As having Malice in her Heart ;
And was resolv'd upon a Trial
To cheat the God in his own Art.

Hear my Request, the Virgin said,
Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their Aid,
Obey my Call, and only mine.

By Vow oblig'd, by Passion led,
The God could not refuse her Prayer ;
He wav'd his Wreath thrice o'er her Head,
Thrice mutter'd something to the Air.

And now he thought to seize his Due :
But she the Charm already try'd ;

Thalia heard the Call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's Side,

On Sight of this celestial Prude,

Apollo thought it vain to stay,

Nor in her Presence durst be rude,

But made his Leg, and went away,

He hop'd to find some lucky Hour,

When on their Queen the Muses wait;

But Pallas owns Ardelia's Pow'r,

For Vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then full of Rage Apollo spoke,

Deceitful Nymph, I see thy Art;

And tho' I can't my Gift revoke,

I'll disappoint its noble Part.

Let stubborn Pride possess thee long,

And be thou negligent of Fame;

With ev'ry Muse to grace thy Song,

May'st thou despise a Poet's Name.

Of modest Poets be thou first;

To silent Shades repeat thy Verse,

'Till Fame and Echo almost burst,

Yet hardly dare one Line rehearse.

And last, my Vengeance to compleat,

May you descend to take Ronown,

Prevail'd on by the Thing you hate,

A Whig, and one that wears a Gown.

S O N G 613.

PHILLIDA, that lov'd to dream

In the Grove, or by the Stream,

Sigh'd on Velvet Pillow:

What, alas! shou'd fill her Head,

But a Fountain or a Mead,

Water and a Willow?

Love in Cities never dwells,

He delights in rural Cells,

Which sweet Woodbine covers.

What are your Assemblies then?

There, 'tis true, we see more Men,

But much fewer Lovers.

Oh, how chang'd the Prospect grows!

Flocks and Herds to Fops and Beaus,

Coxcombs without Number!

Moons and Stars, that shone so bright

To the Torch, and waxen Light,

And whole Nights at Ombre.

Pleasant as it is to hear

Scandal tickling in our Ear,

Ev'n of our own Mothers;

In the Chit-Chat of the Day,

To us it pay'd, when we're away,

What we lent to others.

Tho' the fav'rite Toast I reign,

Wine, they say, that prompts the Vain,

Heightens Defamation.

Must I live 'twixt Spite and Fear,

Ev'ry Day grow handsomer,

And lose my Reputation?

Thus the Fair to Sighs gave way,

Her empty Purse beside her lay:

Nymph, ah! cease thy Sorrow;

Tho' curst Fortune frown to night,

This odious Town can give Delight,

If you win to morrow.

S O N G 614.

PHILANDER and SYLVIA, a gentle soft Pair,

Whose Business was Loving, and Kissing their Care;

In a sweet-smelling Grove went smiling along,

'Till the Youth gave a Vent to his Heart with his
Tongue:

Ah Sylvia! said he, (and sigh'd when he spoke)

Your cruel Resolves will you never revoke?

No never, she said. How! never? he cry'd;

'Tis the Damn'd that shall only that Sentence abide.

She turn'd her about to look all around,

Then blush'd, and her pretty Eyes cast on the Ground;

She kiss'd his warm Cheeks, then play'd with his Neck,

And urg'd that his Reason his Passion would check:

Ah Philander! she said, 'tis a dangerous Bliss;

Ah! never ask more, and I'll give thee a Kiss.

How

How never ? he cry'd, then shiver'd all o'er.
 No never, she said, then tript to a Bower.
 She stopt at the Wicket. He cry'd, let me in.
 She answer'd, I wou'd, if it were not a Sin :
 Heav'n sees, and the Gods will chastise the poor Head
 Of Philander for this. Straight trembling he said,
 Heav'n sees, I confess, but no Tell-tales are there.
 She kiss'd him, and cry'd, You're an Atheist, my Dear ;
 And shou'd you prove false, I should never endure.
 How never ? he cry'd, and straight down he threw her.
 Her delicate Body he clasp'd in his Arms ;
 He kiss'd her, he press'd her, heap'd Charms upon Charms ;
 He cry'd, Shall I now ? No never, she said ;
 Your Will you shall never enjoy till I'm dead.
 Then, as if she were dead, she slept and lay still,
 Yet even in Death bequeath'd him a Smile :
 Which embolden'd the Youth his Charms to apply,
 Which he bore still about him to cure those that die.

S O N G 615.

PHillis, as her Wine she sipp'd in,
 Gaily talking with her Swain,
 Into her Hand he slyly sipp'd in
 Tal, lal, lal, lal,
 A full Glas of brisk Champaigne.
 Why so coy, said he, and fickle ?
 Must I always sigh in vain ?
 Must I never hope to tickle
 Tal, lal, &c.
 Your Ear with a merry Strain ?
 Long have I been tofs'd and fretting,
 Like a Sailor on the Main ;
 Sure, at length 'tis Time to get in,
 Tal, lal, &c.
 To the Port I hope to gain.
 Hearts you take delight in stealing,
 Of new Conquests still are vain ;
 Torture others, whilst I'm feeling
 Tal, lal, &c.
 Pleasure that is void of Pain.

Won at length, she listen'd kindly,
And from Love could not refrain;
So in the Nick the Nymph was finely
Tal, lal, &c.

Fitted for her cold Disdain.

S O N G 616.

PHillis despise not your faithful Lover,
Play not the Tyrant, because you are Fair;
Beauty will fade, my charming Maid,
Just as the Lilly, my beautiful Philly,
Cease to prove coy, smile on the Boy,
Grant him the Blessing he longs to enjoy.
Crowns are but Trifles, compar'd with my Philly:

Who can behold her, and not be enslav'd?
Angel Divine! wert thou but mine:
Pity my Story, I laugh at all Glory,
Here I protest on thy dear Breast,
With thee in a Cottage I'd think myself blest.

S O N G 617.

PHillis has a gentle Heart,
Willing to her Lover's Courting;
Wanton Nature, all Love's Art,
To direct her in her sporting:

In th' Embrace, the Look, the Kiss,
All is real Inclination;
No false Raptures in the Bliss,
No feign'd Sighings in the Passion.

But O! who the Charms can speak,
Who the thousand Ways of toying,
When she does the Lover make
All a God in the enjoying?

Who, the Limbs that round him move,
And constrain him to her Bliss?
Who, the Eyes that swim in Love,
Or the Lips that suck in Kisses?

O the Freaks! when mad she grows,
Raves all wild with the Possessing!

O the silent Trance that shows
The Delight above expressing!

Ev'ry way she does engage,
 Idly talking, speechless lying ;
 She transports me with her Rage,
 And she kills me in her dying.

S O N G 618.

PHillis has each enchanting Art,
 That can the Soul ensnare ;
 First wins her Lover's easy Heart,
 Then racks him with Despair.

With tempting Looks, and flatt'ring Smiles,
 Too soon a Conquest gains ;
 Makes him a Slave to all her Wiles,
 Then leaves him in his Chains.

Imperious she does tyrannize,
 And wounds each harmless Swain ;
 First soothes his Hopes with matchless Joys,
 Then gives eternal Pain.

Ye Youths, who han't already known
 The Magick of her Eyes,
 Be rul'd, and from th' Enchantress run,
 Lest you become her Prize.

The Hook does lie beneath the Bait,
 With smiles she'll draw you on ;
 But soon you'll find, when 'tis too late,
 You're by her Frowns undone.

S O N G 619.

PHillis has such charming Graces,
 Beauty triumphs in her Eye :
 She was made for the Embraces
 Of some mighty Deity.

Phillis has such charming Graces,
 I must love her, tho' I die.

Have a care, Celestial Creature,
 Coyness may your Beauty pall ;
 You an Angel are by Nature ;
 Angels by their Pride lost all.

Have a care, Celestial Creature,
 Lest I triumph in your Fall.

S O N G

S O N G 620.

PHillis, Men say, that all my Vows

Are to thy Fortune paid:

Alas! my Heart he little knows,

Who thinks my Love a Trade.

Were I of all these Woods the Lord,

One Berry from thy Hand

More real Pleasure would afford,

Than all my large Command.

My humble Love has learnt to live

On what the nicest Maid

Without a conscious Blush, may give

Beneath a Myrtle Shade.

Of costly Food it hath no Need,

And nothing will devour;

But, like the harmless Bee, can feed,

And not impair the Flow'r.

A spotless Innocence, like thine,

May such a Flame allow;

Yet thy fair Name for ever shine,

As doth thy Beauty now.

S O N G 621.

PHillis, talk no more of Passion,

Words alone want Pow'r to move:

She that flies a fair Occasion,

Never shou'd pretend to Love.

Honour, that so oft you boast on,

Love possessing once the Mind,

Only is a vain Pretension

Women use that won't be kind.

See the winged Moments flying,

Wherein Youth and Beauty ride;

She, who long persists denying,

Ne'er can hope to be a Bride.

She that now evades possessing,

By her silly Doubts betray'd;

When she'd yield to share the Blessing,

May, neglected, die a Maid.

S O N G 622.

PHillis, the Fairest of Love's Foes,
 Though fiercer than a Dragon,
 Phillis, that scorn'd the powder'd Beaus,
 What has she now to brag on?
 So long she kept her Legs so close,
 'Till they had scarce a Rag on.

Compell'd thro' Want, this wretched Maid
 Did sad Complaints begin;
 Which surly Strephon hearing said,
 It was both Shame and Sin,
 To pity such a lazy Jade,
 As will neither kiss nor spin.

S O N G 623.

PHillis, the lovely, the charming, and fair,
 Pity your Strephon, that loves to despair,
 Pity, dear Nymph, a poor languishing Swain,
 And doom not the Hopes of a Lover in vain.

Cupid, direct her, and make her inclin'd,
 Tell her, her Strephon will ever be kind,
 Tell her, he languishes, tell her, he dies,
 And waits the Physician that dwells in her Eyes,

Crowns are but Trifles to Phillis's Charms,
 Cupid, convey her secure to my Arms:
 Then may blest Strephon for ever remain
 The first in a Cottage, a happy young Swain,

S O N G 624.

PHillis, the young, the fair, the gay,
 The Youth that fain wou'd spoil ye,
 Gives you at once the Bloom of May,
 And riper Blush of July.

While thus the soothing Rogue prepares
 His Phillis for his Pleasures,
 Learn, fair one, hence t'escape his Snares,
 And save your fairest Treasures.

The Blossoms by too hot a Taint
 Soon drop and fall neglected;
 And Fruit that has a Maggot in't,
 However fair's rejected.

PHillis, this mighty Zeal assuage,
 You over-act your Part,
 The Martyrs at your tender Age
 Gave Heav'n but half their Heart.
 Old Men (till past the Pleasure) ne'er
 Declaim against the Sin,
 'Tis early to begin to fear
 The Devil at Fifteen.

The World to Youth is too severe,
 And like a treach'rous Light,
 Beauty, the Actions of the Fair
 Exposés to their Sight.

And yet this World, as old as 'tis,
 Is oft deceiv'd by't too;
 Wife Combinations seldom miss,
 Let's try what we can do.

PHillis, whose Heart was unconfin'd,
 And free as Flowers on Meads and Plains;
 None boasted of her being kind,
 'Mongst all the languishing and amorous Swains:
 No Sighs nor Tears the Nymph could move
 To pity, or return their Love.

'Till on a Time the hapless Maid
 Retir'd, to shun the Heat o'th' Day,
 Into a Grove, beneath whose Shade
 Strephon, the careless Shepherd, sleeping lay:
 But, oh! such Charms the Youth adorn,
 Love is reveng'd for all her Scorn.

Her Cheeks with Blushes cover'd were,
 And tender Sighs her Bosom warm;
 A Softness in her Eyes appear,
 Unusual Pains she feels from every Charm:
 To Woods and Echoes now she cries,
 For Modesty to speak denies.

